



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

—
Commentary on the
Arrest and Trial of John Wayne Gacy

by John Wayne Gacy

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Preface



This book was written with the intent to show that there is always more than one side to a story, whether that story is detailed over a backyard fence by neighbors in the form that is referred to as gossip; or if it is the slanted version of a war correspondent debasing the efforts of one country and hailing the valiant rightness of another; or if the story is the account of a trial in a courtroom of American justice. In the latter instance, the blur of the push and pull of counter-arguments of attorneys and the results of those arguments released to the public is too often only the collusive version of the police and the press.

Much has been written about John Wayne Gacy, gregarious contractor and influential businessman, civic and community leader, politician, mass killer, news media monster. Yet not one of the authors of these articles and books has bothered to talk to John Wayne Gacy to ascertain what events took place during those critical two weeks prior to his arrest, why and how it transpired that he was arrested on a drug charge, jailed and ultimately convicted of more murders than any person in the history of the United States. All that has been written since the initial surveillance on me beginning on December 11, 1978, has been drawn from the reports of the officers involved—a one-sided story.

This is not an autobiography covering my entire life, but a detailed account of the nightmare I lived from December 11, 1978, until March 13, 1980. This is the history of the concoction of lies and calculated deceit created by the police and the news media, how both of these powers used me as a golden goose to satisfy their superiors and further their own professional ends. The goals of truth and justice were shamefully abandoned for the sake of ego and the sensational attention that my case provided them. Truth was ignored or at best reshaped into half-truths; half-truths were twisted into lies. Evidence favorable to me was discarded; the non-factual contrivances that these powers submitted to the public created the ghastly carnival atmosphere which surrounded the lengthy trial proceedings; this was done for the base purpose of embellishing their own anonymous lives via the center ring spotlight that they manipulated.

The facts involving the deaths of thirty-three men and boys remain to be discovered, if indeed those facts are not too deeply buried. The overzealousness of the small-community police who investigated me during the ten days prior to my arrest allowed them assurance that I was "their man;" the only professional energy that they expended after that day was toward solidifying, with a non-professional fervor, the flimsy substance of a ten-day, around-the-clock scrutiny of nearly my every move.

Is this man, John Wayne Gacy, really the mass killer? Is the right man behind bars, living each minute of each day in a squeezed cell in the death row unit of Illinois State Prison in Menard, Illinois?

No prisoner appears as the normal conception of a man. That blandness is disallowed by the drab prison garb and is stripped further from a man when he is bejeweled with handcuffs linked to a waist chain which runs down to connect to a set of leg irons. Add to that



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an imperfect haircut, the bloodless skin of a person who for health and safety reasons has seen less sunshine in ten years than the average postman sees in a single July day, and the grim expression of a man who when arrested was afflicted with psychomotor epilepsy, syncope, a heart condition, colitis, hypoglycemia, and who was informed later by prison doctors that he had contracted a form of multiple sclerosis; there you have the shell of John Wayne Gacy.

A Pulitzer prize winner would not find it an easy task to describe this man unless he wished to wax creative to appease the expectations of a reading public which has come to believe him to be a man of monstrous dissymmetry. In the police photograph reproduced in the newspapers, he is unshaven, his eyes are puffed and he is wearing a squint and a half-hearted smile above the placard with his identification number on it. With that picture and its caption "mass murderer" as a backdrop, the characterization built in the public mind was sinister.

Looking further into the same newspaper I noticed another photo of a man in an out-of-town baseball uniform standing at home plate in a major league ball park. I spotted the word "home run" during my short glance at the caption. I "knew," then, that he was a professional ball player—until I settled on the underlying print which corrected my impression. He was, in fact, a businessman who had hit a "home run" for a charitable organization. Thus I was reminded how milieu and implication can mislead in identification.

John Wayne Gacy stands five feet nine inches, a portly two hundred ten pounds. His hair is dark with a grayed rim and a salt and pepper full beard. His strong appearance is deceptive: He now has to drag his right foot along because of the degeneration of the nerves and muscles in that leg; the skin hangs loose on the bones from spending the greater portion of ten years on the low cot in his cell, standing only for toilet reasons or to visit the prison doctor whose office is within a hundred feet of the cell. In the morning he may take a shower on any day except Sunday or a holiday; it is twenty-five feet from his cell. He does not appear atrophied, but he does not look healthy. His primary pleasures are a few cigars a day, his correspondence with a few dozen pen pals, and his oil painting which finances his other pleasures. He has bright eyes that are not whimsical, not bitter. His eyes are quick when he is talking about sports or his family, but the sullenness may return before you can blink.

Common? Yes. He appears not definitely as a contractor or politician, nor as a community civic leader, nor a go-get-'em businessman. He is the guy who stands next to you at the supermart and nonchalantly asks, "Know where they keep the dog food?" He's the face that settled your check when you last ate at a restaurant; he's the same face that leans out of the street-cleaning machine on your block.

And yet, he is the man waiting to be strapped to a gurney with an IV of lethal injected drugs coursing through his system—who has never told his side of the story.

This narrative will describe the numerous characters in a charade and the vital roles that each played. You will be escorted step by step from my first encounter with the Des Plaines



police on December 12, 1978, and the methods that were employed in hounding me every hour for the next ten days. You will watch the arrest on a drug charge, the appearance before a judge on the fifth day where I faced the first indictment. You are to meet my attorneys and hear the ensuing conversations; and you shall follow the testimony of witnesses and police and encounter the powerful prosecution attorneys. You can view for yourself the sly subtleties and the explosive language of the combatants for and against me, disclosure of the medical attention (and lack of such), the destruction of my personal property, the mal-administration of drugs by the jail's attendant doctors, the medical examiners' reports, the selection of a jury from out of town, interviews with psychiatrists, the effect of 101 witnesses, the evidence, the closing arguments, and finally the verdict and the sentence.

For reasons that do not matter I have changed the names of several of the people involved. None of the words spoken during the time frame have been altered in this text. The quotes that I have cited are authentic; they may be found in the transcripts of the trial of The State of Illinois vs. John Wayne Gacy: documents numbered 79-69 to 79-75 and 79-2378 to 79-2403; these are a matter of public record. Citations will be referenced to authors and/or publications. I have spent several years studying the thousands of pages of trial transcripts and obtaining the material that is germane to this writing. I have pored over the copies of public records and thoroughly reviewed my personal files so as to document accurately the information and the sources of that information. I have worked my way through the initial lapses of memory caused by alcohol and drug—dependency created by verified medical prescriptions and the abuse of them and other drugs.

These are the first words that John Gacy has spoken. This is my side of the story—the story of THE THIRTY-FOURTH VICTIM.

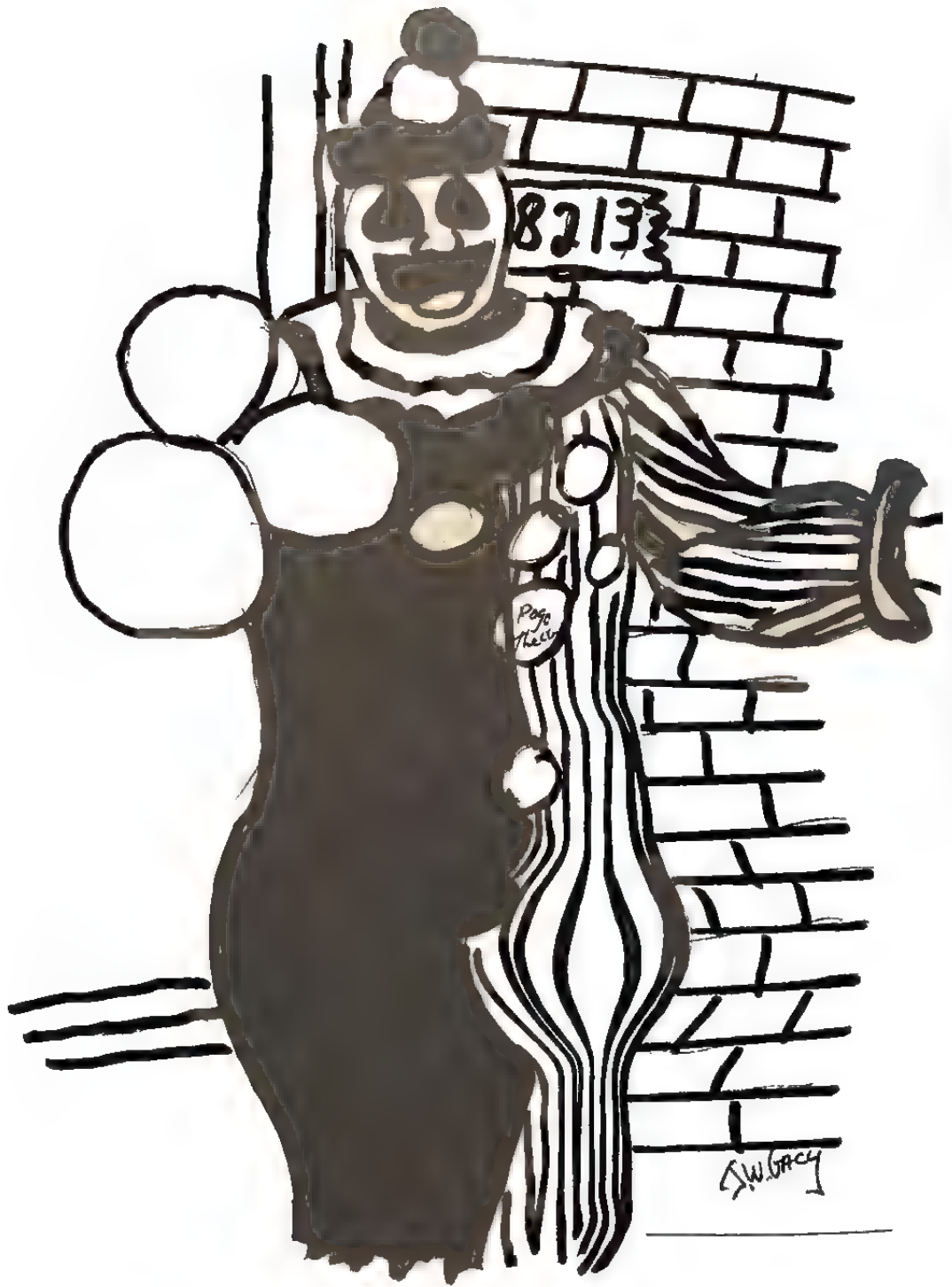


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Prologue





The first tide of winter had begun her encroachment. The late fall of 1978 had been cold and there was a leftover crust from the thick snow of the last storm. The climate was prematurely cold. Christmas was only two weeks away and most people felt that this year they would wake to a white Christmas Day.

Norwood Park Township is an unincorporated area, a suburban fringe touching northwest Chicago, and is part of Cook County. It is a picturesque hamlet of well-kept homes in the \$100,000 to \$200,000 bracket. Norwood Park does not have the myriad problems that neighboring Chicago suffers; drug abuse, rape, murder, robbery are not commonplace events, and when they do occur they become a topic of concerned conversation. There is some small time crime and the citizens are not oblivious to its existence, but the alarm to carry a gun has never been sounded and fear is not the status quo. It is a tranquil community of the professionally successful, emerald green swards of lawn lie in neat geometric shapes beautifying the approaches to the homes; proud trees line most streets.

It was at 8213 Summerdale, in one of the few houses with a circular driveway, that I lived with my mother. We had moved here back in 1971 just to get out of the city and to have a place of our own. At the time, I was contemplating going into business for myself and expected to need the extra space. Chicago had become a grubby city and my mother did not feel safe there any longer.

When we moved into the new home I was working as chef and kitchen manager at Bruno's Restaurant over in the west section of Chicago's famous "Loop" in the downtown district. It pleased me that the Chicago Blackhawk hockey team ate there and that I had developed a first-name relationship with most of the players. Often, at their request, I would whip up specially-made dishes for them—items that were not on the menu. It followed that they would give me tickets to the home games as often as I wanted to go.

But my goals were more ambitious than cooking and hockey games. For some time my goal had been a business of my own. I had been taking side jobs at wallpapering and painting in my free time, and was getting more than I could work into my schedule at Bruno's. In fact, my income from this freelance business, simply called P.D.M. for "Painting, Decorating and Maintenance", had already surpassed my salary. So it was an easy decision to quit the restaurant and go full time as a painting contractor. It was a struggle at the beginning. Bruno's words came back to me: "You're crazy! Chicago's got more contractors than customers already—you'll never make it out there. You'd better stay here with me."

But success was my obsession. I was driven not just by ambition but by the memory of my father's scornful, belittling put-downs: "You stupid kid—you'll never amount to anything!"

Hard work and long hours were my answer to my father's jibes. I was a workaholic. My philosophy was that if a man was willing to sacrifice and work long hours with diligence and pride, there was no reason for the comfortable life to escape him. I had shown my father, before he died, that I could be a success, and I wished that he were alive now so that I could show him again.



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Sixteen to eighteen-hour days were the rule now, and I needed help to complete the jobs that I contracted. I hired younger, less experienced men to help, taught them the working end of the business and the rewards of honest labor. I impressed upon them the importance of establishing personal goals. My only requirements were a willingness to learn, courtesy to the customers, and sincerity about doing the job. I wanted to give them a confidence that my father had denied me.

The business expanded from merely decorating into a small firm that specialized in all forms of home remodeling. Things were going very well. My customers were always pleased with the completed projects; in fact, almost all my work was garnered through referrals—I never advertised. There were no contracts; a handshake was sufficient. I made it a practice to be on the work site the final day to be certain that there was customer approval. No final payment was requested until the customer was satisfied.

In 1975, after remodeling some business buildings and the stores of two of Chicago's largest ice cream emporiums, I moved up to larger, more creative work: the remodeling for P. E. Systems, a firm specializing in pharmacy design and construction and in pharmaceutical marketing. Although these were generally larger jobs than any in my experience, I picked it up quickly and soon became the vice president in charge of construction. In three years I traveled over 150,000 miles for P. E. Systems. (United Airlines gave me their Red Carpet plaque for traveling over 25,000 miles a year.)

When the Democratic committeemen were called upon for help by the Polish National Alliance, they came to me. Because of my pride in my Polish heritage, I was pleased to organize what turned out to be the largest Polish parade in Chicago's history. I returned to help with that event for the next three years; then, with that experience, became the advisor to other ethnic parades for the city. In 1978 I assisted the Secret Service in working out the details for the appearance of Rosalyn Carter at the Polish parade and reception.

So often there are negative consequences of success: My marriage of three years disintegrated because of the little time that I devoted to it. The wife that I adored left, taking our two daughters. I was heartbroken.

I turned to drinking for late hour companionship and to forget my loss. My nerves were getting shaky; often I wasn't able to get to sleep when I did get to bed. I turned to prescription drugs to relax me for sleep, and others that would perk me up in the morning and provide an artificial energy for the day's work. Not knowing the harmful effects of Valium, I kept increasing its use as my work load increased.

Instead of slowing down I accelerated my pace. Becoming a Democratic precinct captain led to the position of secretary-treasurer of the Cook County Board for the township. Volunteering my services to the street commission, I helped with the snow plowing of the streets, street repair, and planting of trees on the city's grounds. I joined the Loyal Order of Moose and became a member of their clown club. As a clown I visited hospitals twice a



month, appeared in suburban parades, and enjoyed the delight of preschool children and the elderly in nursing homes.

But my work was still my obsession. My compulsive nature wore away at me. More edgy now, I increased my intake both of Valium and, necessarily, the source of pharmaceutical energy in the form of Placidyl and Preludin. I alternately raced and sagged with this roller-coaster formula.

In September of 1978 I left P. E. Systems and went into competition with them. Now much of my work was subcontracted to my own P.D.M. Corporation, my baby firm and starting point.

On the cold afternoon of December 11 my Uncle Harold, whom I cared for very much, was in serious condition at Northwest Hospital in Chicago. The doctors told me that he had little chance of lasting through the night. I was emotionally numb.

At 4:30 that afternoon, instead of staying with my beloved uncle, I left the hospital to check on some work that my crew had finished at a drug store just fifteen minutes away. After finishing the inspection at 5:00 I went to the Nisson Pharmacy in Des Plaines, a store whose remodeling I had completed two years before, to discuss further work for the owner. That project was not one that I cared to do or could afford to handle, since the man was a bad credit risk, but out of courtesy I gave him an estimate. I returned to my office to check the mail and the answering machine. I looked for my appointment book because it contained my schedule for the rest of the evening and decided that I must have left it at Nisson's. When I went back to get it, the owner wanted to discuss the job proposition again because he thought he had found a way to cut some costs.

At 8:45 I again returned to the office and cleared and reset the answering machine. One of the messages was from the family asking me to go at once to the hospital; Uncle Harold was failing fast. I wondered what time the message had come in. I was in bad shape now and needed a nap, but it was out of the question. I was finally able to get back to the hospital at eleven, and I went directly to Uncle Harold's room. Empty! I rushed to the nurses' station and was told that he had died an hour before.

Irony: Habitually business-motivated, I wasted, on a customer I didn't want, the final hours of the uncle who meant so much to me.

I left the hospital for the family home with the image of Uncle Harold's room fresh in my mind—the empty bed ready for the next patient; the chemical odor, the tracelessness of his ever having been there. How swift and random is death.

His house in Norridge was dark when I arrived. I didn't bother to ring the bell, but went next door where my cousin lived. I tried to console my aunt, and had a bite to eat and a couple of stiff bracers. After an hour or so the necessary talk about funeral arrangements had added to the family fatigue and the long day. Tired and sad, I waited until the next



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morning to call my sister so that she could tell our mother that Harold was gone forever. Mom had a bad heart, so I reminded my sister to make the grievous words as soft as possible.

That morning I sat in my office wishing that the death had not happened until after the holidays—it would put a damper on the forthcoming plans for the family. Christmas had been a bad time for me since 1969 when my father died on Christmas day. I wondered if he had suffered pain at the end or had departed peacefully.

Going to the kitchen, I took my morning Valiums, 30 milligrams. This would be repeated three or four times during the day. I had built up an immunity over the years and it was common to take 130 milligrams a day. If I got too relaxed I would need 75 milligrams of Placidyl or Preludin to get through the day.

I cleared and reset the answering machine and sighed. Little did I know how I would remember this time, not so much for the death of Uncle Harold, but that this night my life would be turned into an unending, unbelievable nightmare.



CHAPTER 1

First Encounter



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The early part of the night that started an incredible series of events was seemingly just as innocuous as any other.

It was quitting time for most of the workers in the suburbs of Chicago and I was glad to get out of the heavy traffic; as for my work day, this was merely a break in the action—I still had the evening to get through.

I was afraid to take a nap. If I did fall asleep I didn't think I would wake up until morning. My alarm clock couldn't be trusted to break through the stupor that I often experienced when I did get a stretch of sleep. The drugs had messed up my system to the point that either I couldn't sleep no matter how tired I was, or else I'd fall into the Rip Van Winkle syndrome and wake up to find myself parked on the Kennedy Expressway wondering where I had been and where I was supposed to be going.

Some people think that when you have a construction company the only rigor is to sit and count the money coming in. A big part of my time was spent with customers after their regular working day was done. I had established a personalized sort of service and it was my trademark to keep in touch with the people both before and after the job. This was how I had been able to make the big money without the expenditures of advertising. They seemed to like my earnestness and they told their friends. Yet there were times, when drugs started negative thinking, that I mused that Bruno could have been right in suggesting that I stay at the restaurant. At least I would have had some leisure moments to enjoy whatever money I made.

I threw a couple of slices of Polish ham and cheese between slices of rye bread and went over the answering machine for calls. Then I called my sister, as I had promised her that morning, to see how my mother had taken the news of Harold's passing. She was fragile and I was worried about her reaction. The line was busy—I'd have to try again later.

It was almost 9:30. I called the president of the lighting district to arrange to take some checks to him later that night to sign, then I could take them to the district trustee to pay the bills. In the meantime Mike Rossi, one of my workers, and I were planning to go out to cut down some Christmas trees for ourselves as we had done in past years. Then I was dialing the phone to call a subcontractor when I noticed through the window two men coming to the back door. They were unknown to me in the dim spray of the driveway light. Their knock on the door brought my dog to life, barking his head off as was his custom in response to a knock at either door.

Strange! If they had been employees they would have used their key to get in—most of my men had one. I opened the door and waited. The two men opened the storm door and identified themselves as police officers from Des Plaines wanting to talk to me about a missing boy who worked at Nissan's drug store. I hurried them inside so that my dog wouldn't sneak out and led them into the rec room.

The bigger of the two men called himself Lieutenant Kozenszak; the quiet one was named



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Pickell. The Lieutenant asked me if I had been near the area of Nisson's the night before. I told him yes, that I had been in the store twice to discuss a remodeling proposal, the first time about five when I stayed two hours or so and again at about eight after I'd realized I'd left my appointment book there. He asked if I'd talked to any of the employees while I was there; I said no, not that I remembered.

Through the window I saw Rossi talking to another man in the driveway. Kozenszak saw me notice them and said that it was another detective asking my worker a few questions. It seemed to me that the guy was unnecessarily keeping Rossi from coming in out of the cold. "Why don't you let them come in? I wouldn't appreciate that kind of treatment if it were me. Would you?" He told me in a tough voice that I would have to come with them to the station to make a written statement of my answers to his questions. By that time I was getting indignant. "I haven't got time to go down there to say the same thing again. There's been a death in my family, and I have to call my sister to see how my mother is taking it." He insisted that I call her immediately; they would wait for me. I called and talked with my sister for about ten minutes. By that time Rossi had come into the house and was sitting at the bar, watching them nervously.

When I finished I told them, "I will be more than glad to help the police any time and in any way that I possibly can, but I wouldn't be of any help to you in this instance. I am busy and I have family problems to take care of. I'm sorry but I can't spare the time." Then I asked, "What's the matter with you—don't you have any respect for the dead?"

Insistently, he asked if I would come down to the station later. "I can't promise—I don't know. I'll call you and let you know." He took a card out of his pocket and handed it to me, saying I could reach him at that number. They made their way to the door and left. They were coarse guys; nothing friendly or even civil about them.

I told Rossi that they were asking questions because of the disappearance of a kid who worked at Nisson's after I left there the night before. Rossi said they just asked him what he was doing here and how well he knew me, and told him to stay outside until they said otherwise. I thought they had a lot of nerve. They were very rude and obnoxious. They didn't seem to be used to being denied anything and their exasperation had been obvious on their faces.

At my trial these two officers told a different story of what took place that night. [Trial transcripts, pages 502 to 576, Pickell.] Pickell claimed that they had come to the front door, knocked on the door and attempted to rouse somebody inside the house. "We could see through the front door which had a small window in it, and we could see movement behind this window because there was light behind whatever was causing this movement. We interpreted this to indicate somebody was inside but not answering the front door."

That was false. He was trying to make it look as if I was hiding or had something to conceal. When they said they knocked, they lied. Otherwise why didn't the dog bark, like he did when they knocked at the back? Secondly, he claimed that he looked through the front



door window. If you looked through the front door in the dark, the only thing you could see was a statue of a man in armor some fourteen feet from the door, with a dark, yellowing, backlighted stained glass window behind it. Dim as the light was, the statue would stand out. Unless it came to life, they could have seen no movement. When they came to the back door they could see through the same window I was looking out and perceive that I was on the phone. The front of the house always looked dark because we never used it. The dining room, which I used for an office, with the telephone, answering machine and a good comfortable chair, was in the back of the house. I always came into the house through the back door and went directly to the answering machine.

After the detectives left I was way behind on my schedule. I told Rossi about the errands I had to run so, instead of cutting down our Christmas trees this year, he should go to the tree lot on Cumberland and buy some trees. I would join him there if I could, otherwise he could come back and wait for me at the house. Then we could load materials into the truck for use the next day on the various jobs. Many times, late at night, new materials would come in. Keeping track of five different jobs at a time, I had to get materials on the job site in advance. Delays are costly. If I could get to the police station I certainly would, but it didn't look like I would have time that night. I had only said I would try.

While what they were doing was important, I didn't see how a written statement recounting what I had already told them would help solve their problem of the missing boy. Probably, I thought, it was some spaced-out teenager who took off for a warmer climate. Parents who think they know all about their children often don't have any idea what they're up to or into. In fact, it seems that they are the last to know when the kid's life gets discombobulated from drugs, and when adventurous ideas tell him that only in faraway places can he find his place in the sun.

Of course, a kid missing is a serious thing and can't be taken lightly. The cops have job pressures on them just like I do. So I made up my mind to go down to talk to whoever it was they insisted I talk to and give them what I could. I figured they needed a documented account of talking to as many witnesses as possible in case it was more than a common runaway.

It was after midnight when I finished my work and I had an early appointment and then a breakfast meeting at seven. I figured as soon as I got free I would go in, I would call Detective Kozenszak and give him a specific time.

Generally I ran a hectic day, trying to be at every job and taking care of any difficulty that came up. With a beeper on my hip and a telephone and two-way radio in the car, there wasn't any time I was out of touch with the business. I carried blueprints of every job that was under way and some in the planning, along with bids, and there were extra power tools in the trunk. Outside of my laborers, the car and I were the business force.

At about 10:30 I was at the Township Democratic Headquarters where I had just told a painter what had to be done. I called the Des Plaines police and talked to Kozenszak. Did



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he still want me to come in? Yes. Okay, I would come right over. Getting back into the car, I swallowed a couple of Valiums with the last of the coffee in a paper cup and headed for the station.

At the desk I asked for Lieutenant Kozenszak. It was a little after 11:30. Instead of Kozenszak I was met by the quiet one, Pickell, who said that Kozenszak would be back shortly and that I should follow him. We went back to the detective bureau, sat down in a small interview room and flashed over the same questions I had answered the night before. I didn't see the sense in my taking off from business only to come here and not find the man who was so insistent on seeing me. I was pissed off and told Pickell so. He offered me some coffee; I nodded and he came back with it and some paper. He asked me to put in writing everything I'd said. I snatched the paper from him and wrote out the whole thing.

Later, the news media would call this my first confession; I will let you judge that. The following is the exact wording of that so-called "confession." It is verifiable, being a matter of public record as Witness Statement #78-35203, given on December 13, 1978, at 12:15 p. m. at the Des Plaines Police Department:

I John Gacy am 36 years of age, and my address is 8213 Summerdale, Norwood Park, Illinois.

On or about Saturday night I received a phone call from Phil Torf of Nisson Pharmacy to stop by and see about remodeling work he's thinking of doing. I set up an appointment for 5:30 Monday. I arrived at about 5:30 met with Phil and Larry Torf. Larry stated that he did not want anything to do with the remodeling. Phil stated that he would walk me through the store. Before doing so, we wasted an hour, talking about old times. I believe from time to time employees were standing around. I only had conversation with an employee in regards to if there was more shelving outside the rear of the store. He stated No! I was at the store from approx. 5:30 to 7:15 p.m. I went home to clear the answering service, and have found that I left my book there. I went back to get it.

I did have a conversation with an old employee name Linda, who was going to marry a guy name Dave, when we remodeled back in 76. I return to the store at about 8 p.m. to pick up my book, and talk and walked off the store again, while Phil was stocking shelves [sic].

The following is page two of the two-page statement:

I stayed until about 8:45/8:50 and went home until I received of phone call on the recorder that my uncle was dying. I then went to Northwest Hospital, arriving at about 11 p.m. 4th floor desk from there I went to my aunt's home at 7300 Cullom to discuss plans for the funeral, and that I would be a pall-bearer.



I at no time offer any employee a job, just joking with Phil since he stated that he wasn't making any money.

(signed) John W. Gacy P.D.M. Contractors

After Pickell read this he asked me to add something about the conversation I had with Phil Torf about proposed work. The following was added at the bottom of page two:

Part of my conversation with Phil was about my employee and now I am down to just two but I will be hiring in the summer because we are always looking for good help the pay is good starting at 5 to 6 dollars an hour.

(signed) John W. Gacy

Before the last signature there was this typed sentence: "I have read the 2 pages of this statement and the facts contained therein are true and correct." Underneath my signature was typed: "Page 2 of 2 pages."

How's that for a confession?

The time on the completed statement read 12:15. It could not have taken more than a half hour to write. When I was done Pickell asked me to wait—Lt. Kozenszak wanted to talk to me and would be back in a few minutes. I waited an hour and then told Pickell that I could not wait any longer, that I had a schedule to keep. All he kept saying was, "Well, he really wants to talk with you." I said I would wait a while longer, not pleased but wanting to get it over with. Appointments had been set up and customers were waiting for me.

Another hour went by. Now I told Pickell I wouldn't wait another damn second, I had a business to run. I started for the door. Immediately another officer in plain clothes got to the door first, almost as if it had been rehearsed. Pickell came up behind me and, while they didn't put their hands on me at this point, they were menacingly insistent that I stay until Kozenszak arrived. They iterated that he was on his way. Angrily I said, "Hell, that's what you've been telling me for the last two hours! Please understand. My business falls apart if I'm away. I came in voluntarily, did what you asked, and now I got to go."

My beeper had gone off twice and I was getting anxious. Pickell said I could use the phone so I started making calls one after another, apologizing to people and informing them that I was tied up. Protectively, I also called my business attorney, the only kind with whom I had ever dealt. LeRoy Stevens wasn't in but would return my call by 3:30. I felt that if I got away from the station by then I could call him back and cancel; otherwise I would have him rush down.

Finally at 2:45 Stevens called the station and asked to speak to me. I told him what was



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happening and he asked to speak to the officer in charge. Pickell took the phone and Stevens told him his client had been there long enough—to legally charge me or release me. Pickell stated that only assistant state's attorney Sullivan could do that. He gave Stevens Sullivan's phone number and Stevens told me he would get back to me directly. When he called he said Sullivan's office was giving him the runaround, but that he would persist.

It was now nearly 3:30, and no sign of Kozenszak, no call from Stevens. So I called him and he told me Sullivan had ordered me held without charge until he could talk to me. Although Stevens had an imperative appointment he would hustle down to the station to get this out of the way. Then I called the father of Raphael, my business partner, who was an attorney and told him what was going on. He said that I should just walk out of there if there was no charge, pointing out that I was being illegally held, and that I should call him back if I needed him.

Just then Kozenszak walked in with another man whom he introduced as Assistant State's Attorney Sullivan. After some conversation they said they wanted the keys to my house. When I asked why, they said in a threatening manner that either I would give them the keys or they would break down the door and they wouldn't be responsible. I told them that I wanted to go with them, but they said I would have to stay there and wait until they came back. I asked to see a search warrant; they told me they didn't have to show me anything. I said I wasn't giving up my keys. Kozenszak yelled, "Then we will have to take them!" He slammed me against the wall. "Empty your pockets on the table!" I laid everything on the desk. Kozenszak took all the keys and told Tovar to lock me up. On the way to the cell I asked what I was being charged with and I wanted to call my lawyer. Tovar said he didn't know what I was being charged with and he would have to get permission for the phone call—he was only following orders. That's the last I saw of Tovar.

From my last phone call to Stevens I expected him to arrive by five. It was already four so I figured it wouldn't be much longer. I had a lot to tell him: the police had come to my house without showing me a search warrant; they had pushed me around; they had confiscated my property (my keys) without my permission; they were holding me without a charge; now I was locked up in a cell.

Time creeps by slowly in a cell. It was cold and damp—only hard cold steel to sit on. I had to piss and there was no toilet; I was thirsty and there was no water. Just a dirty steel box with a concrete floor and a nine-by-nine-inch glass in an incongruously modern sliding door in lieu of bars. Finally at 7:30 Kozenszak unlocked the door and told me to follow him to another room, where another officer took my fingerprints and two mug shots. These are the famous pictures that are always featured in the newspapers, magazines, quick buck books—anytime they run a story about me. Even now, years later.

He introduced me to Investigator Greg Bedoe from the sheriff's office and said they just had a few questions and I could go. Bedoe was holding the written statement that I had given earlier. Twice I asked if my attorney was there; he ignored me, gave me a Miranda reading



and started asking his questions. I asked if I was under arrest and if so what was the charge. He replied that there was none and continued asking questions about my statement. I told him it was all there and I had nothing to add. He asked me to sign a Miranda waiver, which of course I wouldn't do without my attorney's advice.

It was now 8:30 and finally Kozenszak went to see if my attorney had arrived. Stevens was there—had been there since 5:30. He asked, "What's this all about?" Kozenszak told him they were questioning me about the disappearance of Robert Piest but that I wasn't charged with anything. "Well then, John, you know you don't have to answer any more questions. We're going to leave." I was exhausted. Before I could stand up, Bedoe pushed the Miranda waiver in front of me and asked me to sign it. Stevens looked at it and said that since we were leaving to go ahead and sign it, but that I had been mistreated enough for one day.

I asked for my keys and Kozenszak said he would get them. When the door he used was open I could see my car with two or three guys ransacking it. I asked what was going on. Kozenszak replied that they were going over it for evidence and I couldn't have it for a couple of hours. Stevens asked to see the warrant which listed the car, but Kozenszak said he didn't have it with him. LeRoy could see how upset I was so he suggested that we leave anyway; he would take me home in his car.

Once outside the station I learned the reason Stevens was in such a hurry: two of his friends were sitting in the car waiting for him to leave on a weekend hunting trip. After they drove me home Stevens said he would be back Saturday afternoon and that I should call him then. He didn't even trouble himself to come into the house to see if anything had been taken. I asked, "What if they arrest me all over again?" He said that I should get some money out of the bank to be ready to post a bond—they would have to set one next time. I could see that his mind was more on hunting than on answering any more questions. I guess I should have expected that, since he was a civil attorney. What did he know about criminal law? He probably felt that since he got me out of the Des Plaines police station he had done his job. That's likely a landmark experience for a button-down business lawyer. But as I watched them drive away that brisk evening I had a gut feeling that this was not the kind of lawyer I needed.

I walked around to the back door. My poor dog was jumping all over from going unrelieved all that time. I took him outside to do his business. Re-entering the house, I turned on most of the lights and went from room to room to see if anything had been taken, not even knowing what I should be looking for. I did look for a copy of their phantom search warrant. Do they leave it in a case like this when you're not at home? Hell, I didn't know. Lime footprints covered most of the hallway floor in the plant room area, meaning that they had been down in the crawl space under the house. I opened the door leading to the crawl space and saw that they had left the light on.

The phone rang. Cram, one of my employees, was calling to ask what was going on. He had come by earlier with the truck and the police had confronted him in the driveway, ushered him into the house and seized the keys to the truck. Cram had the pickup that day and



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returned to the garage to drop off the paint and the ladders he had used for the work at the Democratic office. He said he would be right over.

I went back to picking up things and noticed some of the damage the police had done in their search. Walking down the main hall, I noticed that a section of the carpet had been cut out. I poked around some more, couldn't see anything missing, but I didn't know what they had been looking for. Whatever it was would have to be listed on a search warrant, but I didn't think they had one. Warrant? For what? I wondered.

David Cram arrived and ran down what had happened when he pulled into the driveway earlier. "Cops all over the place—must have been twenty of them! They wouldn't tell me anything, asked what business I had there and snatched the keys to the truck." At first he imagined that something had happened to me—maybe a heart attack, maybe a drug raid. He was jarred by all their brusqueness, but he hedged his answers—didn't want to get involved. "How am I going to get home?" "Walk!" one cop said. Then he was getting mad.

Together we walked through the house. Cram asked if they had found any marijuana or pills. I didn't know, but how could they confiscate anything if the warrant specified a missing kid? Then I located my drug stash; it hadn't been touched.

David had driven over in his girlfriend's car, so I suggested we drive out to Des Plaines. It was after eleven and I thought they ought to be through with my car. We circled the station and surrounding blocks in search of my Olds. I wasn't looking to go in to ask for fear they would pull the same bullshit on me again, and with my unconcerned but sole attorney off hunting downstate, how would I get out this time? We drove by the station's parking lot, no luck—no Olds. I wondered if they had an impound lot but didn't know where to begin and it was getting late. Then it dawned on me that they had kept my appointment book, so I wanted to go back to the office to check my schedule for the next day.

I called the station around midnight and the desk officer said he didn't have any information about my car and everyone was gone for the night; I would have to ask Lieutenant Kozenszak about it in the morning. Dave and I went for a bite to eat at the Denny's at Harlem and Forest Preserve Drive.

An hour later David dropped me back home. I undressed and fell on the bed but felt unable to sleep.

I reflected on the injustices of the day. They had held me against my will for ten and a half hours, abused me, searched my home, damaged it (no telling what they had taken from it), confiscated my car and one of my trucks, all without even showing me a search warrant or leaving a copy of it at the house—all over a missing kid who I didn't know, or see, and about whom I could not provide a scrap of help.

Surely they had to be accountable for what they did. Who knows all their rights? I didn't. Was it necessary for me to find someone who knew criminal law so that I could understand



my rights in the future?

I had a sense of outrage. I couldn't do anything else tonight, but tomorrow I would make some phone calls and find someone who could give me some answers. I remembered working with Sam Amirante, a legal counsel for the street lighting district. He might be able to enlighten me about legal rights, warrants, property confiscation, detention without a charge. The most he had ever done for me except for the township business was to take care of traffic tickets for some of my employees, but it wouldn't hurt to call him.

I was numb with fatigue. I rolled over and succumbed to the soft pillow and sleep.



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CHAPTER 2

Surveillance by the Des Plaines Police



Surveillance by the Des Plaines Police



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1978

When I thought about the events of the previous day I could hardly believe that I was still living in the United States. Being determined not to let that dizzying, angry day repeat itself, I was sure going to get some answers today. Following the only advice LeRoy Stevens had given me, I went to the bank and withdrew two thousand dollars so that, in case I was picked up again, I could bond myself out without any delay or waiting for an attorney. Then I alerted my business partner and my business manager, informing them that I would be calling in at certain times of the day, so the police couldn't kidnap me and again hold me incommunicado against my will.

Returning from Northwest National Bank, I met with my office manager and skimmed over the morning mail and covered the calls that he had received. He came in at eight each morning to do office work for me and left at noon. He was a close friend of the family and, being handicapped, was unable to work full time. I had convinced him that he could be of use to me five mornings a week. It was hard for him psychologically to be unable to work at age 46, and the pay would help him out too. It was more like letting a family member handle the personal business that came across the desk, and I treated him more like an uncle. Many of my customers and employees thought we were related. He was someone I could trust and confide in.

"Uncle" George had complete charge of the office. He handled my payroll, material expenditures and employee affairs in general. In fact, the public has been misled about me hiring all the employees. Few people knew that George did most of the recruiting, frequently advertising in neighborhood newspapers to seek out men with trade experience. Sometimes inexperienced men would come in, and he would interview them, have them fill out an application and, through screening, pick out the more earnest, stable-appearing ones. Much of the time I would tell him, "If he looks good to you, hire him and forget what he wrote on his application." The truth would surface after his first three days on the job. If I was out of town, which was often, George and the working foreman would hire men as needed, but never, like the police claimed, by putting up notices in supermarkets. That was just more fabrication about John Gacy and how he ran his business, molding an image of me to strengthen their court case.

George also would remind me of upcoming contracts and checks that needed my signature. He met with my accountant each month to make the monthly profit and loss statements, paid all the bills, and logged every job. I was a perfectionist, wanting to know everything about a completed job so that if we lost money I could find out how and where and correct the problem.

Friends asked me how I made the quantum leap from chef to the complicated risky business of the construction world. Construction is like making a good stew or smorgasbord. The ingredients take on new names, but it is still a matter of order, diligence and pride. In both, you learn from past experience. I know I learned something from every job. My files were so highly detailed that I could go to my 1976 section and pull out Nisson's Pharmacy



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and not only tell you if we made money on the job, but the problems, who worked it for me, who was employed by the store at the time and if they were helpful, what subcontractors I brought in, and even what men from each sub actually worked on the job. Most of these particulars weren't needed by the accountant, but it was my way of learning from each contracted job. I would later learn why the state's attorney took all my business records when I was finally arrested—these records could disprove too much of the state's case, showing that I was out of town at times when the state's case required me to be in town.

I started out my day that Thursday in Elgin at the Fox Valley Shopping Center. The rest of the morning was spent visiting a heavy schedule of job sites that we had going at the time. After stopping at two drug stores we were remodeling, one on North Avenue at the Pulaski underway, and another in Waukegan, we finished up in Glenview to examine a new hair care salon for ladies.

I had to put in a lot more time than many contractors did. Others, well established in construction work, profited greatly from long-standing reputations and expensive advertising and were able to do a kind of block contracting in which developers hired them to build ten or even twenty houses in one small area, an extension to an existing community or a land-breaking project in a yet undeveloped district. From the contractor's point of view that kind of operation provided him with the convenience of marshalling his jobs on foot. For the smaller contractor like myself, five construction jobs might find my men working in five different Illinois counties, and I would have to shuttle continually between them to oversee work progress. I might even go into a bordering state.

I mention this only to indicate that I traveled the highways and roads daily and all this driving weaves itself into the picture of forthcoming events. On this day of my uncle's funeral, without my knowledge, a surveillance of me had gone into motion. The Des Plaines police department must have gleaned from their ranks the six most inept officers in their lot. Their task was to keep me painstakingly under observation around the clock and record my activities. Sounds simple enough.

It was almost time for the funeral. I had already showered, and while I dressed I browsed messages left by George: business notations, receipts and customer calls. I made a last call to my Glenview office before I made for the door. Halfway out I turned back to wash down some more Valium with a couple fingers of booze. Now I was braced for the family and the tears.

The funeral was conducted in a peaceful little chapel on Chicago's Northwest side. The cemetery was located straight down Irving Park Road at Arcadia Park. After my uncle was laid into the earth, I headed for Elgin and my sister's place. It was after three o'clock and, with the wintry roads being difficult, it would take about an hour to get there even with the Rockford tollway setting a crow's flight course.

Having dinner with sis and her husband along with their four children was a treat for me



since I didn't get many homecooked meals. It was also a treat to eat a relaxed meal with them after forever being in motion. The small talk was heartfelt, yet it also brought back the terrible vacancy left inside me since my divorce four years earlier. I ached so at times over the loss of my wife and two girls.

I had contemplated remarriage in 1977, but got turned off when I realized the woman's strong feelings about her personal career, and that taking up domestic habits was the farthest thing from her mind. I was a bug about the way a house should be kept. We tried living together for several months, but with me out of town and her working six days a week, we discovered how little time was left for ourselves. Her career and my business made a life together impossible. After once going through a marriage with a wife who wasn't interested in what I was doing business-wise, I could see that this one would be doomed from the start. So, regretfully, I asked her to move out.

Now here, in late 1978, I was again thinking of marriage. I had two housekeepers who were taking care of the home office. One would come in on Tuesdays and the other on Saturdays. The latter I would date on Friday or Saturday night when I was in town. The girl who came on Tuesday I would date during the week, many times just to have company to share a late supper with and take in a movie if time permitted. I enjoyed their company and they gave me a semblance of social balance in my workaholic life. I assumed they found satisfaction in my company too because they usually accepted these dates on the spur of the moment.

"Margret" was an Irish girl, born in Ireland. She was the one with whom I was thinking of retying the knot if she would have me. That December she had flown to Ireland for the holidays to be gone a month or two. She left just before my arrest, and I haven't heard from her since.

After dinner with my sister's family and some more talk, I made for the bed. One of my nephews gave up his so that I wouldn't have to sleep on the sofa. Her boys were always good to me. The middle of the three was fourteen that night so long ago. He and his older brother had worked for me several summers running. The youngest had been too young to join us at that time and now, with his family living way out in Elgin, he would not get the chance his brothers had had. I was told that I was their favorite uncle. They'd remind me of when they were younger and I would take them out on weekends.

Kids were a treat for me to be with. My girlfriend at the time had two, my older sister had four, and my younger sister three. For me, taking out those nine children was great fun. We would hit the museums and other places that their own fathers didn't take the time to share. It was a natural for me. Since my divorce and loss of my two children, these playful excursions satisfied the father instincts in me and temporarily plugged a lonesome void. I'd pick the kids up early on a Sunday morning and bring them back early enough for them to unwind and prepare for school the next day.



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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1978

Just because I awoke at my sister's house that morning nothing else was changed—Friday's work awaited me. I got up at 6:30, had breakfast with the kids and left around eight for the first job site, the Fox Valley shopping plaza across the county line in DuPage. We were putting in a jewelry store and something was wrong on the blueprints about the precision of some custom-made cabinetry fitting snugly. The owner was to meet me bright and early to approve a change in the blueprints so as not to push forward the completion date or postpone his opening-day plans.

Working out such problems, seemingly a minor yet an important matter of a mere fraction of an inch is one of the many adjustments a contractor faces, besides making major decisions. At times you can only hope you're right—if you're wrong it costs you, not the employees or the client. You have to stay tenaciously on top of each step of each job. Besides, it is good public relations to show the customer that you're really interested in his job by being precise, aware, cost-conscious. But it's very time consuming.

From there I went into Chicago and stopped at a job on North Avenue, a new account. I hoped to build fifteen more drugstores for this client, doing his future work exclusively, in the same manner that I had worked up other accounts. Much of that work would be remodeling older buildings, my specialty.

Before leaving that job I spoke with Mike Rossi. He told me that he had been taken to the Des Plaines police station the night before and aggressively questioned, not about the missing Piest boy, but about me. He said they asked how long he had known me and what he thought of me, and if he thought I was funny in any way. Rossi claimed that he had answered in the negative, saying, "There's nothing funny about John!" He told them that if I were gay or anything like that he wouldn't be working for me.

They wanted to know if I personally or someone else had hired him. They also asked who usually did most of the hiring. He told them that at the time he took the job with me he was working for a plumbing contractor, a friend of mine, who asked me to hire him because he was going to have to lay him off. He told them that I'd agreed, and that he had been with me ever since. Then they asked him what kind of guy I was to work for. "I told them the truth, John, that you are very hard to work for, and when a guy fouled up you're all over his back, not in a way to put him down, but so he would learn to do it right." He told them I was a perfectionist, that I paid well and expected good work; otherwise we could find other jobs. He told the police I was all business, even if I became friendly with an employee. "I think they were looking for me to say something about your sex life, but like my wife told them at the house before I went in, we had always seen you with different girls."

He had been scared and didn't like being there, but he had no choice. I told him if it happened again to call Amirante. "He will represent you, and I will pay for it. You don't have to answer any of their questions and you certainly don't have to be harassed on the job.



And don't worry about being docked for your time. I'll write it off as a job expense. Listen, I have to get over to see Amirante to see what can be done with those creeps in Des Plaines, and I'll tell him that if you or any employee needs an attorney that I will pick up the tab. So don't lose his card." I left around 11:30, thinking I'd better check in at the home office since I hadn't been there in 24 hours, and I wanted to change clothes before keeping a one o'clock appointment with Amirante.

When a man does as much driving as I do, he will develop certain skills along with a practical code of survival. I had eventually come by those skills that carried me from place to place with an economy of time but without breaking the traffic laws. I became as alert and tricky with my car as Walter Payton is with a pigskin. I wasn't reckless, but I was elaborately quick, taking advantage of an opening here and a permissive yellow light there. I became, in a phrase, a timesaving driver. Sometimes my appointments were timed so close together that it was only my type of driving which made me punctual.

I had no trouble finding Amirante's office and went right in to my appointment. I sat down and told him the story about what took place at the Des Plaines police station on December 13: How I was held without being charged, shoved against a wall by Lieutenant Kozenszak, thrown into a cold, waterless cell alone for over three hours; kept incommunicado from seeing my attorney who was in the station from 5:30; not being allowed to see him until after nine. I explained that, when I was finally permitted to leave, the police kept my car. Upon returning home I found that my house had been searched without a warrant and that damage had been done to the interior of the house. Moreover, I believed that I was being followed and that employees of mine had suffered harassment on the job sites. All this because of a kid missing from a drugstore I had visited for talk with the owner about some work he needed.

Amirante made a call to the Des Plaines police department, saying he knew some people there with whom he exchanged favors; but he found out no more than that there was an investigation and that they wanted to know my present whereabouts—they had lost me. Later they were to state that with devil-may-care driving I often lost them. That was a big lie! They habitually lost me!

Amirante told them that I was sitting in front of him in his office. They wouldn't give Amirante any information on me, only that Sullivan was working on the case. Amirante didn't ask—he knew Terry Sullivan. They had been adversaries for the past five years in the Des Plaines courtroom, Sullivan as the state's prosecutor and Amirante as the public defender. Now Amirante called Sullivan's office asking specifically to speak to him, feeling that on the strength of their relationship it might be possible that Sullivan might disclose information relevant to my harassment. But Sullivan was tight-lipped. Every inquiry posed was met with undisguised evasiveness.

Sullivan claimed that no arrest was pending, but that I was under investigation in the disappearance of the kid from Nisson's drugstore. Amirante didn't swallow it. His legal guts told him that Sullivan's aloofness indicated something more. He informed Sullivan that



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John Gacy was now officially his client and asked, as a courtesy, to forewarn him of any future questioning or arrest. If by Monday he couldn't get any acceptable information, he warned Sullivan that he would get a restraining order and file a federal harassment suit against the Des Plaines police department; in his professional opinion they had already overstepped their legal boundaries.

The law reads (Chapter 38, Criminal Law and Procedure, Section 108-2): "If the person arrested is released without a charge being preferred against him, all instruments, articles or things seized, other than contraband, shall be returned to him upon release. Chapter 38, Section 108: "If the warrant is executed, the duplicate copy shall be left with any person from whom any instruments, articles or things are seized; or, if no person is available, the copy shall be left at the place from which the instruments, articles or things were seized." Again, Chapter 38, Section 108-7, Command of Search Warrant: "The warrant shall command the person directed to execute the same to search the place or person particularly described in the warrant and to seize the instruments, articles or things particularly described in the warrant."

Now if it had been a warrant looking for a missing kid, why then would they take a car, trucks and personal items from a house which did not belong to the missing person? Those weren't listed on a warrant and no duplicate copy of the phantom warrant was given me or left on my premises as the law demands.

Amirante continued to talk about the law. At that point I decided I should fill him in on my background, confide in him completely so that he would get no surprises along the way. I felt that in a client-attorney relationship, as in a patient-doctor relationship, both must have complete confidence in the other. Nothing can be successfully attained without all the facts, comfortable or not.

Therefore, I related to him that I had lived in Chicago only since 1970 and in Norwood Park since August of 1971, and few people knew that I had been in a reformatory in Iowa for 14 months. If the police were digging into my background it would doubtlessly be discovered and I wanted Sam to hear it first from me.

I had been convicted on a sodomy charge in Iowa in December of 1968 and had been sentenced to ten years. I was sent to a reformatory and had come up for parole after 11 months. It was claimed that I had induced the son of a state representative into an act of sodomy by showing him stag films. The case never reached court and the facts were never brought out. Through my own ignorance of the law I had pled guilty. They had found stag films at my home, the same films the boy's father had gotten from me two days before my arrest, and the kid had performed fellatio on me. It happened only on one occasion, but he began blackmailing me. I was confused and did give him some money but after a while refused to pay him any more. Then he told his father. Since his father was running for reelection and I was a successful businessman, it was made into a publicity issue.

It was a flimsy case. Later we learned that the kid had been in similar trouble before and



had a history of mental aberrations. His record showed that he had even been caught robbing a cemetery grave, taking the head off a body and was carrying it in a paper bag when he was apprehended.

Because I had no previous record, a pre-sentence board recommended probation for that, my first and only arrest until then. The judge sentenced me to the maximum ten years, but still recommended early release. After 14 months I was granted parole to Illinois where I went to live with my mother. My father had died and she was alone. I had not been convicted of anything after that time, although I had been arrested twice.

Sam did no more than listen and periodically nod his head. It was now after five and he said he had enough information and not to worry about it, that he would take it from there and get back to me. He gave me a stack of his cards to give to my employees. He would take care of any problems they might have since I was assuming the costs.

As we left the office he said he would follow me to see if I was being tailed. He didn't have to. As I pulled away from the office two cars started out behind me. After half a block I turned into a driveway to turn around. The two cars pulled into the next driveway and turned around. I went back to the office and motioned to Sam. He had seen what happened.

I drove to George's apartment for dinner at six o'clock and to see if there was anything urgent about the business or any pressing appointments. From the window in George's apartment I could see that Sam and the two tail cars had pulled up out front. Amirante was talking to one of the officers. "John knows he's being followed and I am aware of the situation. I just ask one thing. If you make an arrest of any type please notify me."

The officer said, "I'll be happy to cooperate, but a lot depends on your client's driving habits.

"What habits? As long as he stays within the speed limit and doesn't break any laws, it's up to you to stay with him. You know you guys make a driver nervous when you're tailgating him. You guys aren't the world's best-kept secret, you know." Then he walked off and came into the apartment to tell me, word for word, about his conversation with the officers.

"You just go about your business as usual and don't let them rile you. If you have any problems I'll be home all evening. Give me a call tomorrow afternoon." With that encouragement he left. I took a deep breath, thinking how much better off I was with him handling this mess rather than the inept attorney Stevens.

During dinner George and I exchanged small talk. We speculated on the next move the police might make, but of course could draw no conclusions—we didn't even know what it was all about. I told him that I hated to eat and run but that I'd promised Ron, a subcontractor friend of mine, that I'd be over to his place for an evening of pinochle with him and his wife. I didn't want to miss the card game; it was almost the only socializing that the demands of my growing business permitted lately.



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When I arrived at Ron's he told me that our game would have to be delayed while he went out with a contractor friend of his to estimate how much concrete to order for a basement floor they were putting in. It wouldn't take long, and he wanted me to go along for the ride. When Gary arrived we climbed into the front seat of his Chevy Suburban and I told them about the police shadow and what little I knew about the reason for it, the kid disappearing from Nisson's after I had been there on business. Ron remembered the drug store, having worked with me two years before on the original job.

At 8:45, after about an hour on their job site, as we were leaving, Ron decided to have some fun with the cops. I felt that taunting them would only make things worse for me, but Ron was a playful guy and he walked up to one officer's car and said, "Hey, pal, we're going back to my house where we started from, just in case you get lost." As we pulled away, Gary got his pepper up and took off like a scared squirrel. He fish-tailed, but the ruts in the street were etched so deep from the frozen buildup of snow that he came out of it easily. The cowboys from Des Plaines had trouble getting out of their parking places so suddenly and now had to play catch-up on the icy streets.

Gary said, "Hell, they've got no business with me—I don't have to wait for them!" He jumped the light out of the left lane, cut in front of a bus and turned onto the entrance ramp to the Kennedy Expressway. I asked him not to play games with them, but, picking up speed, he blended right into the flow of the expressway traffic, never going over the speed limit.

Halfway down the Kennedy toward our exit they caught up with us, their red lights flashing. The officer rolled down his window and yelled, "Pull over, damn you, you're under arrest!" His partner was green at the gills and pop-eyed from the chase, but I was afraid to laugh. Gary pulled onto the shoulder and he and Ron jumped out, yelling that they had no reason to stop us. When the cops threatened to take the truck, Gary and Ron cooled down. We asked what station Gary was being taken to and they told us Des Plaines. I had stayed out of the confrontation because of Amirante's advice.

After we posted Gary's bond at 11:30, Gary went home and Ron and I returned to Ron's house with the shadows in tow. His wife set out some warmed-over pizza and a couple of drinks. Ron thought the episode was hilarious—the best night he'd had in a long time.

After our pinochle game we talked a long time. He wanted me to stay the night, but I was developing a case of borderline paranoia. I had visions of the police gallivanting through my home in my absence, planting evidence. Since it was so close, I told him I would walk home and leave my car behind so that I could check out the house without the cops looking over my shoulder. I eased out the back door into the cold December night, struggled over a backyard fence, crossed the neighboring yard into the next street and walked home. My place was dark and empty but creepy with my suspicions. After I took the dog out for his business I called Ron and told him everything was alright and that I would spend the night at home alone. He said, "Those dummies are still sitting out front. Listen, you call



me if anything comes down. What time do you want me to call you in the morning?" I told him seven and said goodnight.

I can still remember the sweaty dream I had that night: Stevens looking for rabbits with a loaded shotgun, me looking through a dense fog for Stevens, the police with drawn guns looking for me, Amirante with a fist full of injunctions looking for them . . . My whole life was on tilt.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1978

Ron called me at seven. I had slept in the reclining chair in the rec room. The two cops were still sitting in front of his house. I told him I was going to leave the car there with him and pick it up that evening. Then I called Rossi to pick me up and I would go with him to the North Avenue job. I worked most of the day there. In the afternoon I called Amirante and told him what had happened the night before and that the police were still sitting in front of Ron's house while I had been working all day.

David Cram had stopped at the work site, then left in the van for the Fox Valley Shopping Center. Rossi was still nervous about his ordeal. The questioning had left him visibly shaken and fidgety. I told him not to worry, just to refuse them any conversation, if they bothered him again he had Amirante's card.

At quitting time the electrical contractor gave me a ride back to Ron's house. Instead of driving conspicuously up to Ron's house, I had him drop me off on the next street, and I went in the same way I'd come out, across the neighbor's yard and over the fence. I knocked on the back door and went in. Ron and his wife were both home. He mentioned that he had heard Rossi and me talking over lunch and wondered if he could be of any help. I told him no, that it was just a petty case of some suburban cops giving me a hassle.

We walked out to the car I had rented since they were still illegally holding mine. The cops jerked to attention—they never knew I was gone! I dropped Ron off at a Christmas tree lot he owned, then went home to change clothes so as to be presentable for dinner at my aunt's house. Before leaving home I strolled over to the police car and told them where I was going, the address and the route I would take. I thought by giving them that much information they wouldn't get lost so easily or be inclined to tailgate me all the time. They were only supposed to be keeping track of me, and that didn't mean playing piggyback or causing an accident. I continued to drive normally — frisky but safe.

I arrived at my aunt's house and went in for dinner, it was an invitation she had given me weeks before. I stayed until almost 11:30.

I didn't know that evening that during the day the police had picked up Cram at the Fox Valley job and had taken him to the station. He drove the van to Des Plaines and they kept him there for seven hours, telling him he couldn't leave until he answered their questions. David just wanted to get out of there. He didn't balk or stomp the ground, just acted polite,



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and they eventually drove him home, keeping the truck. Once again they showed no warrant, gave no reason for the questions, cited no legal cause and attributed no illegalities to him.

When I left my aunt's house I went to the Good Luck Lounge on Elston to meet a friend/employee, but he had gone to the Moose Lodge, leaving word for me to join him there. As I left for the Lodge I noticed that the tail car was parked in the wrong direction, so again they had trouble catching up to me, but were right behind me when I pulled into the Moose parking lot.

I located my friend "Jerry" sitting at a table with his wife, mother and father and his father's aunt and uncle. As we chatted over a couple of drinks, Jerry noticed the two-man watchdog team staring at me and asked me about them. I passed them off as lightly as I could, buying them drinks each time we ordered a round. The party broke up about one o'clock and the uncle invited me to join the rest of them for a nightcap at his house, but I declined because of the lateness of the hour.

As we walked out the door Stan and Ollie were breathing down my shirt collar, so I turned and asked them, "Where's a good place to get something to eat around here?" They seemed friendly enough, even if they had been too cheap to buy a round of drinks. One suggested the Pot 'n Pan on Rand Road. I had never heard of the place, but we drove there together, one going ahead and the other following me. As we waited for our order there was some light dialogue with me initiating most of it. I asked why they were following me. They said they didn't know, that it was just another blind work detail order—nothing personal. Their job, they said, was to record and report my habits.

As we left the restaurant they allowed me to pay for their meals, and suggested we stop for a drink. I said, "Yeah, sure, and you'll let me buy. You guys sure found a golden goose in me!" I drove back to the Good Luck Lounge, parked, and noticed some friends in a brown van. I got in with them, shared some pot and kicked it around with them for a while before going into the Lounge. By the time I spotted some friends in the smoky dark at the back of the room, they had already ordered my usual J. B. on the rocks. The cops sat at the front of the bar. It was nearly closing time, three o'clock, and the gang was getting ready to go to PJ's on Irving Park Road which stayed open until four. I had a good laugh when the bartender told my freeloading tagalongs to drink up and leave because it was closing time. I had a fresh drink in my hand and wasn't moving, so they pulled their badges and told the bartender they weren't leaving until I did. "No-hassle Gacy" drank up and left, most of my crowd had already gone to PJ's anyhow.

At PJ's I sat down at a table with two pretty girls. My shadows were leaning against the bar watching me. I ordered drinks and again sent them a setup. Then, lo and behold, they bought a round for my table! When they moved to a table, I invited them over to mine and introduced them to the girls as construction workers. One of the girls was celebrating her birthday, so I told the younger of the two officers to give her a birthday kiss. He was glad to. I had some conversation and a couple of dances before leaving at four o'clock.



Then I headed for another lounge. I was pretty high by then, but so was my tolerance for Scotch—at least I thought so. I stopped at the Unforgettable, just two miles west on Irving Park, but stayed only long enough for one drink because there wasn't anyone there I knew besides the bartender. At 4:30 I told my shadows I knew of one more place, but because it was way out in Franklin Park we didn't get there before it closed up at five.

I couldn't believe how poorly these cops drove—struggling, bolting and dashing in spasms to keep up with me. When I pulled up in front of the last bar he couldn't stop on the wet pavement and spun his car twice before coming to a halt.

When I'm drinking I'm always hungry, so I drove back to my neighborhood and stopped at the Golden Bear on Cumberland. The nightwatch pulled up beside me and started complaining: "Someone is going to get hurt! If it isn't one of us it's going to be some poor guy out walking. You'd better watch your driving!" I shrugged him off. It wasn't me having the close calls. They were causing their own problems.

While we were eating together they asked about getting fixed up with the two girls we had seen earlier. I laughed to myself. These penny-pinchers probably thought of a date in terms of a dutch treat. Then they put their casualness aside and began trying to pry answers from me that I didn't have. But, feeling high, I'd give a response to some questions and deliberately take them on a fool's errand on others. By the time we left the restaurant it was 6:30. They had matched me drink for drink the whole night—three men in a well-fed, painless state.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1978

Despite being high and fatigued I showered and changed clothes. I did some paper work and gulped my morning Valiums—30 milligrams. One of my employees would pick me up soon to inspect an important job. We were rushing to get the North Avenue store open before Christmas. That meant working seven days a week, but Sundays were never too bad. We would work only six hours or so, and never started before nine. I looked out the window. The one shadow was sleeping. I guessed that the other one was around the corner. Looked like they couldn't take the night life and pick up the pieces in the morning.

When I was almost ready to leave, Jerry arrived. The dog was outside so I called him in; it was too cold to leave him out while I was gone. My dog, my little pal and partner, went with me when I clowning. I had worked him into my clown act, decking him out with a pink bow on his head and carrying him in the pocket of my clown suit. The children loved him. Patches had a frisky flair for entertaining both the children and the elderly.

As we left I wondered if they would be glued to me for another day. What they didn't know was that that had been a normal 24-hour day for me. They were seeing my life unaltered. These same men later testified at my trial, after taking the oath, that they were quoting word for word what I had said. These guys told lie after lie; their rehearsed fiction never



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varied one iota. They doctored truths, exaggerated gray shades into black, renounced any truth which would reflect on me favorably.

At the North Avenue drug store we evaluated progress; it could be open by mid-week if everything fell into place. We pushed until two then broke for lunch at a restaurant a few doors down. After a fast sandwich we went into an adjoining lounge and had a few beers, and since it was cold out we topped them off with schnapps. Then we went back to shut down for the day. We had done what we set out to do.

Sunday night was league bowling night. I had to leave work by 5:30 to get to the office, change into my team shirt, pick up my bowling ball and get to the River Bowl in Franklin by 6:30. An hour was cutting it close so I let the clowns know what was happening—that I would be doing some sprinting. I ran down my agenda, told them I was running late and would have no time to wait for them. If they couldn't keep up at least they were forewarned and would know I wasn't trying to give them the slip.

During that Sunday the police had picked up Rossi at his home and took him to the station. Rossi didn't like to work Sundays, even when he needed the money, wanting to be at home. Now he was spending his Sunday with the police. I guessed they had run him through the mill, trying to get him to say something by threatening him, scaring him into believing he was in trouble, getting to him. This routine would wear him down.

Rossi wasn't lily white. He used recreational but illegal drugs and was not above buying or selling an item without a legitimate receipt. I knew this type of thing was going on with several of my employees, but as long as it didn't affect me or my business I didn't stick my nose in.

I tried giving them good advice. I knew there were things going on at the home office whenever I was out of town—things I thought I didn't need to know about. There were twelve men who had keys to the Summerdale house. Other keys could have been made and in circulation. I would figure out some of the shenanigans when I would return from out of town and find some coats or clothing spread all the way from the dining room to the bedrooms. Sometimes George would mention that he had driven by the place and seen all the lights on while I was out of town. It was more like a community house after hours. Want to party? This was the place: music center, bumper pool table, wet bar with booze, guest rooms.

Rossi, too, was a natural with children. When he had free time he would dress up as Patches the Clown and do some of the store openings and visits with me at preschool centers and homes for the aged. We both felt the pay was good—the rich reward we got from bright eyes and laughing faces.

At the bowling alley that night we won two games and lost the third. I was glad when it was over. Having those cops there was as embarrassing as the sudden development of two warts on your nose—always there, obvious and ugly. It was 9:30; they were sitting at a table



with their drinks. I asked if they were hungry. "Damned right we are," one of them said, "but we're tired of all the junk food we have to eat in the car. Let's go some place decent."

"I'm with you. (Understatement of the day!) I know a great little steak house on the north-west side called the Prime House. Treat's on me. Get something you're too cheap to buy for yourself." They laughed, disregarding the slur. Probably, with what they made working for a small-town police department, they didn't often eat this good.

We arrived at the restaurant a little after ten. The place was known for fine service and fine dining. I watched them scan the menu; the prices, not the fare, impressed these two, and of course they decided on the most expensive item. I should have waited until after they ordered to tell them I was buying.

We left the restaurant about eleven. On Elston Avenue, through a mail slot, I dropped off some plans with data for an early morning bid. From there I had to go downtown to look at a potential job in the Marriott Hotel on Michigan Avenue. I told the warts where we were going. Earlier my business partner asked me to determine if the site was spacious enough for us to construct an airline ticket counter. Since it was planned for the main floor I could look through the windows and consider what footage we had to work with.

After that I lit out down North Clark Street to see a friend of mine who was a cook; I wanted to talk to him about some money he owed me. The restaurant windows were darkened as I passed the place so I didn't stop.

Continuing on Clark, I pointed the car toward the Brickyard Shopping Center out west on Diversey. There I went around back to the construction trailer and knocked on the door; one of the guards came up to me from behind. We knew each other and talked for five minutes. I left some work plans with him to give to the first super on the job in the morning. I don't know what the cops thought—they never left their car. Construction sites can be eerie after dark, but that never bothered me. I often visited job sites on business after dark.

I was tired and headed for home. It was 2:30. On the way I stopped at the Golden Bear for coffee and ended up ordering a small breakfast. The two shadows were naturally hungry again, even after the big meal at ten. We sat forcing small conversation. They asked me how I could keep up such a stern schedule day in and day out. When they weren't talking about my business they were trying to cajole personal information out of me. I tried to be civil, but I didn't have to give them my intimate history. I hoped I could stall them long enough for Amirante to get that restraining order before I lost my temper and really got myself in hot water.

We finished up and I left for home; I needed sleep. Tomorrow would be another busy day and no telling how long that one would be.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1978



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The phone woke me from a sleep that didn't seem long enough. Jerry was on the line to find out on which job he would be most needed. I told him to go to North Avenue and give them a hand.

George came in at eight and we went over some work assignments. We were bogged down with so many jobs that I had to hopscotch my men around on daily and sometimes on half-day bases. My timetables were in a constant state of change. Men, materials and equipment were moved around like discs in a fast-moving game of checkers. While we were reshuffling, Amirante called to tell me to come to his office to meet with him and Stevens. After George and I set up the day's logistics I left for the meeting with these two disparate attorneys.

I pulled into the parking lot simultaneously with Stevens. After he had a word with the cops we went into Sam's office together.

Sam and LeRoy decided to file for an immediate restraining order, in conjunction with a \$750,000 civil rights suit for harassment against the Des Plaines police department. We discussed the different laws they broke on the 13th, including the illegally used and abused search warrant. The minor but aggravating matter of my cut-up carpeting would also be attached in writing. A civil suit was more in Steven's field so he would file it in the federal court the next day. The two of them would draft the documents, then I would go with Stevens tomorrow to file the writs.

When I returned to the office the accountant was going over the monthly reports with George in preparation for filing the quarterly employee payroll taxes. My accountant asked if my office property and its contents had been completely inventoried for the year-end corporate income tax filing. The property and all its contents belonged to P.D.M. and had to be inventoried. An elaborate, precise detailing was kept and that data proved to be interesting later when I went to trial. Those records would disclose exactly how much had been stolen by the police and sheriff's departments, and God knows what other agencies allowed in and on the property. The contents of both buildings and their premises totaled roughly \$100,000, not including the vehicles.

Around noon I got a call from Rossi at the Glenview office, telling me that the tools he needed weren't in the truck. This was not an uncommon problem. The men might overlook equipment or else take a truck they assumed was properly loaded only to find that it wasn't. Now additional chaos resulted from the two trucks being held illegally in Des Plaines.

The fastest way to the Glenview office was the tollway, so I took the Kennedy to I-94 North and arrived there in 25 minutes. The tail car had no trouble following me in the light traffic. The place was large, with an old farm house and a barn. It was an idyllic blend of contemporary suburb and rustic country. You got the sweet, free feeling of distance.

Rossi was waiting by the barn as I pulled in and circled the drive. I opened the trunk and he



took out what he needed. Rossi was what I liked and expected in an employee. Now he told me how he intended to tackle this job, but also wanted to know if I had any suggestions. He was not too proud to think that there might be a better way. He hadn't known beans when he started working for me. Now, four years later, he was a craftsman I could depend on.

I wanted to make one stop before keeping an appointment with my doctor, and it was on the way. I took the Eden Expressway to Petersen, east to Cicero and north to the Polish National Alliance office. It was the Christmas season and I extended spirited greetings to all the people with whom I had worked during the spring, directing the Polish parade. That had been the third year we had worked together and we shared a special kinship. I lolly-gagged for a half hour and left.

With the exception of the four years that I had lived out of state, I had used the same doctor that delivered me 36 years earlier. When you find a good doctor you stick with him. He had always been honest with me, and I didn't have to pump an answer out of him. Now he remonstrated with me as he had for years: "When the hell are you going to slow down? No man can continue at the pace you keep. You're killing yourself, John!" I told him I needed some more Valium to combat the stress I was under. He wrote out the prescription.

LeRoy Stevens, Jr., had taken over the practice that his father had built. His father had handled the transaction when Mother and I bought the Summerdale property back in 1971. LeRoy wanted to go over with me what he had covered with Sam. Now I saw a professional conflict developing. Each attorney began propagandizing his own abilities, seemingly at the expense of the other. Subtle put-downs became commonplace and each criticized the other when the other wasn't present. During my last talk with Sam, he claimed that he was better qualified to handle matters than was Stevens, that may have been true. Now Stevens told me that he suspected collusion between Amirante and Sullivan—a strong accusation. He never flatly accused Amirante of foul play, just said that I should be wary. I didn't go either way, I just hoped that, together or separately, the two of them could get my life back to normal.

I wasn't sure if Stevens' main purpose was to warn me about Sullivan, a boondocks attorney who might be looking to propel himself into prominence, or was he more than censuring Amirante for his ineffectiveness these last few days? Was it only ineffectiveness on Amirante's part, or something more?

Stevens had me pondering . . . A sharp lawyer like Sam couldn't handle the basics? The police were egregiously out of line. Why couldn't Sam get a fast court order from a judge in this uncomplicated breach of public law? Stevens' seed was planted in my mind; it was a seed worth watching.

I shot up Lawrence to Elston, then over to Montrose and Coach's Corner Pub, counting on a couple of my men to be there. The visit with Stevens had accelerated me; two Valiums down the hatch. Jerry was there with two friends, and before I got my first drink Rossi



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walked in. We talked some shop. They were concerned that P.D.M. wasn't going to be carrying them as employees any longer. The top five of my men would remain salaried but would be working for me through Raphaco; P.D.M. would become a holding company, shifting all business and payroll over to Raphaco. The past debts recorded in the P.D.M. record would be buried, but just for the five of them. The rest of the employees would filter in with subcontractors who owed me since I had gotten them the bulk of their business.

We had been talking in flagrantly hushed tones and the two plainclothesmen were dying to hear our conversation. In retrospect I have imagined how they might have interpreted our term, "burying five," if they only heard parts of the conversation.

Around seven I was getting hungry so I told my shadows, "Let's move out; chow time!" On Montrose Avenue I stopped at Hagen's Fish Market, the best spot in Chicago for fresh fish and golden fried shrimp ever since I was a kid. With a couple of pounds of fresh perch and shrimp with fries, I made for the home office, figuring that the three of us could eat while I checked the answering service. Patches was frantic to see me and get outside. I put the food in the microwave to reheat and cleaned up after my dog, telling the guys to go in the rec room and get what they wanted to drink. I stepped into another room to go over my recent messages and by the time I got back those two bums had wolfed down all the fish, the shrimp, and even the fries. I sneered, "I'm glad you enjoyed it!"

I shot out to my Glenview office to check some blueprints against a bid I had figured so I wouldn't make any mistakes. From there it was off to the Norwood office and more messages, including one from Amirante who was visiting his son in Resurrection Hospital. I didn't know what time he called, but he wanted me to get in touch with him.

I left for Resurrection in a hurry without telling my shadows where I was going. The suddenness of my departure and their absorption in the football game they were playing made them late getting started; so, catch-up time again. The hospital was only a few minutes away, and I left my car in the front driveway so they could find it. I talked briefly with Amirante before visiting his son. The only thing Sam wanted to tell me was that he thought Sullivan had bugged my phones.

I knew what hospitalization was like for a child, because I had spent many a day in them when I was little. Kids need visitors more than most older patients. They're not used to being away from home, and they don't understand why they're sick, making it doubly frightening for them—so unfair of life. My empathy for them, as well as understanding the feelings of those on the other end of the spectrum, the infirm elderly, was mainly why I took up clowning. Most of any happiness I had at those times was derived from clowning.

Back at Summerdale I suddenly realized I was absent-mindedly pushing papers around to no purpose. They had gotten to Rossi quickly; now they were getting to me. What is happening in my life?

I decided to go right to bed. I looked out the window; they were there in the unlit street . .



still playing their football game . . .

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1978

As usual the phone shocked me out of my warm sleep. It was a subcontractor with questions about materials. The construction business had always provided me with a rush. I'm a workaholic and even the longest days fed a need in me. I popped my Valiums and went to the window; they were still there, still playing their computer football. Today I couldn't smile about it—the Christmas season had gone hard and grim.

George was late; I wanted to be busy and had worked up a dark cheerless mood before he came in at 8:30. He said the neighbors had begun to grumble about those occupied cars always being out in front. That made my mood worse. I liked my neighbors, and I cared how they felt. Warts on the nose are repulsive and people turn away from those who show them. "Tell them to call the police department in a joint complaint; maybe they can accomplish what two expensive lawyers can't."

I thought maybe I could abate the concern of my neighbors and went out to the unmarked car to ask if they would be considerate enough to park in my driveway. It was a narrow street and now, with the frozen snow, their being there presented a hazard to the local drivers. The smug bastard looked at me like I'd asked for a loan and did nothing. I'd wine and dined him and his partner and now I'm chopped liver. I wasn't asking anything for myself. These cops were getting on my nerves bad now.

To kill the time while I waited for my man to get there I unloaded the truck so it would be ready to roll. When I finished that I started to take unnecessary stuff out of the car trunk because I would be putting tools in it. There was some booze, still in its colorful Christmas packaging, and those bums saw it. They stopped their game and begged with their eyes harder than my dog does when he smells pizza on the table. I wanted to give them the finger, but instead I just shook my head to squelch any optimism they might have about the booze. Then my truck pulled into the driveway with two of my men. I gave the booze to them. I told the cops I was leaving and where I was going.

The truck would follow me to the Waukegan drug store to pick up some materials left over from a completed job. When we got there the police didn't stay in their car as they usually did but obnoxiously followed me inside. A clerk asked them if she could help them with anything and the clods shook their heads. I would lose jobs if this continued. I disappeared into the back of the building to wait for the truck to pull up on the other side of the building at a sending and receiving door. One cop got nervous when he couldn't see me and went outside. When he spotted my truck he returned to the store and spoke excitedly to his partner. Probably they expected me to try to give them the slip by using the truck. I eased their minds by telling them we were using the back door to load materials into the truck—nothing more. I sweetly suggested they give us a hand to help pay for their meals, but you couldn't insult these guys. They went comedic, asking why I didn't take a vacation; they needed one from trying to keep up with me and my schedule. I told them I had no cause to



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leave town—I sure wasn't running from anything if that's what they thought.

I had learned their schedule; now it was just minutes before they were to change shifts. They could wait for their relief or they could follow me—I was leaving. I headed for the tollway with no intention of using it. Route 41 was close by, so I'd take the Edens Expressway from it to my one o'clock appointment with Stevens. Because it was a 30-mile run back into the city I knew they would have a time keeping up with me. I stayed within five miles of the speed limit and they were a half mile behind me now. As I slowed for a traffic light I noticed that one of their junkers was throwing smoke. I pulled onto the shoulder and waited for them, then walked back 20 feet where they stopped the smoking car and asked them what happened. "It's all your fault, you son of a bitch! They're going to give me five days off for burning this car up!" I couldn't believe a grown man would pass the buck like that. I didn't tell him what or how to drive.

I had a lawyer to see. "Hell, if you can't keep up with me then ride with me." He looked at me and nodded his head—he relished the idea! Was my suggestion foolish? Have a temperamental fool with a gun riding beside me? He could hit me over the head and make it look like an accident. Well, it was too late now—he was getting in beside me. When he had quieted down and we were rolling I said, "Call your buddy back there and ask how fast we're going right now." My speedometer showed 55. He said we were doing 85! "Tell your friend his speedometer's busted." I knew then that they had misclocked me from the first day. Not one word came out of his sheepish mug.

Stevens had all the paperwork ready to file. He went over it with me, telling me that we were going to be asking for \$750,000 on each of the two counts of civil rights violations.

When we finished he wanted to get something to eat so we went out the Milwaukee Avenue door and walked the three blocks to the Gale Street Inn. There was only one shadow with us and once in the restaurant he radioed his sidekick to tell him where we were. He caught up with us, and LeRoy asked them both to join us at our table. He let them know he felt they had a sleazy job. He never stopped his criticism during the meal and by the time we were done they were plenty hot. Then he grabbed all four checks. That made them madder because they had ordered something in the price range of watercress on saltines, thinking they would have to pay out of their own pockets. We strolled slowly back to Stevens' office with Stan and Oliver following along behind us.

Around four o'clock when we came out of Stevens' office, he told the pair reading magazines that we were taking the subway downtown from the Jefferson Park station. We moved our cars off the street into the parking lot so as not to get parking tickets, then walked to the L station to board the train for downtown. While Stevens rode on to the Van Buren stop where he could access the courts building, I got off at the Daley Center where I had some business with the building department.

As I walked through the lobby I spotted Bill Scott, Attorney General of Illinois. "Hello, Bill," I called. He stopped long enough to wish me Merry Christmas and give a gentle nod



to the two with me. I took the elevator up to the county building department and left some plans there for application permits. Any construction planning that was not in the city or in an incorporated area had to come to this office.

Back in the lobby I paused to study the ice carvings which graced the plaza in all their intriguing splendor. Multi-formed, delicately chiseled, translucent and geometrically solid, there were figures defining everything from Christmas scenes to old ships, all created by chef-artisans from surrounding hotels. It was an annual event, and looking at them brought back memories of the Sixties when I used to help set up special orders for lesser versions of these carvings for Jefferson Ice. My buddy's dad worked there and he got the job for us so that we might learn something of that skill.

Outside the chill bit to the bone. Smendl's restaurant, which I had built in 1976, was just around the corner. "Let's go for coffee, Bulldog Drummond," I teased the shadow. It was nice to visit a place I had built. Good vibes. I knew which direction Stevens would come from so I took a vantage point by the window.

It wasn't long before I spotted him. I left my second cup of coffee and joined him in the lobby of the Daley Center. We made for the stairway leading to the subway and boarded the northbound train for Jefferson Park. We were lucky enough to get two seats together. Before we got to our station the crowd thinned out and the cops got two seats right in front of us. Stevens used his broadcaster's voice, wanting to give them an earful to get them really thinking. "When do you leave on your vacation, John?" I mumbled an inaudible answer. Playing along with where LeRoy led in our little farce, we hassled them until the train reached the terminal. As we got off, I flashed the bond money I was carrying and thanked Stevens for it. That might give them something else to think about. "Keep touching base with me," Stevens reminded as we parted in the parking lot.

Now almost seven, it was getting much colder. I told Laurel and Hardy I was going to Coach's Corner for a drink so they would know where I was when they inevitably lost me in traffic. Jerry often filled in as relief bartender there when he finished his work for me. That's how it became a hangout for P.D.M. employees in the evening. Jerry was there and we talked about the changes that P.D.M. was going through. I thought it would be better all around and maybe less paperwork for me. I extolled the benefits of setting up Raphaco, telling him how he and the four others would all become supervisors as we subbed out most of the work. After a few drinks I left because I hadn't been in the office since morning. I guessed I would spend the rest of the evening finishing up some bids.

Patches, as usual, was jumping up and down and I let him outside. Poor little guy thinks I'm letting him down lately, being away more than usual, I thought. He was a good dog. He made on newspapers if he couldn't wait. He stayed out of the front of the house. His only vice was an occasional nap on the rec room couch. He probably smelled my presence there and it made him cozy. The detectives came in behind Patches to get warm, continuing into the rec room to get a drink. I went to the dining room to clear the answering machine and write messages. After two or three hits of good liquor they went back to the car.



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One of the calls I returned was from Norma, Ron's wife. She asked me to meet her at Cumberland and Lawrence, sounding urgent. I left right away, not bothering to tell the tail where I was going. As I approached the rendezvous point I decided I didn't want Norma involved with the police, so I turned into an alley, drove through a parking lot and came down the side street before joining Norma in another parking lot. The cops were nowhere to be seen.

When I got into her car she told me that Ron had gone to the police station in Des Plaines earlier in the day and that I should not trust him. He was eating this stuff up and she guessed he would tell them anything in order to stay involved. Norma and I had always been close. I understood that she had run off once with a carpenter and that she expected to get a divorce. She considered Ron a big dumb bully, staying with him only because she had a little kid to take care of. I thanked her for the information and left her there. I split over to Ron's Christmas tree lot on Cumberland. We had a couple of drinks and some small talk while I studied his face for some sign of betrayal, some hint of nervousness. Nothing. Out front the officers pulled up—for me or him, I wondered. We talked for another half-hour and I left for Summerdale.

Ten o'clock. There was an hour's worth of paperwork. When I finished it I felt hungry but was in no mood to fix something for myself. I thought I'd have some food and some fun at the same time—I'd go out for a bite to eat, the schnorrers would come along, and I'd load them up with some more bullshit. When I'm through they won't be sure if I'm going to Alabama, Arabia, Aruba or down the street to a movie.

I went up to Mr. K's restaurant on Harlem and ordered a hamburger. The one guy complained that I made him look bad by losing him on Cumberland. "I was right there on Lawrence all the time," I told him. "If you'd looked across to the other parking lot you would have seen me." Then a new shift of officers walked in and the talk turned to the idea of me traveling. They bantered about whose shift I would leave on, they hoped I would go some place warmer than Chicago. I knew where I was going: home!

I wanted to sleep—I wished I could. My body was sagging from fatigue. The effect of the uppers and downers had my mind so revved up that sleep came when it wanted, not when I wanted it. Lately more and more often, when my morning phone calls woke me up, I would find myself in the reclining chair or slumped over my desk where I'd slept on my arms all night. With all the booze and pills, I should have slept 12 hours a night. No. Always too much to think about—too much work to do. Was the work pushing me over the edge? Or the booze? Or the pills? Or maybe something else . . . I got up and looked at them . . .

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1978

The night before was one of those when my total body system collapsed. I finally got some overdue sleep. I can't recall the dream, but I didn't want to leave where it had taken me. I



sat up in bed, jolted from my warm refuge as by an electric cattle prod. With all my collection of telephones I had never had one installed beside my bed. I counted on early phone calls as my baptism into each day. If a phone had been at my bedside I would have answered and then gone back to sleep. The way it was, I'd have to get out of bed and stumble down the hall to my office and, once having answered the phone, any thoughts of sleep were left behind. Then a quick shower and some juice to stream down the first supply of pills. That was my average initiation into each morning.

The guy on the other end was at the Fox Valley job, calling to let me know that, to keep his men busy most efficiently, he was shifting them to another site where their labor was more needed. That's an old cost-cutting method. On a remodeling job, you send in your laborers to tear out the existing work, bring in the carpenters for the new work, send back the laborers to clean up the carpenters' mess, then bring in the painters. Nothing to upset me—just the mathematical beginning of another day of musical chairs.

I hung up, stretched, lit a half cigar that rested in the huge ashtray, then, still with the pure mind of uncluttered thoughts, walked to the window—damn! I don't know how, but for a few short minutes they hadn't even come to my mind. God! Eyesores and pests in front of my home! I wondered about the restraining order lying somewhere in a drawer at seven o'clock in the morning. Maybe it would be effected that day, and the next morning I could look outside and—nothing parked there!

I made short work of my morning ritual. George hadn't come in when I finished. He wasn't late, but I wanted to get a jump on the day. I was already in second gear. I left him a note and a phone number.

Some people would have contemplated suicide if they had to contend with my hectic schedules, but not me. I thrived on the fast pace; it was actually exciting to me. Also, it was killing me. I could sense that my health was waning from the poor eating habits I'd developed, even eating junk food on the run. My drinking didn't affect my business decisions, but I was in enough of a fog that, if I'd been working on a punch press in some factory, I'd have had to do the job without ten fingers. But the pills were the biggest detriment. When you're using, you never realize the extent of the detriment.

It's funny . . . I wasn't happy, and I was happy. I thought the whole world was sitting on that same fence, with a leg hanging on either side.

It was about eight when I left to meet my partner, Richard Raphael, for a discussion over breakfast in Glenview. Now that the police were using two cars to tail me, I wondered how they could lose me so consistently and pathetically. One reason, as I look back, was that they invariably parked both cars facing the same direction. If they had faced opposite directions and I took off in a hurry, one could immediately and easily follow me and radio the course he was on so that the other could weave back into the picture. No, not that morning either; they both faced east and I went west. When I pulled into Raphael's driveway I realized that they were nowhere in sight. They were no doubt as angry as wet hens, probably at



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me! But I hadn't tried to outdistance them. I hadn't done a mile over the speed limit. That's all they would need—to catch me speeding. I would have been back in the Des Plaines police station. That's exactly why I wouldn't race. Yet later at the trial they portrayed me as a road maniac, never doing less than 80 to 90 miles an hour and often, they claimed, over 100. Finally, lo and behold, they showed.

I remembered Stevens telling me to try to keep them off balance without being offensive, not by losing them driving, not by insulting them, but just to think of some nettlesome contrivances. For openers, right then I stepped out and popped a few pictures of them with my Polaroid. Maybe they would worry themselves into a flux; that's all I intended. Maybe they would drive themselves crazy looking for some deep-rooted hidden meaning.

Richard came out of the house and we left for the restaurant. While we ate we kicked around some facts and figures and time problems. The cops were in low profile that morning, glad to move around after spending a long uncomfortable night in their cars in front of my house. Richard and I compared our calendars for the day so that we'd always know where the other was. My main concern was that if I was out of touch for any unusual length of time he would investigate. I had a feeling that at any moment these cops would furtively scoop me up and . . . I didn't know what.

Before driving off for Niles to check on a remodeling job, I took another polaroid of Laurel and Hardy. At a stop light I stepped out of the car and snapped them again. I wondered how much this was disconcerting them. Probably not a hell of a lot, but it sure wouldn't make their day any better.

In Niles, at the largest of the Sportmart stores, I checked the small security stockrooms we were building, intended for the more valuable and pocketable items that were being pilfered by employees. I had given instructions to my men to do precision work, to be courteous and outstandingly cooperative. Potentially, this job would be the criterion by which the owner might select me to contract the building of a new store from the ground up. A job of that magnitude would lift me into a new strata in the construction world.

Back in the car I shook pills from two different containers and dry-swallowed them. In a moment the gelatin capsules would disintegrate in my mouth and I'd get an acid taste from the powder they contained. I sat in the car for a moment, looking at the few polaroid shots, wondering if Stevens could find a way to present them as proof of harassment. The last one I'd made was at the rear of the Sportmart where one cop had driven, thinking I was trying to slip away. In his haste, he'd skidded his car under a semi at a loading dock. By now, they'd tried asking nonchalantly, "Why all the pictures, John?" I'd shrug and drop various non sequiturs on them: "Guess I'm just lonesome." "Just for the scrapbook." "A guy's gotta have a hobby." Then I'd snap a couple more.

My next stop was the Democratic headquarters. The painters should be nearly finished. I slapped a few backs, did some glad-handing and had a drink while I nodded at the painters' progress.



Cram and I had an appointment to have lunch with his girlfriend, who was to introduce me to her boss. He wanted some advice and an estimate on some work he needed in his office and back rooms. I met them in a restaurant by Six Corners on the northwest side. Dave felt there would be no problem securing the job, which merely amounted to installing some shelving. He asked me if he could do the job so that he could be there with his girlfriend for that day or two, and I agreed.

We didn't stay there long. We left her at her office door and I thanked her, saying that I would be in touch with her boss in a few days. My experience had taught me that a well done job as small as this one could in the future lead to building a new home for the client—you never knew. I might be the guy's only link with building contractors. My motto was to be grateful for any and all work. Besides, not very long ago I had been standing in the rear of a restaurant making spaghetti and steaks for other people.

A few blocks away, in the yard of the Cleveland Wrecking Company, I was looking for an interesting artifact for a client/friend. This company razed the tired and timeworn structures of Chicago and her suburbs. I roamed among the marble slabs and sandstone gargoyles, the immense iron-grated gates from 19th century mansions, the garden statuary and patined bronze, hammered sensitively into fountain spouts and figurines. I remembered these embellishments on the buildings in the neighborhoods of my youth, gone now along with the horse-drawn wagons of the rag men, the paper men, the iron men, the leathery ice men with small open-back trucks, and so much other Chicagoana. The memorabilia evoked a sweet nostalgia. But I decided my friend couldn't appreciate any of this so I left, my mind in some yesterday.

My mood was dispelled at the first sight outside the Cleveland company: They were there, crudely laughing like two tough unkempt boys, playing their football game. I clicked off a few camera shots of these replacements; changing of the guard had taken place while I was browsing the residuum of Chicago's past.

"Hey, John. Bring one of them photos here, and I'll autograph it for you, so you'll get to know our names."

"I already got names for you."

When I asked him, David got behind the wheel and drove this time. They didn't lose him even though he drove the same way I did. Maybe they felt that I was going to try to lose them and in that complicated thinking their driving skills were impaired. I don't know.

Unusually, I had some spare time. Since we were on Milwaukee Avenue I told Dave to take the angular street northeast through the city towards the loop. I wasn't going downtown then, but the best friend I had in the business owned Van Dike Heating which was located in that direction. Jimmy and I had shared several construction jobs as well as the best part of my social life. I introduced him to Dave and we mixed laughs with business talk over a



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few beers and a mountain of roasted nuts that his wife was selling for her church. Before I left I bought an armload. Outside I went to the unmarked car and handed the vaudeville team a jar. "Maybe this will give you enough gas to keep up with me. Nuts for nuts."

There's never a parking place in the heart of Chicago's Loop, so David let me off at Clark and Randolph with instructions to circle the block until I returned from the building department's permits office. Strangely, the trackers followed him in the car, ignoring my absence. On the sixth floor I dropped off some blueprints, checked some others and left. When I got back to the street, David was talking to a uniformed traffic cop with my car parked at the curb. I thought he was getting a ticket, but before I could reach them the cop was leaving, with him and David waving friendly goodbyes at each other like long lost fraternity brothers. "What's going on, Dave?"

"Oh," he said, "I told him I was sent down by the Democratic Party to pick up some suburban politician. So this Democratic cop gets rambunctious and moves two cars out so I'd have a place to park."

"David, you're crazy!" He pointed out that my car looked more official than anything else in sight, what with being big, black, shiny, and bearing red and white twin spotlights. He was right. We did look a part of the city hall gang.

"Shoot over to Halsted and Wellington. There's a guy over there that wants me to go over the additional charges on that job we finished in September. Nice guy. I'll go over the costs and straighten out any doubts he's got." We finished that in no time and decided to take a break in a bar. It was close to six when I dropped him off at home and headed for the office on Summerdale.

The usual awaited me: a half-nuts dog that wanted a snootful of fresh air and a patch of snow that smelled familiar. I checked notes and made calls. At 7:30 I made a sandwich, fed the dog and downed 30 milligrams. of Valium. Rossi's wife called, wondering if he was with me and, if not, where? What's going on with those police? It's becoming a hassle, and Mike is a nervous wreck. He's not sleeping nights." I told her I would call around and get back to her. By this date they had pulled Rossi in three times. He was spending more time there than on the jobs or at home. Being headstrong he refused to call Amirante so maybe he was asking for it. It didn't take me long to find out that he had been picked by the police again. Jerry told me they picked him up at the Waukegan job around two; it was eight now. They had the guy for six hours! I was so angry I shook.

His wife was crying when she called so I called her right back, hoping to calm her—but how do you calm a young wife when her husband gets picked up by the police and detained every couple of days? The line was busy so I called Amirante. "Do something, Sam—this shit has gone far enough! I'm going over to Rossi's and I'll call you from there. Meanwhile, Sam, make a move. They're acting like gestapo!" With that I stormed out of the house.

Rossi's wife was distraught, her face swollen and blotchy from crying. She couldn't under-



stand what had suddenly turned her world upside down. She'd settled down some since we had talked on the phone. "Mike's on his way home. He called and told me." I called Amirante. I told him I'd wait and talk with Mike, then I was coming in to his office—I wanted some action. "Sue" asked me if I wanted a joint. We smoked it while waiting.

He came in about 10:30 along with two cops who sniffed around for 20 minutes and left. Mike said he had been treated rough, and that his mother was getting a lawyer for him. "I'm not gonna let them do this anymore without a fight." Alone with me for a minute he said he didn't think he had told them what they wanted to hear, but he wasn't sure what that was. Most of the questions they asked were not about the missing Piest boy but about our working relationship and how well we knew each other. They wouldn't let him leave until he took a polygraph test. He didn't know how that came out.

Sue came back with a couple of beers and some more grass. I told them I'd guarantee to spend all the money and energy it took to put an end to this police bullying. As I left, Mike handed me three joints which I put in my pocket. When I turned at the front door, he touched my shoulder gently wearing an expression of seriousness I'd never seen on his face before. "John," he said in a slow, thoughtful, deliberate voice, "watch out for yourself. They're out to get you. See that you're never alone with these guys . . ."

As I came out of the building one shadow asked where we were going now. "We're going for a long ride. If you can't keep up—tough shit!" With that I roared off down to Wilson, turned west to the Edens, got off at Touhy and drove to Park Ridge.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1978

It was just after midnight when I arrived in front of Amirante's building. LeRoy Stevens was coming up the sidewalk. He walked over to the tail and told them we wouldn't be long. I decided I wouldn't tell the bastards anything!- I was finished being decent to them.

Inside we went from Amirante's main office into what he called a conference room, much larger, where he could spread out his paperwork. I was feeling no pain, after having taken the Valium at home and the pot and several beers at Rossi's. The stale warmth in the office put me into a drowsy state. As they talked, my eyelids burned behind heavy lids and their voices were far away. Sam wanted to go over all the facts from the beginning, listing in exact chronological sequence all that had happened both to me and my employees. I was more interested in learning what he had found out from Sullivan or Kozenszak. He claimed they were keeping him in the dark; that everyone was stonewalling.

The night wore on; it was almost two. "What you got to drink around here?" I asked.

"Nothing but coffee and some Jack Daniels," Sam told me. I passed the coffee and took the Jack Daniels. It was three-fourths full when I started. An hour later three fingers remained in the bottle. The attorneys talked. I drank and became as uncontributing as a fifth wheel. Later I asked where Stevens was. I hadn't heard his voice for a while—I hadn't heard much



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at all for a while. Queer Street . . . floating . . . weightless, a feather on the breeze . . . falling . . . I couldn't remember what I'd said that night. Tired, drugged, drunk, angry. A dumb vacuum was a needed relief; all the loose, senseless thoughts in my brain escaped like balloons. I awoke hours later at Sam's desk, my arms the pillow for my head. I wanted to ask if anything had been resolved, but I had to clear my head first.

A knocking on a door . . . voices . . . I finally came to realize I was in Amirante's private office. "Sam," I said loudly, my voice driving a nail deep into my aching head, "who's at the door? Where's Stevens? What time is it?"

"It's the officers, John; they're taking up their post outside in the corridor. Stevens is out there talking with them, and it's 5:30 in the morning." He helped me to the sofa in his reception room. Seemingly minutes later he was prodding me. "It's seven, John. You want to get up?"

"Yeah. I got a busy day ahead."

I could hear Stevens' voice telling the officers in gruff, unpolished terms that he felt they were going far beyond their legal jurisdiction.

Sam gave me a cup of coffee, told me he wanted me to see a doctor. He would set up an appointment for two o'clock that day. He seemed worried that I was showing the wear and tear of my ordeal. He agreed with Rossi's judgement of the night before: "Don't get caught alone with these guys—they're out to get you!"

Outside, the first rush of December air bit. It was invigorating—curative and healthy. As I sat in my car waiting for the cops to remove the wedge their cars made on mine, I told myself the polite stuff was over. I had bought them meals and drinks, and for this they put me down as a Simple Simon they can treat any way they want. Well, that was over. They buy their own meals. I drive the way I want. If their junker caught fire again all they get from me is kerosene. They had hardened me. They were the enemy!

Down Prospect to Devon, east to a side street that would lead me to the Shell service station where P.D.M. had an account. "Gary," the daytime mechanic, came out and put the hose in the tank, coming to the driver's side as I got out. "You're up early this morning—or are you just getting in?" he teased. He was a young guy, and at times I had smoked grass with him when the owner wasn't around. In fact, most of the guys here did pot and other things; it was one of the few stations where you could fill your tank and get high at the same time. As Gary looked under the hood I sidled up to him and held out the three joints Rossi had given me the night before. He looked at me nervously and said, "Not now, the boss is here and those cops are watching us." I told him the hell with them and slipped the joints into his pocket. Inside the station I asked the owner if any of my trucks had been in yet. He thought they had gassed up the night before. I did a lot of business with him and had monthly billing, several hundred a month. Now I signed, got into my car and drove off for the Summerdale office.



Uncle George's car was in the circular part of the driveway so I parked on the parallel nearer the door. "You look like a sick tramp, John; where you been all night?"

I told him about Rossi being picked up again, his wife's call, the night with Amirante and the Jack Daniels. "No more nice guy, George. If those riff-raff come to the door for a taste of booze and some warm air, tell 'em where to go. If they're blue in the face needing the toilet, tell 'em where to go! In fact, I'll just type it up and you can hand them a copy of the new rules. That's more than they've ever done for me!"

Patches had never in his life heard me use that tone of voice. The little guy was so startled he forgot all the rules and came into the taboo section of the house and stared at me.

George made coffee while I called Dave Cram. "Don't leave, I'm picking you up. You're doing the driving." Next was Rossi. "Meet me at Dave's in an hour and a half. I need some tools you got." I told George, "Something better happen quick about that restraining order. I'm going nuts. It's bad enough they keep bothering me, but why keep picking up my men and scaring them?"

I went into the bedroom, changed clothes, took my Valium and put the bottle in the pocket of my black jacket. George asked me if I was all right—if he could do anything. "You don't look so good."

"Amirante doesn't think so either. He's setting up an appointment for me with a doctor this afternoon for a good going over."

Ron had called and talked to George while I was shaving. He wanted me to call back, but George didn't know what it was about. Since Sam thought the phones were bugged I decided to drive by Ron's place before picking up Cram.

When I knocked on Ron's back door he and his wife were sitting in the kitchen and Norma asked me if she could fix me some breakfast. "Just some coffee, thanks." Ron said I looked like hell and I told him why—no sleep for over a day except for the cat nap at the lawyer's office.

What happened then frightened them. I never sensed it coming. The psychological sandbags I'd stacked against this flood of persecution suddenly caved in. My world went blank. When I came out of it I was at their table sobbing like a forlorn child. I was exhausted from the act itself, relieved by something that the tears had carried away, and I felt broken—a Mattel doll with a broken crown. They consoled me like a brother and sister would. I felt downright foolish. "It's getting to me. I'm supposed to see a doctor later today." I got up to leave. They asked me to stay, but I couldn't see what good it would do. I even refused the booze they poured for me. "I'm just plain washed out," I said, drying my eyes.

I drove through the Kennedy Expressway traffic like the Globetrotters' Curly Neal dribbles



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

through a pack of opposing players. The police were having trouble. Turning off the expressway at Lawrence, I made fast time on secondary roads and side streets. At Cram's I went to the back door. Apparently, at 10:00, he was still in the sack. I had to knock several times.

While he got dressed I waited in the kitchen. From the bathroom he said that the police picked him up right after they dropped Rossi at home and it was after midnight when they brought him back to his house. "All they did was threaten me if I didn't come clean. I really don't know what they want. I didn't say anything harmful. They didn't even ask me about grass and pills. I told them I work for you. I see you on the job, we talk on the phone about things that are to be done on the job, and that every now and then a few of us that work together hit some bars after work and guzzle some brew, but you never hang around long, for the most part we put in 10, 12, 14 hour days-you probably more than that, what with all the bookkeeping and appointments and ordering materials. What the hell do they really want? You maybe got tax problems or stolen equipment?"

Rossi beeped outside. I went out and helped him transfer the tools from trunk to trunk. He said he wouldn't be going to work that day. He and his mother were going to see a lawyer. He was fed up with all the threats and intimidation. I didn't blame him. I felt the same. He was antsy and obviously wanted to leave, but I got him to come inside for a few minutes. I told them that I would make sure my attorneys took care of whatever had to be done to correct this bullshit. "Say as little as possible from now on. It will only defeat what the lawyers are doing," I told them. Rossi seemed more nervous than usual and wanted to get out of there. Dave and I left a few minutes after him.

David was going to be doing the driving. I was too much on edge. The police didn't get a break with him behind the wheel-he drove just like me. By then it was nearly noon. With some phone calls made from Dave's I had my day planned out in a rough sketch. First Stevens wanted me to meet him at Di Leo's Restaurant where he was having lunch with another client.

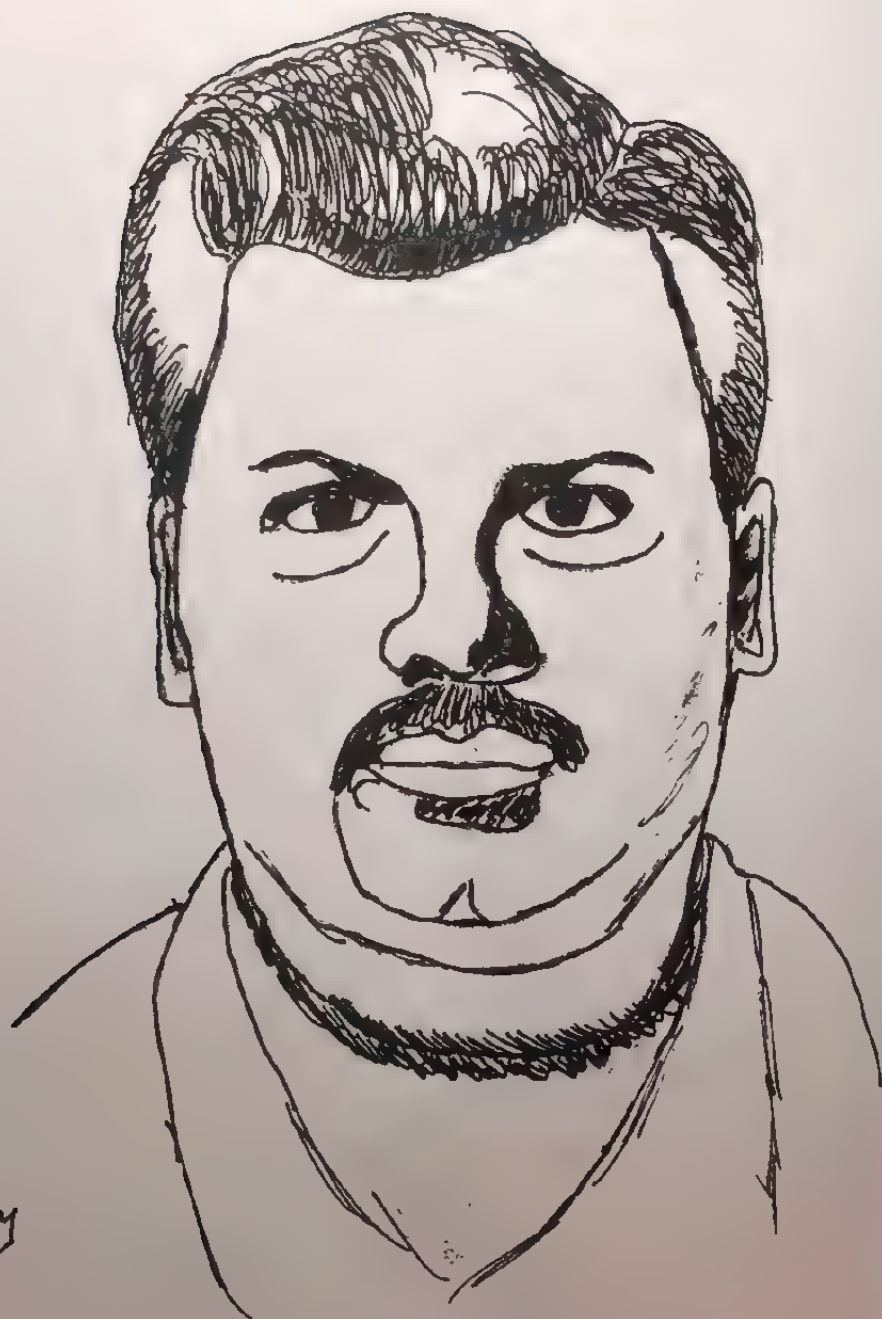
The parking lot was jammed so David let me out on Elston. Stevens was waiting for me outside the restaurant. He was brief. "You got the doctor's appointment at 2:00; be at my office at 1:30 and we'll go together." He insisted that I check with him by phone at least once before then. I told him I had only two stops to make, where they were and the routes I would travel in between, just in case I became M. I. A.

I had one piece of business above all. Maryhill Cemetery had set my father's headstone in the wrong place, and they were to have it moved by now. I wanted to see that they had corrected the mistake, but I mainly wanted to visit my father's grave. Often when the world became too heavy for me to bear alone, I would go there and talk as though he could hear me. Without exception I had always felt better when I left him. After that I would make a stop at the Glenview office and cancel my planned visit to the Waukegan store. Little did I know my plans would be altered before I got to the next stop, or that what was to happen would change my whole life.



CHAPTER 3

Arrested and Jailed on Drug Charges



T.W. Gray

Arrested and Jailed on Drug Charges



It was the noon hour on a clear bright sunny December 21, 1978. David had stopped the car for a red light on the corner of Milwaukee at Oakton Street in Niles, on the way to Maryhill Cemetery where my father was buried.

There were three cars tailing me. The first car was close enough for me to see the expressions on the officers' faces. All things considered, everything was par.

Suddenly, two of the three cars burst over the center line. One tore over directly in front of us and in unison we hit our car's brakes violently. The second car closed in on our left and the third car came to a rocking halt on our right, effectively boxing us in. From the lead car two officers broke out and ran like madmen, frenzied and screaming, to the door on the driver's side, short-barrelled guns drawn. One yanked repeatedly at the locked door. My stomach tightened and locked—I was as scared as I'd ever been in my life. On my side of the car an officer ripped open the unlocked door, he and his mate screaming so loud I couldn't make out their words. Immediately he jammed his gun tightly and painfully against my car. "You're under arrest!" were the first words I could understand.

The other one had a different approach: "Just make one funny move, you son of a bitch, and I'll blow out your fuckin' brains!"

"Okay, okay!" I cried. Even with the tranquilizers my legs were trembling so badly I thought they would buckle if I tried to stand up. I slid out and was snatched to my feet.

One pushed me face-first against the car, threw my arms up onto the roof and searched me from top to bottom. Without any lost motion he clicked a handcuff on one wrist—"Put it down behind your back—don't get slick, motherfucker, or you're gone." He pressed his gun into my side while his partner cuffed my other wrist. The crazy one grabbed my jacket sleeve and ran me stumbling to one of the unmarked junkers and pushed me down by the back of my head into the back floor. "Move one Goddamn muscle and I'll kill ya!"

He threw back the front seat and got in with another officer, leaned over the seat and rammed his gun into my upper back, screaming profanities and death threats. I shook so fiercely I thought I'd pass out or have a bowel explosion. His ear-splitting voice, the gun numbing me where it was pressing into my back, my guts vibrating, the words—dead, death, I'll kill ya motherfucker—over and over made me sure he was going to shoot me.

In a moment between curses I could hear the officers outside telling David to follow them in the car to the Des Plaines Police station and "Don't get cute, or you'll be the sorriest son of a bitch you know."

I thought, "What are these guys doing . . . what law have I broken? Did they find out about the lawsuit?" Maybe their superiors were getting so much heat they were trying to scare me into dismissing the action. "I'll bet that's it." My head cleared and I felt better as I lay on the dusty floor staring at a crushed Pail Mall butt. As scared as I was, my new concept of why I was being arrested gave me a spurt of confidence. I lifted my head from the smelly



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carpet and turned my face toward the front so they could hear my voice. "What's the matter? What have I done?"

All I got in return was a barrage of senseless swearing ending with, "We've got you now, you jackoff!" Now I felt more bold because they couldn't answer me. As irate as this cop was, I figured he would have been glad to brag about the charge if they had one. I asked again what the big commotion was over. He didn't even look back at me—just hung his arm over the seat, white-knuckling his pistol. The bore loomed down at me as large as a shotgun.

"Better read him the Miranda," the driver, silent until now, said.

"What the fuck for?"

Then I became frightened again. The station! I would be back in the station! What would they do this time? Maybe begin where they let off when I was slammed into a wall? What is it they want, I kept thinking. Is that kid from the drug store still missing? Is it about drugs? What if they won't let me use the phone? They have to let Dave go and he knows enough to call Amirante. Stevens would be expecting me at 1:30 for our trip to the doctor. He knew I'd been drinking and pilling. I hoped he wouldn't write off my not showing up as merely an intoxicated no-show. The bumps and potholes in the roads were making my head fly up and then down into the floor, jarring my brain. I got a granddaddy of a headache.

The car made a wide turn, then there was less traffic noise and the car slowed. I heard the whoosh and creak of an overhead garage door as the car sat and trembled in neutral, then the hollow sounds in the semi-vacuum of the garage. "Let's go, Jackoff." He yanked me toward the car door by pulling on the tight handcuffs. I backtracked on my knees to the door and then was ripped out into the garage. I had two escorts through a thick glass door into the station. That would be the last time I saw the madman until my trial. There were more officers than necessary hanging around us as they shook me down again. One officer, after removing my brown prescription vial of Valium from my pocket, tore off the label, threw it into a trash can and set the vial on a table. Everything else was taken from my pockets and put on a desk.

"What am I being charged with?" No response. There was some serious, subtle excitement in the air of the room, and the officers spoke only the words they thought necessary. In a room down the hall photos and fingerprints were taken just as they had been almost two weeks earlier. I washed off what I could of the stubborn ink with some water and gritty powder.

I was tired, depressed, feeling dirty and captured. Each time I asked why I was being held I was given the silent treatment. I was taken to an empty cell and flung in. The huge glass door electronically closed. I was in a confused funk. With a sudden afterthought I pressed my face to the door and hollered after the guard, "Call my attorneys, LeRoy Stevens and

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Sam Amirante! I want to see them now!"

About 1:30 two officers removed me from the cell and marched me to a small room. An old scratched desk, a snow-streaked window, a few chairs. After a moment Sam walked in. "LeRoy's on the way, John. What happened?"

I was sapped and only shook my head. "They got David Cram, too, Sam."

"Yeah, I know. I saw him down the hall with some police having a cup of coffee."

"What am I being charged with?"

Sam said he thought I would have known. "I'll go try to find out what the hell is happening this time. You feeling okay?" I nodded. "Want a cup of coffee?" I shook my head. He was back quickly. "They have you on bullshit charges of delivery of pot and possession of a controlled substance."

I told him that pot stuff was a lie, but that I did have my prescription Valium with me, and for some reason they had stripped the label off of it. "The cop with the moustache did it. Go look—it's in the wastebasket now."

They left Sam and me alone in the room. He told me not to worry, that they had to set bond on the petty charges. He would post it and we would shortly be gone. "Don't make a scene," he said. I told him I was too upset and tired to do anything.

Within an hour of Sam's arrival Stevens showed up. I told him all I knew. Sam was in and out of the room. He had worked many cases in the court building across the police station yard and knew a lot of the personnel by name, but this day his glad hand and questions got him zilch. They all avoided him once they knew the subject of his questions or else they played dumb. The only response he got, as if it had been rehearsed, was that they were waiting for the results on my prints. They couldn't look him in the eye when they said the delay was caused by a computer breakdown. He thought their angle was to stall until they could get a search warrant effected so they could again comb the house on Summerdale. They suggested that Sam stay in the room with me and stop whipping all about the station, bothering the people at their jobs. Something unusual and furtive was happening. The place was a beehive of activity.

Sam and Stevens sat down and started on strategy. The problem was that their bailiwick, their ballpark, was a court of law, while I was in that cold war zone between arrest and trial—the make-your-own-rules police station where the cops called the balls and strikes. I was a member of the opposing team. They dutifully dislike an arrestee, an opposing player, and, like hostile fans, they have their own version of the Bronx cheer and the thrown pop bottle. I was relieved to be joined by Amirante and Stevens but they, like me, were on foreign soil this December afternoon.



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In the context of a sentence to Stevens I had used the word "medication." As if that was a cue, Sam walked to the open door and called, "Oh, Officer Pickell, Mr. Gacy is feeling ill—chest pains and nausea. Could you get his medicine from the other room, please?" Shortly Pickell was back with the brown plastic vial. He handed it to me with a paper cup of water and left.

I was surprised. "Sam! This is the same bottle of Valiums they are charging me with as being a controlled substance! See where the tape shows there was a label on it?" I took three of them with a swallow of water. Then I shook out eight or ten more and slipped them into my pocket, set the vial down and stepped back away from it.

The attorneys talked game plan. Pickell returned saying, "I gotta take back the medicine. Evidence." He picked up the vial, which was ten or twelve pills lighter, and left. The procedure confused me. Are they this stupid? I thought. Something was odd.

Sam got restless, knowing he couldn't make any headway at the station but not wanting to leave me alone with the police. He had threatened the arresting officers earlier with more harassment suits, telling them that there would be a hearing the next day, and if they didn't release me it would only strengthen his position. He pointed specifically to the illegality of their actions of that day—the arrest and force and abuse without due cause, but nothing ruffled them.

Now he gave me a puzzling look. "You've got a heart condition, don't you, John?" I nodded. "Fuck the rules, John. It's a dirty alley fight now. I can't conscientiously leave you here alone, and I can't make any arrangements here. I think they're gonna keep you. Can you fake a heart attack?" He was whispering; if they left us alone that long after being so cautious before, maybe the room was bugged.

"Ya can't fake a heart attack, Sam, but I've got a history of seizures. I can fake a seizure." I felt down in my pocket with my fingertips, plucking out all the pills and lint until I had all the blue tablets in my palm. Sam had a mouthful of coffee left in a styrofoam cup. I took it, put the pills in my mouth and gulped them all down.

"How come you still got pills?" He shook his head and asked if I hadn't taken too many.

I laughed. "No, but they're going to make me real idle."

Fifteen minutes later my head got light, and the world went away, leaving me in a warm blanket of drowsiness. Sam arranged my body in a loose slump. "Don't worry, John, we'll have a couple of hours to work with now. You'll be O. K." With that he started hammering on the door. "Gacy's having a seizure! Hurry up, dammit—he can't hardly breathe!"

Tovar unlocked the door and looked in, his eyes wide with fear and self-concern. He began yelling even before he got back to the corridor. "Call the paramedics!" The room filled with curious cops. Someone eased me to the floor and made a pillow with my jacket. The

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pills hit me so hard that not much acting talent was necessary. I couldn't have stood or even made a fist. I was flaccid from head to toe. Everyone was nervous and helpless; no one wanted responsibility for me in my new condition.

The paramedics lowered the extension gurney and dragged me onto it. One pushed the wheeled litter while the other fixed an oxygen mask to my face and wired me to a heart monitor. The police weren't sure if I should be allowed to be taken from the station to a hospital even after a warning from the paramedics. Sam was running around waving his arms and adding fuel—"You're trying to kill him! Hurry! Get him to a hospital before he dies!" I could hear the police bickering about who would accompany me for security. Pickell was elected; he would ride in the ambulance with me and others would follow in a police car. LeRoy was jubilant that their strategy had worked; now they could go off and obtain a bond before the fiasco at the hospital ended.

The ambulance weaved and wailed its way to Holy Family Hospital. For ten minutes I lay on the gurney before they admitted me to emergency. There was a concerned crowd about me, but I was semi-comatose and their words had no meaning. A tube was inserted through my mouth into my stomach to suck out phlegm and vomit that clogged the passage. My breath barely moved the indicator bag. Then a room . . . into a bed . . . a sense of safety and rescue . . . overwhelming sleep.

My dreams must have been pleasant because when I woke up I had no immediate recall or fear. The clock on the far wall was the first thing I focused on and it read ten o'clock—incredible! Beyond the doorway stood Pickell. A nurse entered the room, followed by a man in a white smock with a name tag. "I'm the doctor. How are you feeling, Mr. Gacy?" Before I could form an answer out of my pulpy head he said he didn't think there was any danger and therefore no reason to keep me any longer. Much of the fuzziness in my head had dissipated during my sleep. I slid my legs over the side of the bed and dressed slowly. As I finished Pickell moved in and handcuffed me. He and another cop walked me out to the car and an awaiting third officer. The wave of cold air dispelled the remaining stupor and the depressing drama began anew.

Four officers formed a gauntlet to take me from the car back into the police station. In the rush of the warm air in the building I turned numb and the incoherence returned. I was walking on a trampoline down an endless tunnel, my head floating on gentle swells like a boat at the dock. Profanity was spat upon me from all directions: "You phony Jackoff! You play-actin' motherfucker!" I tried to protest, to ask questions, but the words lacked strength to reach my mouth.

Pushed through an open doorway into a small room, into a chair, I was prodded in the chest and told to look up. I stared into the face of an angry cop who had a sardonic, twisted grin. "You're under arrest for murder. We've found bodies!" That scene I know about only from the trial. I remember being there, everyone angry and hostile, the room smoky and crowded, men coming and going and milling about the small room, but I don't remember any conversations. Did I ask for a lawyer, a phone call? Were my rights read? I'm oblivious to



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what I would like to remember, to what the state says I conveniently forgot. From early afternoon on December 21 until late into the following day, a page in my life is missing. I could have said anything, and probably did. But I don't remember talking with anyone. I do know the police lied from start to finish during the trial. No one could have mistaken me to be in a rational state of mind at that time. My impression is that the police would pitch five or six questions at me at once, and in my state of insensibility I randomly said "Yes" or "No" and they would arbitrarily attribute that answer to any question of the most condemning nature. My only concern that entire day was to have my lawyers in my presence because of the fear the police had instilled in me. If I was capable of talking at all, the words I would have uttered would have been, "I want to see my lawyer." Of that I am sure.

Backtracking a bit, even the marijuana charge was contrived. Later, during the trial, it came out that they couldn't have arrested me without an expert first verifying the substance as being marijuana and not some vacant lot ragweed. Their case was based on three hand-rolled cigarettes in a plastic bag which had been picked up off a desk in the office of a gas station. No one saw or even claimed to have seen a transfer of a plastic bag from me to another person—not even the police. They had to ask the station owner where the bag had come from. His "notion" was that I had given it to his employee. It was not ever recorded or suggested that the station owner had witnessed that the package came from me. If the stakeout officers had witnessed it they wouldn't have had to ask the station owner. No, they had no case. They were improvising in order to build one.

In regard to the "controlled substance" charge, the officers were with me when I had the Valium prescription filled. Evidence in a drug case? No, these guys were stuck with a crime that baffled them—the disappearance of the Piast boy—and they needed what is commonly known as a "sucker" or a "patsy." They had wasted the better part of two weeks and a lot of money keeping two, three, four men watching me on three shifts around the clock.

I was the perfect patsy—the man who couldn't "prove" his evening activities because I spent them alone, mostly in my office, working, boozing and pilling into the morning. They had kidnapped me off the street at 12:45 the afternoon of December 21 and their sole intent was to materialize a murder charge against me, relying on the words of someone who knew more about it than I did.

Amirante and Stevens arrived back at the station at approximately 10:30 and were kept from seeing me for an hour after I got back at eleven. Amirante said he feared I'd had a real seizure and asked how I was physically. I replied that I was drained. I couldn't keep track of anything. "Do you know that you've been charged with murder?"

I grunted, "Yeah, one of them told me."

"John, you wouldn't believe the commotion out by your house. The entire block is an army of police—newspaper and TV guys crawling all over the place. I told them I'm your attorney and needed access to the house. They ordered me away."



I watched their mouths moving. Nausea rose and sunk in my stomach. Everything had the indistinct aspect of a scene viewed through a window sheeted with rain. Their words were globs of monotone, sounds without shape or meaning. And at that moment I didn't care. I'm told I asked if my sister from Elgin was there—for what reason I don't even know. Sam asked if I wanted her told. He said I told him yes. Later he claimed I mumbled something about him misunderstanding me about her. I learned that they sent a car out to Elgin to pick her up at two in the morning and brought her to the station in Des Plaines. My attorney said I told him I wanted to talk (he thought I meant with the police) but that it was not to take place until after my sister arrived. I don't believe it.

I was moved into a small conference room with both my attorneys and the surveillance officers plus two men from the sheriff's office. Except for the stupor I succumbed to at the hospital, I had been some 44 hours without sleep, 160 milligrams of Valium within that last twelve hours had decimated me mentally and physically.

I went into what was to be called my second statement at 3:30 in the morning of December 22. It was a long, rambling, one-sided conversation with them doing most of the talking but only a few questions being asked. It started off with me going over what I had said in my first statement, filling in some blanks. That part was as though it was told in the third person—it read as if I were a witness to the document. It must have gone on for about two hours, until I wore down. Later three of the four of the surveillance team would say under oath that John Gacy was wide awake, alert and clear-eyed while making this "confession" in their presence. No official reporter, no required member of the state attorney's office stenographed this drugged muttering; it was drafted, who knows when or with what attempt at accuracy. My attorneys were not allowed to witness the procedure (a flagrantly illegal maneuver). The police had the motive and all the time needed to fabricate, or doctor, the statement.

Much of what they claimed was said was leaked to the news media which screwed it around to serve its own interests. Prosecutor-author Terry Sullivan, in his book, *Killer Clown*, said (page 164): "With his black car and its spotlights, dressed in his black leather jacket, Gacy convinced his prey that he was a policeman and they did as he told them. "But the official statement reads (R. D. #78-35203, confidential page 3): "When Gacy was around Bughouse Square, the people he came in contact with always thought he was a cop. The radio and the red spotlight made them think that. They would always do what Gacy asked." You can see the difference.

Sullivan continues, based solely on the dubious statement given him by the police: "At Bughouse Square, Gacy didn't have to look for potential partners. After stalking one, he would offer the youth a cigarette, then ask if he were interested in having a party." However, the official statement (R. D. 78-35203, commonly called the second statement, page 5) reads: "Bughouse Square. Didn't have to look for homosexuals. Gacy was then asked if he stalked his victims; Gacy gave no answer. He would have a cigarette with his victims, and then ask them if they would have a party."



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The changing of a few words easily changes the perspective, slanting the truth. How does the word "stalk" sound? It drew the image they sought. They were better painters than cops

I have admitted to a "blackout" or "drug amnesia" or being "zonked" for at least a day and a half. I stand by that.

I was able to see my sister after the interrogation. She was brought in from her home and sequestered in an interview room. I can only recall an extension of confusion carried over from the grilling I had undergone and a lot of tears in a long past dream. We talked about a few things, how she got down there, what she knew so far. Between the two of us crying to each other I doubt either one of us made much sense. I recounted that I had been on my way to the cemetery when they stopped me, that I had done nothing wrong, and I didn't understand why I was there. I told her I kept saying whatever they asked me to say so that they would let me go visit my father's grave. That was called in police interrogation circles as the "Christian burial" ploy; it is designed to work on the accused's emotional state and trick him into saying things he wouldn't rationally say. There are several forms of it. These guys used them all.

Dawn . . . coffee . . . a small smoky room . . . fragments of recollection . . . I was overcome with confusion and fatigue. Amirante was walking aimlessly up and down the corridor. The clock in the hall said 6:15. Sam walked into the room asking if we wanted some coffee, that we would soon be leaving for a ride out to the Interstate 55 bridge where the police thought some bodies had been thrown into the river.

My sister said on the side to Sam, "He doesn't sound like my brother. He's talking so different."

I asked Sam, "Did I say that?"

"Yeah, don't you remember?"

"I don't remember much of anything. I feel sick . . . lousy . . . Things are moving so fast in my head nothing makes sense. I thought we were going out to the cemetery—they promised they would take me out there." Sam didn't know if they would or not.

It was time to move out. A group of men, some from the Des Plaines police, some from the sheriff's office, gathered into three cars for the long trip. I was put into the back of one car with my sister and Sam. LeRoy Stevens was to follow in his car. I was so tired I kept nodding off to sleep, awakening intermittently from bumps in the road or from more questions.

When we arrived at the bridge we pulled up behind a state police car and got out. The trooper blocked off the inner lane to traffic, diverting it to the right lane. We all walked out onto the bridge in the cold misty morning air. The sun was bright; the chilling wind swept

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across the open bridge. My head was clearing in the brisk air. I felt spectral, detached, not part of the scene. As we walked toward the middle of the bridge the group of people thinned out until there were only four of us in a tight knot. One officer stayed about five feet in front of me, thinking, I guess, that I might run; but my legs were made of oatmeal. Halfway to the middle I stopped and climbed up onto the concrete base to look over into the river. A cop grabbed my arm firmly. The banks below were lined with thin ice and dirty snow, the murky brown water swirling.

A TV camera truck was hurrying toward us down the opposite lanes. Excitedly, two officers rushed me back toward the cars. By the time we got to them the TV truck had parked and the media guys were running across the middle of the Interstate. One officer yelled, "Let's get out of here!" We took off, heading back toward the city. As I looked out the rear window I could see a TV minicam trained on our cars, its operator chasing wildly down the highway.

The next stop was the house on Summerdale. The street was besieged with cars and trucks, mostly police people. Neighbors and strangers were everywhere, trying to make sense of it. More people were arriving from all directions. The curious were gathered outside ropes which were strung out around the house all the way to the curb. An officer lowered the rope so we could turn into the driveway. The crowd edged forward. We proceeded to the back of the house and waited until about a dozen cops surrounded the car before we got out. Even my neighbors' yards were crowded with people, restrained behind ropes that were strung back to the alley.

I was whisked through the open garage door. Inside, the garage I'd always kept so orderly and clean was filthy with mud. Everything had been dumped out, turned over, strewn around like a junkyard. I complained and broke off to start cleaning the disarray. I was very angry. The tools were all out of the cabinets, something I had never allowed.

Then an officer told me why we had come into the garage—I was to show them where the last section of concrete had been poured. There was one section of the floor which I had left unfinished when I planned to run water and sewer lines into the garage in that corner. Later, after putting up a four-car addition to the garage, it was more convenient to put the new plumbing in that area, and the concrete slab in the original garage could be finished.

After I marked it for them, we walked out of the garage and into the house. It was full of cops and strangers tramping all over the place. I was furious at what I saw—it was a shambles. Mud had been tracked all over the carpet. All my large indoor plants had been set on the dining room table. I couldn't see my dog and I worried about him.

Some character came from the front of the house and yelled, "What's he doing here! Cuff him! Get him out of here!" We started for the door and the trip back to the station. I was told that Patches was next door with neighbors and I asked my sister to get him and take him home with her. In view of my crisis, I was sure creating sparks over minutiae.



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It was about ten that morning when I was returned to the station and put in a holding room. By now the processing should have been completed on the trumped-up drug charge and they would have to let me post bond. My sister had gone, driven back home with Patches—I would never see either of them again.

Sam and LeRoy were trying to find out what was going on, why the stalling and long delays. The police were forced by law to arrange for the setting of bond. Several hours would pass before we were to learn what they had in store for me. I was without medication, food or sleep for two days. The coffee was burning my insides into an ulcerous rage. I slept in one and two minute snatches.

Detectives escorted me out of the holding room in tight cuffs, through a courtyard past a large crowd which was being held back behind ropes by the police, into a civic center. We took an elevator up to a third floor courtroom. I slumped into a wooden chair in the small packed courtroom where a Judge Peters presided. I sat with my head down, trying to nod off, forcing my eyes closed tight to relieve their burning, stuporously untouched by the enormity of what was taking place in my life. I recognized Sullivan who had smart-mouthed me back on December 13 when he confiscated my keys. Following him before the bench came Kozenszak who had slammed me against the wall. He was the first to take the stand and the oath.

The hearing didn't last long. It comprised the reading of a charge of murder against me concerning one Robert Piest. Then there was an argument about bail, Sam asking that it be set while Sullivan railed against it, because it was a murder charge and because of my prior criminal record. He said I should not be allowed any bond. Judge Peters agreed. Amirante protested that I was a sick man who required specific medications and a doctor's attention. The judge changed the order to read: "The prisoner shall be sent to Cermak Hospital, the medical wing of the jail." He asked then if there were any objections. Sullivan, with an expression of dissatisfaction, said, "No objections."

They led me back to a cell in the Des Plaines Jail where for the first time I was allowed to lie down on a hard bench after 56 hours without sleep. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. No sooner had I drifted off to sleep than a guard was at my side poking me awake. He told me to get up, they wanted to talk to me again. I was taken to an interview room and left alone. Their strategy was to wait long enough to be sure Amirante had left the building before they renewed the game.

This time my interrogator had a different face, one I hadn't seen before. He said he was Larry Finder from the state's attorney's office, could he sit down—I didn't have to talk to him, he only wanted me to clear up some things I'd already said, to see if they were correct. He was a smooth talker. He came on like a helping hand, a friend amid the chaos. "Like something to drink?" Good openers.

"Drink, hell! I haven't had anything to eat the last two days! What does a guy have to do to get something to eat around here?"

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"All they have here is vending machines with liquids. Want some soup if they got it?"

"Anything, man—anything that smells like food!" I was tired and punchy, but my stomach was clenched like frozen gears and ached for some food.

To Finder's surprise LeRoy Stevens walked into the room, I guess they hadn't counted on him sticking around. Finder asked Stevens, "Do you have any objection to us just talking with him?"

LeRoy was really off his turf, being a civil attorney, now faced not only with the complexities of criminal law but with having a client with drug and murder charges. He was a fine lawyer, but this was a whole new field of skullduggery; a lawyer needed the instincts of a mongoose with these snakes. His reply was, "Only if John wants to." He left—I wouldn't see him again until several days later at the Cook County Jail in Chicago.

For personal reasons I felt that I needed to visit my father's grave, to talk to his headstone . . . to him. "I've been repeatedly promised that I might be driven to Maryhill to visit my father's gravesite. I've insisted, but the only time it's mentioned is when I bring it up."

Finder said he sympathized and would relay my request and saw no reason why it couldn't be arranged. "That was mentioned to me when I arrived, and it was also mentioned that it is contingent upon your cooperation in this serious matter. As important as that visit is to you, John, so it is important to us to get some questions answered and this whole mess out of the way. The other investigators have told me that."

He said I had seemed relieved during and after issuing the earlier statement. Hell, I didn't even know what I had said. I had no memory of giving a statement, so I didn't know what he was talking about. He kept attributing statements to me, saying that I had said this and I had said that, and with it being so close to Christmas, "Don't you feel that it would be the best thing to tell us exactly where Robert Piess is so his grieving parents can at least have him buried by then?"

"I feel for his folks, but I'm not the one that dumped him."

After another hour they added to the cast. Two new faces with new temperaments, voices, words. The questions, though thinly disguised, were the same. The "Christian burial" game, illegal in every state in the union, continued. "We're checking how soon we can take you over to Maryhill," said the blond officer from the surveillance team. It was the most loathsome deceit I've ever seen or heard of.

Suddenly I thought of my laborers—associates who had been harassed along with me over the past two weeks. "Who else have you got here?"

"Why, John, are others involved in this, directly or indirectly?" I looked at the floor. It was



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useless. My words had all fallen on ears deaf with conviction. Finder, asking and answering at the same time: "Your associates? You mean Rossi and Cram?" I don't think I ever answered the question.

The state was obsessed with "proving" that John Gacy had committed mass murder, alone! To involve others now not only would have been costly, lengthy and extremely difficult, but it would have prohibited the use of Rossi and Cram as witnesses for the state. Too much time had been invested in proving me an independent agent of murder for them to attempt to make delicate and obvious rearrangements. Their whole structure hinged on my having no assistance. Too much had been invested in creating that structure; shaking the ground now might topple their creation.

They showed me photos of some people. Some were familiar, most were not. They talked down to me as if I were retarded. I understood why. They really didn't know anything about my personality, whether I was genius or cretin. The effects of my abuse of tranquilizers would not leave me for many months. During this questioning session I was so lethargic and slow-witted that they must have thought I was always obtuse and beef-headed. I never once during this period made contact with the seriousness of my predicament.

They inferred that I knew faces in the photos that I didn't. When my head sunk to my chest from exhaustion it was taken as an answer in a symbolism that they created. If I turned my head without volition, it was to them an answer. I would at that point have signed over my property for a hot meal, said or signed anything for some sleep. I repeatedly said I was dizzy and my head was swimming. One officer grudgingly brought in a cup of clear broth for me to drink. I kept falling asleep on them, but they'd shake me awake and continue to hammer away. Later, during the trial, they spoke of my volunteering all the statements they took down. They swore that I was coherent, lucid, alert.

They claimed they asked me to draw a diagram of the house on Summerdale, and that I drew an oblong box and added another on one side indicating the addition. Then, according to them, they asked me to pinpoint the location of the supports under the house and where the furnace was. For the pillars I supposedly made an X and put a box around it. That is a far cry from my method of floor planning. My diagrams had always been beautifully precise. I never saw this drawing until Finder came out with it in court, saying I had made it. But it was done with a combination of two markedly different pens. Why would I have used two different pens to make a sketch on a small piece of paper? According to Finder some of the marks represented the burial plots of the victims.

In the August 29, 1983 issue of *US* magazine, in its Book Bonus, prosecutor-author Terry Sullivan wrote the following (Bedoe is a state investigator, "Gray" is David Cram):

"Show me where you were digging," Bedoe said, handing Gray a pad and pencil.

Gray drew a diagram locating the sump pump and the trenches he'd dug.

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I looked at Gray's drawing. If Gacy had ground-water problems, the trenches that Gray had dug made no sense.

That's where their diagram came from! Cram had made it!

A hundred questions that demanded answers were either demeaned or ignored. The court found the bulk of my attorney-offered protests inaudible.

After "my drawing" was done, they took me to an empty cell. I went out when my head hit my forearms. Maybe the next few hours of disturbance were preplanned, maybe not, but it seemed to me that they shook me awake every half hour to ask another question or to show me another photo. Somewhere in that diabolically-created nightmare they left me alone to escape into the sweet, blank oblivion of sleep.



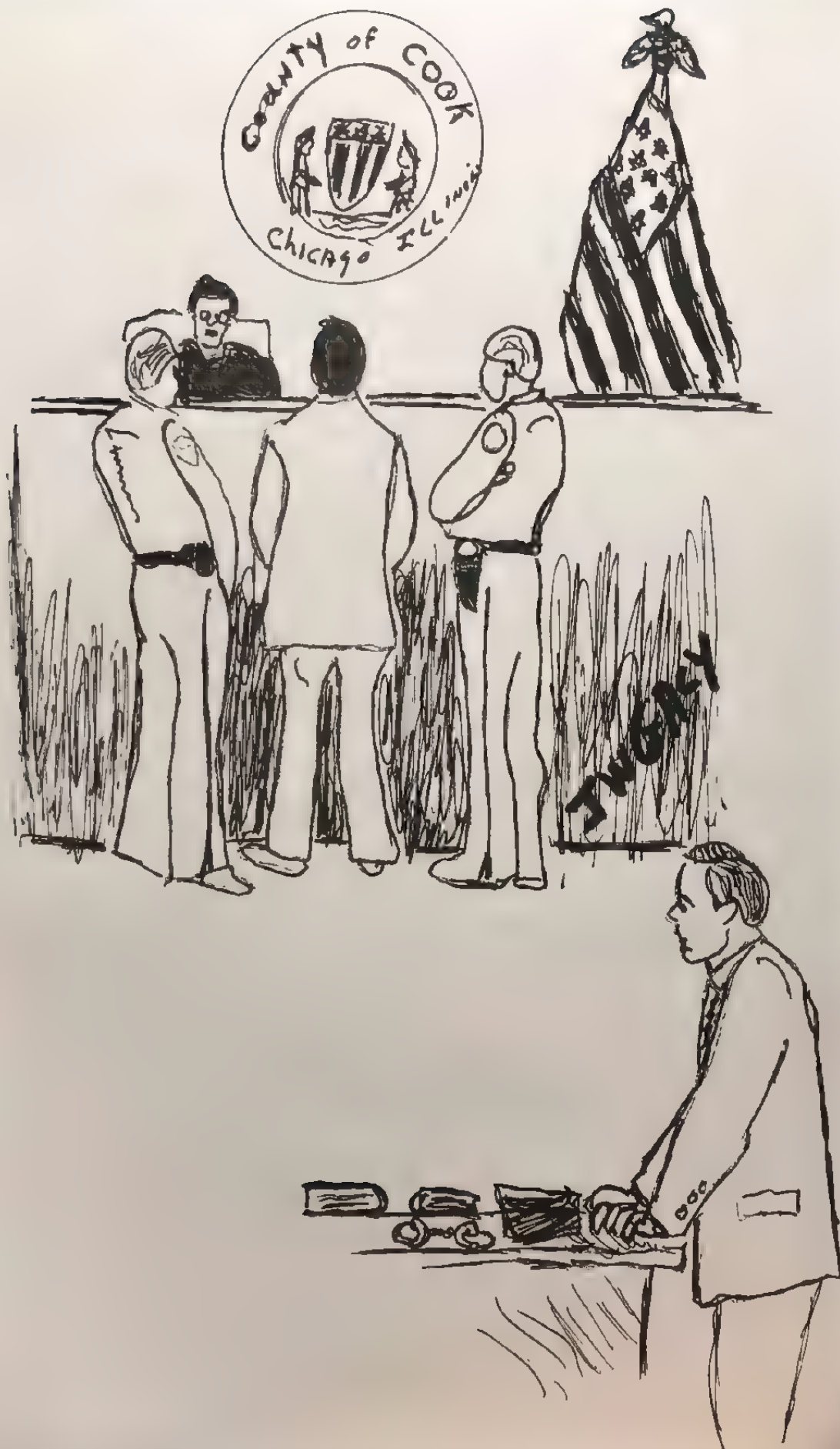
A QUESTION OF DOUBT





CHAPTER 4

Cook County Jail: Indictment and Arraignment



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1978

At ten o'clock in the morning a plainclothes officer entered the cell to see if I was awake. He was one of the detectives with the original tailing team, and one of those who had promised to take me to visit my father's grave. "Are we going to the cemetery today like you promised?"

He looked down at me. "Yeah, I think they're planning on taking you now."

Three officers appeared outside the cell and told me to get my jacket on, we were leaving. The thick glass door to the cold cell opened and one of them stepped inside and handcuffed me. I was led up the long hall to where the interview rooms were located. The bright lights made me squint until my eyes adjusted to the abrupt change from the shadowy cell. The station was crowded with people from law enforcement and the state's attorney's office. Most of them stared intently to catch a glimpse of me, jostling each other for a better view, muttering in low, somber voices while I was ushered into a side room.

I was still confused and maybe not yet as concerned as I should have been, or would have been if it were not for the lethargic aftermath of my long-term use of sedatives. My head was slightly clearer from the night's sleep and the reality, however dim, terrified me. A captain ordered Tovar to take me out to the garage. "Let's go, John, this way. Stick close to me." We went to the garage where, on the 13th, an evidence team had ransacked my car for clues. I followed one officer into the back seat, one followed to enclose me, two more got into the front seat; about seven others stood guard.

The huge overhead door cranked open, revealing a small huddle of the bundled-up curious waiting outside, probably the media trying to get close enough for pictures. As we inched backwards out of the garage they were jostled back by the vanguard of officers. Behind a lead car we moved as fast as possible down the alley to the street, the newsmen scurrying after us with their cameras flashing. When we hit the street the driver punched the gas pedal and we moved out like a bullet. By the time we hit the edge of Des Plaines the lead car had shunted off to one side in order to break up the parade of cars trying to follow.

I had been deceived. We were going south—the wrong direction for the cemetery. "What's going on?" I asked.

"The court order says we have to take you to Cermak Hospital at Cook County jail. Anyway, look behind us. Do you want those reporters walking all over your father's grave? We can't do it now." He was right.

"Damn parasites," I muttered. "Like a pack of dogs chasing a bone."

Tovar said, "If you're gonna talk in the car, I'll have to read you your rights again." So during the rest of the ride there was some small talk, nothing worth mentioning; but during the trial the police swore under oath that I spoke uninhibitedly about the case, further



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incriminating myself. They lied like gypsy storytellers.

"A murder charge," I thought. As helpless as I was, as downtrodden as I felt, my concern was more for my family, my mother and sisters. The shock and shame, the indelible stigma even when—or if—I could walk away from the nightmare clean.

Occasionally one of the officers would make a statement about the case—a statement hiding a question—trying to feel his way into my mood, trying to turn his sardonic face into the friendliness of a helping uncle, prying, prodding, wanting to make the time spent in the car rewarding. After what Tovar had said, I knew I didn't dare give an answer, but at the time of the trial it made no difference. Tovar would take the stand under oath and concoct false statements claiming them to be my words. Besides, after his noble warning about the Miranda rights, he never did read them to me that morning. At the trial, of course, he said he had and the other three officers backed him up. Who would the jury believe? You guessed it. My denial had less chance than a haystack in a cyclone.

It was just before noon on the big wall clock in the first room we entered at Cermak Hospital, the jail's facility for arrestees. Dark and gloomy as a tomb, it was an eyesore, a real dump. If my dog had been hit by a car and this was the closest vet's office, I'd have turned around and walked out with my whimpering dog. We gained admittance to what seemed to be an emergency room, with dried blood on the floor, paint peeling off the walls and a foul odor. I was told to remove everything but my underwear. A doctor and some nurses entered the room, a couple of them cradling long information forms in steel-jacketed holders. The nurses recorded my answers to their medical queries while the doctor checked my heart and lungs and a nurse took my blood pressure.

A steady stream of gawking employees came through in a charade of working; hospital staff, correction officers, a few authorized personnel in civvies, all unashamedly curious. I felt miniaturized like something on a slide in the focus of many microscopes. These were staff people, but they were also curiosity seekers, media addicts, probably convinced of my guilt without second thoughts, wanting a look at the person who had dominated the TV and radio and newspapers for the past 48 hours. It must have taken two or three hours before my examination was complete—and their examination was complete.

On the third floor, in a spacious blue room containing two hospital beds, a shower, toilet and sink, I sat on a bed and tiredly looked out the heavily screened window. California Avenue, Chicago. "So this is it," I thought. "I've read about it, heard about it, and here I am!" My view was of a fenced-in parking lot and, beyond that, a higher fence with rolled razor-wire spiralling the long stretch of horizontal barbed wire that crowned the formidable wall. I'd never driven past it in my life; my first view was from the inside looking out.

A guard came in and handed me a white towel, a small bar of soap and a roll of toilet paper. He told me I could take either bed and to come to the door of the room if I wanted anything, but not to step outside the door. These were the only civil words I'd heard in my recent past; nothing ceremonious, nothing especially courteous. Just humane.



It seemed like hours passed, and during that time I had refused dinner. I looked at it, smelled it. I just couldn't eat it. I knew that the next meal wouldn't look or smell any better. Eventually I'd have to eat, but it would be a Mexican standoff until I succumbed.

About ten p.m. a man in a white shirt came in and said they were going to move me because they didn't want me on the window side of the building. Although I could hear his voice my mind was floating thoughtlessly, locking out the importance of my predicament. The room was not warm, but left alone a few times, I could tell how dull and fuzzy my whole thinking system was, due to the residual drugs in my brain, my every body cell. I was in jail on a murder charge and I didn't have the energy to fight or the ability to care. It was as if I had worked non-stop for 48 hours—the body is moving, but you can't feel a thing.

He told me to gather the items they had given me and to follow him. I grabbed my soap, towel and toilet paper and dragged myself after him down to the end of the hall. He unlocked a mammoth steel door and ushered me into a passage where there were two more doors just like the first one. He pointed me through the one on the left. There were no lights, no chairs, no toilet in the room, only a steel bed bolted to the floor in the center of the room, with barely enough space to walk around. At the far end a heavy orange metal grate covered the window. My feet were cold and damp on the concrete floor. There was a small puddle of water under the bed.

He left and locked the door behind him. A moment later someone passed a blanket through the window in the door. I covered up but my body was still shivering, so I tucked into a fetal position on the thin smelly mattress which covered the cold steel bed frame. I couldn't understand why they didn't put me in the room across from and similar to the first one I occupied. I thought I would never get any sleep in here. It seemed that every half hour a guard would unlock the outer steel door, walk up to the open window of my door, peek in with a flashlight, about face and walk back out, slam the heavy door, lock it and walk away. The echo would linger and the anticipation of his return kept me awake in a nervous waiting game.

Sometime after midnight I was found under the bed with the towel tied tightly around my neck, one end tied to the bed frame. I was lying in the puddle of water. How I got in that position is a mystery to me. I must have crashed out of bed either from a bad dream or the first stages of drug withdrawal. They thought I'd tried to kill myself. They untied me, pulled me out and put me on my back on the mattress, tied spreadeagle to the bed frame. When I complained about the cold they threw the blanket over me. I was scared, cold and wet but in spite of everything fell into a deep sleep. I couldn't tell how long I was out. Once I had to go to the bathroom and yelled for two hours before someone untied me. When I was returned to the bed I was again lashed securely. The Valiums were still working and I quickly regained sleep.

Late, either Sunday or Monday night, the door opened and my two attorneys appeared. An



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officer entered with them and untied one hand so that I could twist over onto my side. They asked me how I felt. I told them I was freezing. "Look at the way I'm being held, Sam, can't you do something about this?"

He made a helpless face. "There's no one around now, but I'll see what I can do tomorrow. Right now I need you to sign some papers giving me power of attorney so that I can act on your behalf. Just sign here, here and here." Of course, I didn't know what I was signing; it could have been anything. I was too exhausted and bleary-eyed to be able to read. My throat was parched and even talking took effort. Another paper, he said, was a predated resignation from me as street lighting secretary-treasurer for the Cook County Board. He wanted to handle it as quietly as possible before the media got hold of it. I felt that was the right thing to do so I signed everything they put in front of me, not knowing or reading anything.

Again I asked them to arrange better conditions for me. "How can they rationalize tying down a man with a heart condition, especially when he is already under terrible stress? Are they nuts, Sam? This is gonna stop my heart!" All he said was he had to go and he would be back later. "When!" I yelled as he went out the door. I got no answer.

Impatiently the guard asked if I needed the bathroom. When I said no, he strapped my wrist back down to the bed. I was shut back into semi-darkness with only a two-by-four of light slanting down through the small opening in the door. Again the doors slammed and echoed in my ears as he walked away. The only time I would see anyone was when they brought around medication or when they asked me if I wanted the latest meal. I refused them all. The thought of the first one suppressed my hunger pangs.

After what seemed like days two officers came in, removed the straps and buckles and helped me to my feet. I tried taking a step and stumbled, almost going down. My head whirled, probably more an aftereffect of Valium abuse than the hunger, fatigue, or the night in straps. They led me around cautiously until I got my balance. My head slowly cleared.

"What day is it?"

He looked at me and said, "December 26th. Tuesday night."

Steadying me by my elbows, the two officers walked me out of the cold room to a rickety wooden bench set along the wall of the hallway. They sat me down on it some six feet in front of a small black and white portable TV with a slowly rolling picture. Beyond the TV was a glass wall that looked into a day room. Slow-moving men wandered the hall aimlessly and thoughtlessly. They had the glazed eyes, the vacant look of men drugged into bewilderment. Some stopped in front of the TV and stared at—or through—me. One of the guards pointed to the area where the beds were located. "Go sit on your beds; go back to your rooms. I don't want you talking to this man." The men were not called by name. I doubt if they would have known my name if they had heard it. Their worlds were exclusive—private to themselves.

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I was allowed to sit there, with an officer alongside, for two hours. When it was time to return me to the isolated room for the night a newly-arrived guard asked me if I wanted to use the john. Then I was returned to the rancid bed and strapped securely.

It was zero degree weather outside. The room's broken window was crusted with frost and the night wind screamed against it. I slept as pulled together as possible. In the morning I awoke with my stomach sore from violent shaking during the night. My first sight was the vapor of my breath.

On the 28th of December (I would later learn the date) I heard my door being unlocked. Two guards entered claiming another picture of me was necessary because the one taken when I was booked into the hospital didn't develop clearly.

"Sit him up," one said to his partner. The second one stretched me lengthwise as best he could and lifted my upper body into a slumped sitting position, squatting behind me, pushing on the small of my back to keep my body from sagging and to keep himself out of the picture. Three fast shots of the camera. They told the guard at the door that was all they needed and left in a hurry. The following morning one of those photos appeared on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*.

The shit hit the fan. My attorneys yelled foul. They called for an immediate investigation and demanded contempt charges be filed against Sheriff Elrod and that he be jailed. Elrod raised hell with Warden Hardiman, wanting to know how such a travesty of privacy and civil rights had taken place right under his nose. Finally, when the facts came out, it proved to be the greed of a jail guard that was behind the mess.

The man had been a jail guard for 23 years. He had been approached by the *Tribune* and was paid \$500 to obtain a unique photo of me. Being in the identification department he had no problem passing through security. It cost him more than he was paid. Close to retirement, he was fired from his job and the defense filed charges against him for violating the protective order signed by Judge White which covered all law enforcement and jail personnel working in the Cook County Sheriff's Department.

Each time I saw my attorneys they would stay but a few minutes. They kept telling me that the reason I was being isolated and restrained was that the administration claimed I tried to kill myself that first night. I told Sam, "They're crazy! Hell, I didn't even know where I was until the 26th of December when an officer told me. If you can't take care of this I'll get someone who can. I'm freezing, tied down like an animal, and I can't eat in this position. Do something!"

"All right. Stay calm. I'll see what I can do."

The preliminary hearing, scheduled for December 29, had been cancelled, the court citing as reasons bomb and assassination threats. Even with the best security provisions Des



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Plaines had ever had, the court thought it best to reschedule the hearing until after the grand jury returned an indictment against me.

On January 3, 1979, about noon, I was moved from that cold room to the room directly across from the one where I had been briefly on the first day. For ten days I had lived on my back, strapped to a bed, spread-eagle. For the last six days I had been allowed out of bed for two hours a day, to walk with an officer or sit and watch TV. The only other times I was out of bed was to use the toilet and once to shower. My attorneys arrived shortly after noon, their expression saying, "Look what I did for you. I got you out of the back end and freed of the straps."

A tall, distinguished-looking black man walked in, extended his hand to me and said, "I'm Superintendent Patricks. I'm in charge here and I want to go over some rules that your attorneys and I have worked out for your security here. If at any time you have any questions, just have one of the officers now assigned to you call me."

He handed me three typed pages listing the rules I would have to follow. There were 27 different restrictions and regulations listed: who could visit me, phone call rights, mail regulations; personal property allowances; areas of the jail to which I might have access; commissary items; etc. There would be nine correctional officers assigned to guard me and they would have no other duties. They would sit at my door and allow no one to enter unless they were on the approved list. They were to have no conversation with me nor allow me to talk to any other resident at any time. A log was to be kept and entries made every half hour around the clock. Any person entering the room had to be cleared by security, searched and entered into the log before visiting with me.

My life was not my life anymore. It was a public display. If I farted it would be entered into the log book for future reference.

During the first few days there had been a steady stream of correctional personnel coming up to the floor just to get a look at me, but now they were turned away at the door by the officers assigned to me. The rule was solid—no one was allowed to come into the room without being on the approved list. Even my attorneys had to be searched. Anything coming into the room had to be logged in the book.

Sam took a copy of the rules and left with LeRoy and Superintendent Patricks to go to the warden's office to resolve some of Sam's objections to the regulations. After working them out he returned alone to talk to me about the possibility of my helping the sheriff's office identify some of the victims so that they could be given a decent burial. He assured me that my assistance would be off the record and could not be used against me. We would meet in a conference room downstairs and he would be present at all times. I questioned his reasoning in wanting me to assist the same people who were trying to put me away. His response was, "Don't worry, John, whatever you say at this time is exempt from being used against you at any time." Since he was representing me I felt that I should do as his legal mind dictated. Assuming that his interest was the same as mine, that my welfare was his



prime concern, I consented to meet with these people.

Present at the meeting were Lieutenant Frank Braum and Investigator Philip Bettiker of the sheriff's office; Greg Bedoe, Sergeant Joseph Hein and Larry Finder from the state's attorney's office; and Amirante. There was no one transcribing what was said at the meeting, no one taking it down word for word; yet later in court this would come out as statement number five—iterated from memory. After a three and a half hour bullshit session of questions and answers, speculation and disagreements, more than one person talking at the same time, "statement number five" was evidenced as a verbatim recapitulation of that meeting. They had a ten-page statement typed which said they were quoting me word for word. I later told Sam I didn't think this was done right and I thought it would come back to haunt us, but he was sure none of it would be used against me—they had given their word. I learned that Sullivan had been there too. He hadn't come into the room because he felt that, because of the rough way he had treated me that first day at the police station, his presence might keep me from talking.

Not a day went by that I wasn't page one news. People were coming out of the woodwork saying that they knew me or that I had attacked them. The *Chicago Tribune* and *Chicago Sun-Times* played the body-count game, each day changing the headlines with updated numbers, each trying to out-scoop the other as the count rose.

During the week of January 3, 1979, a grand jury was convened and returned seven murder indictments against me. All of the victims remained nameless at that time.

The Arraignment

On January 9 I was told that I was to be arraigned in a Des Plaines courtroom at ten o'clock on seven counts of murder. The assigned officers went over lifesaving procedures with me: what I should do if shots were fired, which way to turn, where to go in the courtroom; in the car how I was to hit the floor while an officer covered me; the same if we were walking. Because of bomb threats some 250 law enforcement officers were going to be used to protect me at the court building. All the rooftops in an area of a square block around the building were under surveillance, all of it cordoned off. There would be two groups of cars leaving from the jail, one as a decoy for the media to chase while we would slip out the back in an ambulance with ten officers. They worked on these plans for most of the day only to cancel them the following morning; a last minute court order rescheduled the arraignment to 26th and California, the criminal courts building, a day later.

Prior to the hearing Amirante introduced me to Robert Motta who he wanted to become his co-counsel. All along Amirante had wanted to get rid of Stevens since he was a civil attorney who, as he put it, "wouldn't be of much help in criminal matters." Not knowing anything about criminal law, I guessed he was right. I sure needed two fighters. I had asked Sam to contact F. Lee Bailey. "I would sure like to have him on the case, Sam." Amirante claimed he would, but in the meantime he would have Motta appointed and at his side for the arraignment in the morning. I told him I was scared after practicing all these proce-



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dures—like me crawling under the table if shots were fired and an officer falling on top of me until the shooting stopped.

JANUARY 10, 1979

After I showered, shaved and combed my hair I was given my street clothes. The place was a beehive of activity. My assigned officers shined up their badges and belts to be sure they were photogenic and natty. Assistant Warden Glotz came in, introduced himself and said he was in charge of escorting me to the courthouse along with five officers. Since I had my jacket on I assumed we would be leaving the building, but that was not to be. We took an elevator to the basement where we waited until given the all clear to proceed. We followed a labyrinth of underground passages with a vanguard inspecting each curve along the route before our cluster moved along.

We reached the connecting basement of the courthouse by way of a holding pen where many men were waiting for the day's court. They were made to stand up and face the walls while I walked through the area. All the elevators in the building were taken out of operation except the one I was to use. We rode up to the fourth floor, were led down a hall lined with officers standing shoulder to shoulder all the way to the door that took us behind the courtroom. As we got closer the crowd got thicker. When I finally entered the courtroom it was like a three ring circus; standing room only, everyone wanting to get close to me to be in the forefront of the picture. At the far side there were ten prosecutors and a score of law enforcement officials, including Sheriff Elrod and State's Attorney Bernard Carey. At a long wooden table sat my two attorneys; behind them a dozen bailiffs stood like wooden soldiers.

As soon as I sat at the table and said a few words to Sam and Bob, the court clerk started reading the murder indictments. One by one the names came down: Robert Piest, John Butkovich, John Szye, Gregory Godzik, Rick Johnston, Frank Landigan, James Mazzara. Amirante entered pleas of not guilty to all indictments and asked the court to dismiss all indictments.

"Basically," Amirante argued, "the motion is to dismiss all indictments based on not only pre-trial publicity, but pre-indictment publicity, Judge. Judge, I think nowhere in the annals of the criminal justice system in this country, or in any country for that matter, has there been so much, so much pre-indictment publicity, pre-criminal process, pre-critical-stage publicity. I think Your Honor realizes that, you know, with the sophisticated modes of the news media—minicam, so forth, live-from-the-scene reporting—prejudicial publicity which may or may not be true, which may or may not be used at trial, which may or may not be admissible in a grand jury proceeding, all of these matters being put before a grand jury for purposes of indicting a person, none of us in this room, especially here my client or I or Mr. Motta, will ever know, will ever know the amount of taint that was placed on the grand jurors because of the nature of the, a grand jury proceeding being the secrecy of a grand jury had to be tainted. There was no way the grand jury could not have been tainted, could not have known of the pre-trial publicity. It has hit literally millions of people throughout the

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state, throughout the country. And for that reason, Judge, we are asking to dismiss the indictments based on pre indictment publicity which has tainted the minds of the grand jurors." (Quoted from pre trial transcripts, pages 7 and 8, State of Illinois vs. Gacy)

Next Amirante argued that the entire proceeding was being held illegally because it had been transferred from the third district to the criminal courts building without compelling judicial reason. Des Plaines was where the case belonged and we had not asked for a change of venue at that time.

One after another Amirante continued to bring forth motions: competency to stand trial, sanity at the time of the alleged offenses; examination for fitness; motions of discovery; habeas corpus to produce Robert Piest.

Then he brought up petitions which he had filed on January 4 relating to and against the sheriff's department and the medical examiner of Cook County, Dr. Robert Stein, to show cause why they should not be held in contempt of court for violating the court-imposed protective order against releasing publicity to the news media. The judge admonished those present that the order would have to be upheld, and any further violation of that order would be dealt with severely.

At that point Judge Fitzgerald assigned the case to Judge Louis B. Garippo, who would hear all other motions to be brought forth. Amirante continued with more motions and raised the issue of the illegal search warrants. He requested a cease and desist order and the prosecution to show cause why the questionable warrants were not on file. Only one warrant had been filed, the one issued on December 13. There was no record of the one of December 21, the search that was still in progress. Also there was never an inventory of what had been confiscated given to anyone thus far. A long discussion ensued with the state making all kinds of excuses as to why that responsibility had been ignored. The judge said he would turn it over to Judge Garippo to hear any arguments.

Motta raised the issue of the state holding my car and trucks and protested against the destruction of the Summerdale property and personal effects. He argued that the vehicles should be released or that the state should show cause for confiscation.

The state asked for pre-trial discovery from the defense and said they would be seeking the death penalty in the case if facts were presented which would authorize them to do so.

Before any other motions could be made, Judge Fitzgerald declared a court recess during which Judge Garippo could be brought in to hear all additional motions. Eleven motions had been filed by the defense and there were 34 pages of transcript for this part of the arraignment.

When we returned to the courtroom the huge crowd of spectators pushed and craned to get a look at me. The jury area was teeming with media and artists sketching as fast as they could



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Judge Garippo took the bench and the court was called to order. After the reintroductions of the concerned parties, Amirante resumed, advising Garippo of the eleven motions he had filed. He wanted immediate hearings on certain ones. The judge took the pile of motions, went through them and decided which ones did not have to be heard at that time. When he reached the search warrants issues Amirante stopped him, stating that the state had not even given us the first warrant, and noted that, "We have seen nothing, as far as we know, unless we missed. There is nothing posted at the house. I think statute calls for, if the warrant—copy of the warrant is not served, it is to be posted. A copy of the warrant is to be posted at the premises. That has not been done."

(The reader will note that quotes of defense counsel, prosecution and members of the judiciary are verbatim, taken from the record and not edited.)

JANUARY 10, pre-trial transcripts, page 35:

Garippo: Those should be turned over immediately.

Kunkle (for the state): Five . . .

Garippo: Five what?

Kunkle: Five separate warrants.

Garippo: Five separate warrants. Well, they are in the court file?

Kunkle: Only one is in the court file.

Amirante: We indicated to Judge Fitzgerald that we have not been served with a copy of any search warrants, as far as we know. Judge, there is no search.

Amirante moved for a cease and desist order in connection with the search warrants.

JANUARY 10, pre-trial transcripts, pages 39 to 41:

Amirante: Judge. That is in regard to our motion for production of the search warrants. Our basic argument to that was the search at this time has become redundant, it has become a fishing expedition, and should not be continued until prior application has been made to this court . . . I think it would only be appropriate under the statute, and under the fourth amendment that law enforcement officials, State's attorneys, and all related personnel come before the court to show probable cause, we're not asking for something unlawful, we're merely asking that the law be complied with, and that the state show this court probable cause in regard to a reasonable search.



Garippo: Well, the only problem I see with that, is that if counsel does have a point, with whatever is done between now and the argument date. The questions that arise, I would when was the last search warrant issued?

(Same transcript, page 43)

Garippo: Okay. All right. Here's the thing. Your motions are on file. The state is on notice of your complaint. They proceed, I should say, at their own risk. They proceed knowing about your objections.

What Judge Garippo failed to do was act on the order to cease and desist, and follow the law as it's written (chapter 38, section 108). Why was an illegal search allowed? Why did the court, after being apprised of that illegality, later allow it to stand without probable cause? That was a case of outrageous arbitrariness by Garippo in his letting the state get away with flagrant violation of statute law. By the state's own admission a search was being conducted without the warrants in the hands of the court. I could already see what publicity, public pressure and political influence had to do with getting a fair trial. Garippo was bending.

The next issue brought up was the two contempt of court motions against Sheriff Elrod and Dr. Stein for violating the protective order against giving out prejudicial information to the news media.

(Pre-trial transcript, pages 49 and 50)

Amirante: Judge, I just want to indicate to this court, I realize this is your first day on the case, but there has probably been no case, anytime, in the history of our criminal justice system, that has received so much pre-indictment, pre-trial publicity. I would ask this court, at this time, in regard to the protective order, to strongly admonish the state, the defense, for that matter, strongly admonish all personnel and all witnesses involved in this matter to comply with this protective order. And I would ask this court to completely scrutinize the actions of any personnel involved.

Kunkle: Judge, I don't think—I would certainly disagree with many of the statements that counsel has made. And made a statement here, I don't think any particular response is in order on our behalf. We agreed that the order, at the beginning. We believe we have complied with it both in the spirit and the letter from the time it has been entered, and would have anyway an intent to continue to do so on behalf of the people of the State of Illinois.

Yet that wasn't the case. Kunkle knew that there had been leaks from their office. Sullivan knew it too. Quoting Terry Sullivan from his book, *Killer Clown*, page 180: "By Saturday morning, I was alarmed by some of the information pouring out of the press. Obviously



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there were leaks galore, from the sheriff's policemen, from Des Plaines, maybe from my own office as well. A day later, parts of Gacy's statements were appearing in the press, plus a lot of other information that was dreadfully erroneous."

That torrent of leaks, allegations, innuendo and accusations were deliberately set forth to cover up the wrongdoings of all the law enforcement agencies involved in the case with the hope that mass publicity would create public pressure against the defendant, John Gacy.

The final thing brought before the court that day was the state's attempt to justify the two original charges, possession of a controlled substance and possession of cannabis. Amirante was quick to reply: "We have received no copies of the complaints." He told the court that he was present in Des Plaines and knew about only one complaint at that time. Wary that the state might even bring up erroneous charges to cover up the initial illegal arrest, he demanded an immediate trial on those charges. Garippo complied, but it was never to come to pass! He moved right along, setting dates for hearings on the other motions for January 24 and February 18. Amirante then pushed for the court to assign case numbers for the two contempt petitions. Garippo assigned Dr. Stein case number AC 79 004 and Sheriff Elrod case number AC 79 005. Neither case was ever brought to trial—just quietly dismissed in political style—Chicago style.

My arraignment was continued to February 28, 1979.



CHAPTER 5

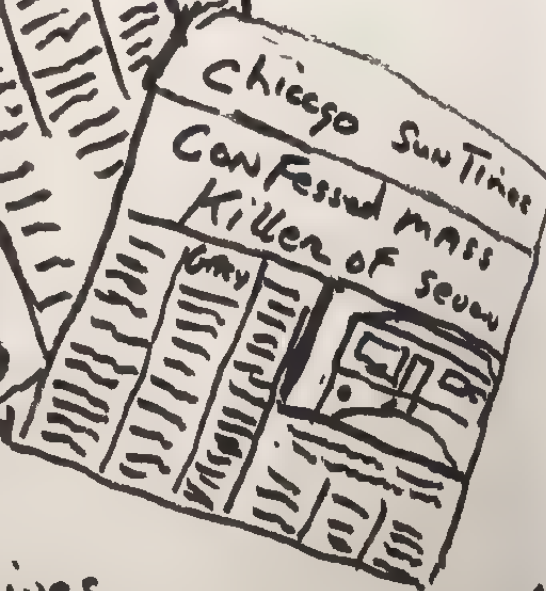
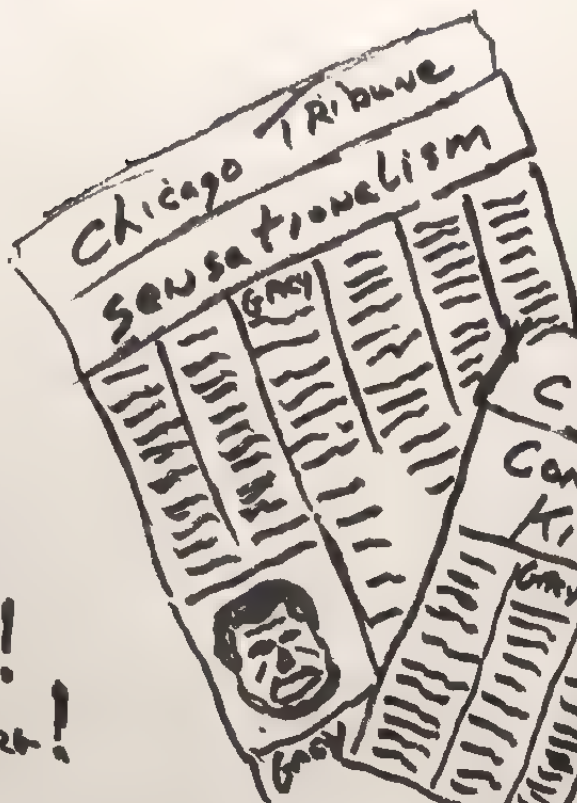
The News Media

Headline News

NBC
WGN

CBS
ABC

Extra!
Extra!
Extra!



Headlines...

Death on a

Snowy night

Body Count At Nine

more Bodies Found

Suspected Contractor
Charged

Subway





Magazines, radio, television, newspapers—our news media spectrum—do a landslide business by churning out their major wares: scandals, crime, sex, corruption, violence. Sports, human interest stories, optimism, the funnies, are merely by-products for most readers. It's the rough stuff that sells the lingerie at Field's and the automobiles at Honest Harry's GM dealership. That's the business the media is in above all else. And most people read the daily paper and listen to the unctuous TV anchor with the believability one generally reserves for *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The news media is influential and should therefore be held accountable for integrity.

I appeared in the newspapers many times from high school years on up, winning American Legion awards, speech contests, Jaycee awards, civic awards, Man of the Year, chairing community projects. When I lived in cities smaller than Chicago, the news articles seemed large. Of course, they really weren't, but the formats made it appear so in those areas. Vest pocket articles of praise and cameo photos of me were more than satisfying. Maybe the small paragraphs about me were exaggerated with good intention.

It was later that I got my initiation into how the press works—big city style. Starting on December 23, 1978, a flood of coverage toward the making of a notorious criminal began. The media didn't have to know much in the way of facts—only that the police were holding a man who owned a house in a Chicago suburb where they had uncovered some bodies. Headlines followed: "Dig for Bodies at Suburb Site"; "Sex Criminal Hints 20 Slain" (*Chicago Sun-Times*, 12/23/78). Not to be outdone, the *Chicago Tribune* screamed: "Bodies of Three Teens Found; 29 More Feared Slain" (12/23/78). Stories followed under massive headlines: "Police Quizzing Suburbanite" alongside "Gacy Fond of Playing a Clown." By this strategy of juxtaposing one story with another I was made guilty in the mind of the public immediately.

No iota of evidence or single fact was sought in reference to me by the Chicago newspapers. They accepted leaks by minor policemen and insignificant associates who had eavesdropped to pick up insubstantial information. That always surrounds the first waves of a sensational case. Each newspaper had its sources but no scruples about accuracy—only a need to scoop the other. Information gaps were filled by overzealous reporters creating bizarre inflammatory stories out of whole cloth, a creative writing class eager for bylines. This continued for 30 days. In the first 72 hours there were 29 different headlines and attendant stories, none of which were accurate.

My rights were notoriously trampled. The members of the media felt the rush and the power of being able to stir into a frenzy not only the city of Chicago but the state, the nation, many countries. They rose from the authorship of trite columns that sold lingerie and automobiles for their advertisers to the authorship of stories designed to shock their readers into a frenzied addiction for more detail. Spine-tingling sex and the graphics of murder were supplied a ravenous public for months. My fate was sealed by journalistic innuendo founded on speculation and imagination gone wild.

The media was able to cast a die and stamp it upon the collective mind of its readers,



fessional reputation, were off-handedly disregarded.

It wasn't just the stories picked up from leaks by the sheriff's office, the Des Plaines police department and the state's attorney's office that molded the mind of the public. There were also people who would say anything to be recognized for the first time in their lives, people who wanted to feel important. A barber on Montrose Avenue in Chicago gave the story to the newspapers that John Gacy had come into his shop every week to get his hair trimmed and talk politics, had seemed very strange, and when leaving always left a five dollar tip. Now you would think with a little checking that the story might have been verified or dismissed. For the past seven years I had gone to a barber located next to Democratic Headquarters in Norridge. I never paid five dollars for a haircut in my life, let alone left a five dollar tip. But the newspapers printed the story as truth.

Another story claimed that I had picked up two eighteen-year-old hitchhikers on Interstate 55 in September of 1978, drove them to a wooded area and physically attacked them. Printed as fact in the newspapers, the story was never investigated by the media. I was in Little Rock remodeling a drugstore at that time. Not only does the employee who went with me verify this, but also the owner of the drugstore, and I have the airline ticket stubs and my P.D.M. business records for further proof.

Others said that I approached them, driving my big black Oldsmobile with the two spotlights, one red and one white, during the summer of 1978. The only problem with that is that car was a 1979 model and I took delivery from the dealership at the end of October of 1978.

By the end of December the newspapers had made me as notorious as John Dillinger and Al Capone put together, so naturally the radio and television talk shows, the magazines and the rest got on the bandwagon. Books were written about me by people who never met me, books composed of newspaper articles and police leaks. People who had never met me gave their "insights" about me, "recalled" mannerisms which now were divined to be idiosyncratic.

Former employees said that I had made sexual overtures to them. Why, then, did they continue to work for me? According to the *Sun Times*, one claimed that on a night in June, 1975, I had propositioned him. The story failed to mention that he worked for me for two years after that date. Four years later he came forth with the story. Credible?

On January 3, 1979, the *Tribune* reported a young man's claim that he was attacked by Gacy and a second man. Since this story didn't fit the state's case, they quickly reacted with: "Police do not believe Gacy had an accomplice in the multiple killings linked to him."

During the year before the trial, all of 1979, there were 146 separate stories in the *Tribune* and the *Sun-Times* about John Wayne Gacy. There were nineteen half-hour television programs with John Wayne Gacy as the topic. There were twenty-nine articles in every kind of



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magazine you can think of, from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Life*, all the way to *Hustler* and *Playboy*, all founded on the inaccuracies created by the Chicago newspapers. There were sixteen hardbound or pocket books that mentioned John Wayne Gacy, others with one or two chapters on him. A 45 rpm record was cut with two songs about John Wayne Gacy.

Finally, in the area of books, a different aspect of media which also molds many minds, two hardbound books about me were published before I was convicted. In the first one, *29 Below*, by Jeff Rignall and Ron Wilder (Wellington Press, 1979), Rignall claimed he was the last living victim, having been attacked by me and another man. I know no one named Jeff Rignall. Apparently he has never been in my home.

Quoting from the book (page 70), "Jeff blinked his eyes several times to make sure he was really awake and tried to move his arms and legs just slightly. He was regaining control of himself. He could see that he was in some kind of family room . . . He noticed a short flight of stairs at one end with a door above it." Rignall could not have been in my family room. There were no stairs; that house was ranch style, built on one level. He goes on to say, "There was a sort of Early American-Danish bookcase and a couple of chairs." There were no bookcases in that room. Then he writes, "The couch Jeff was lying on was lumpy and the material was scratchy and worn." The only couch in the family room at my house was made of dark brown smooth leather.

Again, "The main object in the picture was outlined with twinkling lights, the kind you see everywhere at Christmas." All the pictures hanging on the walls throughout the house were oil paintings, and none had any lights on them. The man made up his story. None of those things were found in my home. On page 75 he states, "He could see the light fixture that he thought must be somewhere in the middle of the kitchen." There were no light fixtures in the kitchen; both lights in my kitchen were flush-recessed and could not be seen unless you were standing in the kitchen.

Even the description of the outside of the property is wrong. "There was an old fashioned metal steel light on the property in front of the house and the railing near the doorway had a decorative, curlicue trim" (pages 193-194). There were no railings on the house at all during the seven years I lived there. "A small wire fence, that seemed to serve mostly as a decoration, surrounds the yard." Once again he's wrong; the main part of the front yard was made up of the circular driveway, trimmed with railroad ties and large stones. There was no wire fence anywhere on the front yard of the place.

For a man with so many claims against me he certainly doesn't remember where he was; and from his errors one cannot believe he was attacked by me in my house. Throughout his book is found one fabrication after another. Nothing in it even resembles the truth. Yet it was published. It was read. The public and the press ate it up as true and factual.

Just before the trial another book was published, *The Man Who Killed Boys*, claiming to be the true story of mass murderer John Wayne Gacy, by Clifford L. Linedecker (St. Martin's



Press, 1980]. The book seems to be based on stories from the newspapers and other media, with little research. Simple facts that could easily have been checked out never were. The book was rushed off the presses, intended to come out just before the trial to make a buck, with no regard for the people involved.

Excerpt from Linedecker's book (page 18): "The first high school he attended was Carl Schurz, a huge coeducational school on the far north side. At Schurz, Johnny Gacy was no more and no less noticeable than any other student. He was never one of the popular boys. Nevertheless, he made friends and he got along well enough with his schoolmates to earn a reputation as a generally easygoing young man, although later he told his first wife that he was taken out of school in a straight-jacket a couple of times after flying into uncontrollable rages." Had Linedecker done any research, he would have found that I had never gone to Carl Schurz High School, and never was, nor did I claim to have been, taken out of any school in a straight-jacket.

Further down the same page, talking about my first wife: "Even though they dated only once, when they were both sixteen, she remembered his neatness. She was a student at Schurz and he had just transferred from there to Providence St. Mel High School." Wrong again. Neither of my two wives were my age; I was older than both of them. My first wife never attended Schurz or any other school in Chicago. And I never attended Providence St. Mel.

Moving on to page 44: "But all other recognition was eclipsed when he finally realized his goal of leading a chapter of the Jaycees. He was elected president at Anamosa." In all my years in the Jaycees I never held the office of president, at Anamosa or anywhere else, a simple fact that could have been checked out had the author done any research.

It is not my intention to nitpick through the books written by opportunistic men. I'm attempting to show that no judge or jury anywhere in Illinois could have claimed immunity to those infectious writings.

Some of the writings were more damaging than others. On page 53 Linedecker writes: "On February 12, 1971, John Wayne Gacy, Jr. (sic) was charged by Chicago police with disorderly conduct on the complaint of a teenage boy. The youngster, an admitted homosexual, said he was picked up at the bus terminal by Gacy, who then took him to his home and tried to force him to commit a sexual act. The case was dismissed when the boy failed to appear in court." The "youngster" was eighteen years old and had a police record. According to a statement by an Albany Park, Chicago, police detective, this is what happened: "Gacy, while driving his car, stopped for a light at LaSalle and Randolph. Picked up a hitchhiker claiming to be cold. While in the car driving down Kennedy Expressway, the young man propositioned Gacy to give him a blow job for ten dollars, or he could get him an eight track tape deck for his car for ten dollars plus letting him give Gacy the blow job. Gacy stopped his car on the Expressway at the North Avenue exit, got out, went around to the passenger's side, opened the door, pulled the guy out and threw him over the guard railing, got back in and drove home where he was arrested some five hours later by us." The detec-



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tive said he then went to the address where the man had told me he had the tape decks and found a bunch of stolen items. The 18-year-old was charged with theft and the charges against me were never prosecuted. This is a matter of police record. My parole officer, Mr. Lundt, attested to these facts and my innocence.

Because of all the publicity before the trial, it was open season for any irresponsible writer to make false statements about my character. They went unchallenged.

What are my feelings? There has been so much written about me it would take years to undo a fraction of the harm that has been done to me. Eighty percent of what has been written about me and my family is false or taken out of context and used by mercenaries. The search for truth was mismatched with a frenzy of greed and professional aggrandizement. The latter prevailed.



CHAPTER 6

Pre-trial Motions



Pre-trial Motions



Pre-trial motions are the guidelines that are set to make a trial run smoothly and fairly for both sides; in a case like mine there were plenty made by both sides. Many that you read in this chapter will be self-explanatory, and I will list them with little or no comment; others will be highlighted to show the game-playing that went on before the case came to trial—stalling by the state and political manipulation by the judge in the interests of the state.

Sam Amirante was the first to file, as soon as I was charged with one count of murder. On December 29 in Des Plaines, because of what they were finding at the house on Summerdale, he had petitioned the court for a psychiatric examination of the defendant, John Wayne Gacy. Then, because of the continued leaks coming from all the law enforcement offices—the Des Plaines police, the county sheriff and the state's attorney's office—he filed a motion for a protective gag order to silence the speculations and rumors escaping from the investigations. The strategy of the leaks was to release so much adverse publicity that it would be believed that they had me "cold and red-handed"; the more certain the conviction, the less criticism the public would level at the police work.

The court order read in general that no persons in the state's attorney's office, the Cook County medical examiner's office, or any employee of the Des Plaines police should give public statements of matters which would be prejudicial to the defendant's right to a fair and impartial trial. In short, nothing about the case should be given to the news media about anyone in custody. But those offices continued to release information that was favorable to them and destructive to my defense team. On January 10, 1979, mention of this court order was reiterated in court by Amirante because some of the investigative offices had contemptuously paid it no heed. The court glossed it over, shrugged its shoulders and proceeded.

After the indictments for seven counts of murder were read at the arraignment, Amirante came back with his first of many motions of the day, that being to quash the indictments. He based this motion on the grounds that "no competent evidence was being heard before the grand jury; that the state did not call any of the eyewitnesses who may or may not have been in a position to identify the defendant herein, and relied on the hearsay statements of a police investigator who was not present at the occurrence which is the subject matter of this indictment; that without notice to the defendant or his attorneys, defendant was indicted without a preliminary hearing."

Following this came a motion of discovery, asking that the state be directed to furnish to the defense copies of all material it intended to use against me. The state responded by requesting discovery from the defense.

One of the big issues which will come out during the case, pre-trial all the way through the trial, was the unusual and illegal way the Fourth Amendment was abused to satisfy the needs of the state. He asked the prosecution to produce and preserve all search warrants and complaints for search warrants. I had been in jail nineteen days and still not one warrant had been served on me; not one warrant had been posted on the premises; and no cause had been given to show why the warrants had been issued or how many had been



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issued. If they could not be produced or proof shown that they were even issued, the search was illegal under Illinois laws. The rules are perfectly clear as to search warrant procedures, yet for some reason all the rules were thrown out the window in this case. Amirante knew that the search warrants were erroneous and therefore illegal.

Amirante protested that he had been refused admission to the property although he had the right to protect the interests of the defendant, his personal property and the real estate owned jointly by his family. Because the search warrants had not been produced, he motioned the court for a cease and desist order, stopping all work at the house until the state could prove it had valid search warrants and had shown cause for the issuance of such warrants.

Attorney Motta, in another motion, asked for the return of my motor vehicles—there was no reason to be holding the three vehicles unless the State could show a preponderance of evidence that such vehicles were used in the commission of a criminal offense. The State refused to return them even though they had been finely combed and cleared. Perhaps they were afraid that I might sell them to raise money for my defense; I can think of no other reason. (One of the vehicles, a pickup truck with a snow plow, was being used illegally by employees of the county to plow parking lots, making money for their personal use. They disconnected the odometer and left it disconnected; it was still disconnected when it was finally returned to Amirante and Motta.)

Another motion filed that day was to compel the prosecution to disclose whether it would request the death penalty. The prosecution averred that it should not be compelled at that time to answer. It would only say that if it got a conviction it would then seek that penalty. The state's attorney's office was the bailiwick of politician Bernard Carey, who was at that time in his push for re-election and who knew the favorable public impression that could be made by a death penalty pronouncement. As throughout the trial, the convenient brotherhood of politics and law reared its powerful head.

On January 30, my next court date, the state moved to extend the exploration and excavation of the Summerdale property, contending that there had been five search warrants issued and voicing a remonstrance to the cease and desist motion. Amirante protested that Judge Garippo had not yet ruled on the motions of January 10 and that to allow them to go further would be to grant them a fishing license. He demanded to be shown by evidence why the court would justify any continuance of the search—that they were already outside the bounds of the original warrants. Garippo tried straddling the fence and wouldn't address the issue, claiming it was all too confusing. Finally he took refuge in the weather saying, "I think that in view of the fact that the weather is so bad anyway, I don't think much work can be done in the next few days. So, before I would sign this order for further exploration, I might as well litigate quickly the issue of the search warrants. Because if the search warrants would be invalid, I would be extending an invalid search warrant." (Transcripts, pages 68-69.)

Judge Garippo set a hearing for February 16 so he could start ruling on some of the motions



that had been filed. So on that date the first of many hearings were held for motions prior to trial. The two issues of the day were the matters of illegal arrest and the questionable search warrants. Amirante wanted both issues dealt with so as to create a chronology and a sequential order for the trial.

The first search warrant was issued before my arrest and the second while they were holding me at the station on the drug charge. The first officer called as a witness was a member of the surveillance team. Amirante used him to show that Des Plaines and Niles, where the arrest took place, were not adjoining communities and therefore the officers were out of their jurisdiction. His other purpose was to show the illegality of the marijuana charge. I had no marijuana on my person at the time of the arrest, none in my vehicle, and was not observed by police to have rid from my person anything resembling marijuana. But in cross-examination the officer claimed that, earlier that day, he had seen me pass to another person what he believed to be marijuana cigarettes in a plastic bag; that, following my departure from the gas station, he recovered the bag from the owner who said that I had given it to his employee. So the officer wasn't sure that it came from me, nor was it tested prior to my arrest. Actually, they didn't know at the time of my arrest if it was marijuana.

Under re-direct questioning, Amirante wanted to know why the officer waited three hours before making the arrest, and why there wasn't an arrest warrant obtained during that time. Since the officer was assigned to the Des Plaines police department and the arrest was made in Park Ridge, were the Park Ridge police notified? No. Did they take me to a station in the district I was arrested in? No. The officer stated that he had followed me from the municipal limits of Park Ridge into Norwood Park, through Norridge, on into Chicago, making a stop in each municipality, even talking to me before stopping me in Niles.

When in hot pursuit of a culprit, the police have the right to pass from one jurisdiction into another. The officer admitted that he was not in hot pursuit, that Gacy was not fleeing or eluding. Garippo ruled that it was not "hot pursuit." Amirante made the point, "So they didn't have jurisdiction (since it was not) hot pursuit."

Amirante went over the officers' log which stated that I was picked up at 12:15 p.m. and, although never formally charged with possession, I was at 10:30 p. m. charged with murder. He pointed out that I was not charged with murder until the following morning, so in fact I was kidnapped and forcefully and illegally detained (transcript, pages 85-137).

The next witness was Greg Bedoe, investigator with the Cook County Sheriff's Department. Amirante quickly established that Bedoe had never investigated any person other than me in the disappearance of the Piest boy. It was affirmed that no other suspect existed in his mind from the first moment he suspected me until the moment of my arrest; that he directed an investigation without a shred of evidence linking me to a crime. Amirante was able to get Bedoe to testify that his office was responsible for my arrest and, more important, that I had been detained for thirteen and a half hours until they could obtain a warrant for my arrest.



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Amirante then reminded the Court that there were three things that had to be decided: first, whether there was any authority to arrest (which he doubted); second, whether there was probable cause for the arrest (certainly nothing pressing since the action wasn't taken for three hours); and third, that legal process was ignored and that the detention was for the purpose of putting undue pressure on me. For the arrest to have been legal, I should have been brought to the Niles police department where the arrest was made or to the Park Ridge police department in the district where the offense (the transfer of marijuana) took place.

The third witness to be called was another officer from the surveillance team. He testified that on the night of December 19 he went into my house to use the bathroom and while there noticed a foul odor hanging in the air. When the heating unit clicked on the odor became more distinct and putrid. The state's attorney guided the officer to say that the odor was similar to that of a decomposing body. He had been on the police force eight years and in that time had been in the presence of more than forty bodies that were in a state of decomposition; the smell was the same.

In cross examination Amirante attacked the officer's self-proclaimed talent for identifying the nature and source of scents. He asked the officer why, if he was so certain of his talent, did he postpone relating this powerful information to his superiors for the next forty hours? Continuing his attack on the officer's ability to detect that kind of odor, Amirante asked, "You know that there are things that smell similar to putrefied human bodies, is that correct?"

"That's correct."

"Among those things would be decaying vegetables, for instance, is that correct?"

The witness answered, "I would imagine, under certain circumstances."

"Among those things would be decaying non-human, animal bodies; is that correct?"

"Correct."

"Among those things would be feces, either human or animal, is that correct?"

Again he answered, "Correct." (Transcript, pages 211-212)

Amirante re-addressed the court on the issue to quash the arrest and the tainted second search warrant. He brought these facts to light: "There was absolutely no testimony showing that Mr. Gacy was attempting to avoid arrest and there was no hot pursuit. That is the status of the law in Illinois. It's statutory, Judge: Chapter 24, sections 747 and 748. Section 7-47 defines a police district: A police district is the territory which is embraced within the corporate limits of adjoining municipalities." (Pre-trial transcript page 18)



He then pointed out the results of the testimony of witnesses: "The point is that the arrest, and it was brought out by Officer Bedoe in the extensive cross-examination of the state, it was a subterfuge, a ploy, a pretext to get Mr. Gacy in custody in hopes that something would be found. With all the information that was collected, allegedly collected, because we don't have it in the complaints for the warrants. No request was made for arrest warrants; a second search warrant had not been prepared and was issued only after Mr. Gacy was in custody for seven hours." (Pre-trial transcripts, pp. 219-220)

Amirante compared this to the classic case of *Brown vs. Illinois* in the U.S. Supreme Court [cited at 422 U. S. 590], which came up in 1975 after a murder conviction. Brown was arrested by Chicago police without a warrant for the purpose of conducting another investigation. While being detained, he waived his Miranda rights and voluntarily gave statements when confronted with items found during a search. This case, too, was one of illegal detention. The matter of the Miranda rights was immaterial because the issue in that case, as well as mine, was not the Sixth Amendment but the violation of the Fourth Amendment unreasonable search and seizure. That's what Amirante was now questioning. Brown was found guilty, but later, by an 8 to 0 decision, the Supreme Court reversed the verdict. Amirante: To make an arrest without authority is certainly unreasonable. The arrest was a sham and according to the high court you cannot profit from your own wrong; that to violate the man's constitutional rights is no better, no better than violating the law.

When Amirante finished, William Kunkle argued for the state that the one had nothing to do with the other, that nothing was gained by the arrest to render it dismissible or to allow the defense to quash the search warrant; and, even if it had been illegal, they had plenty of ground to arrest me, maybe even earlier than they did.

The judge gave Amirante a chance to respond and clear up a few questions for the court, but my attorney's lack of experience and background in criminal law left him nonplussed. Garippo asked, "Do you have a case of a police officer's district, if it's an otherwise legal arrest, was made out of his district by a peace officer of this state would give to suppression of evidence?"

Amirante responded, "No, your honor; not specifically."

Garippo gave Amirante several chances to help the court make a decision in support of what Amirante had said during the hearing, but Sam couldn't follow through. So Judge Garippo stated, "The motion is entitled—the motion to quash arrest and suppress evidence. I have always stated that there is no motion in law as a motion to quash arrest. The Court only makes a determination as to the validity of the arrest when it comes into, when the Court has to determine whether or not evidence seized as a result of unlawful arrest is subject to suppression. (Pre-trial transcripts, page 253)

So my even assuming at the worst for the state that the arrest was illegal under *Brown*, the court has to make a determination as to the connection between the arrest and the actual



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taking of the statement . . . So the motion to quash arrest which I, again, I don't think there is such a motion—it is commonly filed, but I have always stated there is no such a motion—but I make a finding that there is no showing that the arrest of John Gacy at 12:15 is in any way connected with his statement some thirteen hours, some thirteen hours later in the presence of an attorney and against the advice of his, against the advice of his attorney. So the motion to suppress evidence will be denied." (Pre-trial transcripts, page 254-256)

He then set over his ruling on the search warrant until February 21, 1979.

The hearing that day had lasted until almost five o'clock. You could feel the tentativeness in the courtroom. There was fear of the unknown terrain and the danger that an indiscreet move might cause, and no one wanted to make an unretractable error. The law was playing second fiddle to the pressure of the ever-present news people, the political pressure on those involved who had re-election to deal with, worrying about the public whose rancorous feelings were the result of, and were being fed by, the media.

And, like the politician he was, the judge equivocated throughout the trial. Never did he show the precision and clean-cut language one expects of a jurist. He claimed that there was no motion such as Amirante raised, "quashing of the arrest," yet it continued to be allowed during the hearing.

I had asked for F. Lee Bailey as a counselor and the need was now evident. The lack of experience of Amirante and Motta, both young and newly out of the Public Defender's Office, having only five years of experience, was showing. My case was of a magnitude that could have proven awesome to any lawyer in the country. It was a unique case and its technical difficulties were redoubled by the centripetal pressures of media-brainwashed public, the media itself and concerned politicians.

On February 21, at 11:50 a. m., the hearing was called to order by Judge Garippo. The motion before the court dealt with quashing the search warrant of December 13, the second of December 21, the third and fourth of the 22nd, and a fifth issued on December 29. The reason for introducing all five together was that the ruling was going to affect all five. If the first or second one fell, the rest would fall by the domino theory. Mr. Motta would attack the face of the warrants, then what is called the four corners of each.

In his opening remarks Motta said, "I believe that the law is clear, Your Honor, with respect to the person and the place to be described. There is the requirement that the person to be searched and the place to be searched be described with particularity and specificity. The description must be so specific, in fact so accurate, as to avoid any unnecessary or unauthorized invasion of the right of security. It should identify the premises so accurately that it leaves no discretion whatsoever to the police officer."

The "first corner" of a search warrant regards the person. The warrant of the 13th stated that John Wayne Gacy was to be searched, but gave nothing in the way of description of the



person. Point one ignored by the police.

The "second corner" of a warrant regards the place. That search warrant gave an incorrect address, namely Norridge, Illinois, rather than Norwood Park Township. This mistake alone should have invalidated the warrant.

The "third corner" of a warrant regards the naming and description of any items to be seized. Quoting from the warrant: "Light-blue down jacket with hood; tan-colored levi pants, brown wedge-type suede shoes, lace type. Brown leather wallet, Levi T-shirt, along with hair samples, blood-stained clothing, dry blood samples along with three vehicles, which list them one by one . . ." [Pre-trial transcripts, page 268]

Motta tore that apart by saying that if you're going to a home where only male persons live, what else would you find besides male clothing? The descriptions of the property to be seized were not sufficiently detailed. It didn't state who the jacket belonged to or even the size. No mention was made of the kind of material or if it was zipper or button-down. The inadequate description could have fit those belonging to any number of people who frequented my house. "Brown leather wallet"—half the men in Chicago carry a brown leather wallet. There was not even a caution to look for identification in such a wallet. "T-shirt, levi pants;" again there was no way to tell from the warrant who these items might belong to, had such been found. "Hair samples;" whose hair? What color? What length? As far as the warrant concerned itself, it could have been my hair they would seize. The effect of the warrant was to give the police a fishing license. According to their inventory they seized 39 items from the house, **none of which were listed on the warrant**. This is known as illegal search and seizure.

The "fourth corner" of a search warrant concerns probable cause. The complaint for a warrant must show probable cause that certain evidence is going to be found where an informant says it is; in this case, a reason to believe that Robert Piast would be found at my house. Such could not have been shown in the complaint for this warrant. No one could have put the two of us together; we were not seen conversing, near each other or even in the same area after Piast walked out the drugstore. Nor did we talk to each other in the store regarding work. It was pure speculation that since he left the store to talk with a prospective employer, that man had to be me. Robert Piast never said that he was going to talk to John Gacy, nor did anyone see us talking together outside the store. "Total speculation," Motta told the court. Those were simple, uncomplicated facts.

The state defended every corner of the warrant. Kunkle claimed he didn't think it necessary to give any more detailed description of the blue jacket, and he felt that the general items listed on the warrant were adequate. Concerning the items seized but not listed on the warrant, he used the clause from the rule of "plain view evidence."

The attorneys cited court cases relevant to their respective stands. Amirante again claimed it amounted to a fishing expedition, a general search of the sort prohibited by all the courts in the land. He said a search warrant can't be general in its descriptions, that it must state



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specifically what is sought and where it will be found. He closed his day's presentation on that note.

The confused Judge Garippo talked out of both sides of his mouth. It was like he was looking for someone to get him out of the mess; reading from the public record of the pre-trial transcripts, you can decide for yourself.

Judge Garippo: "Well, I know that you don't mean to say that good police work can ever constitute the violation of someone's constitutional rights. As I read this complaint for search warrant and the search warrant, and the first one of the problems that we all have is that it is inartfully drawn, from looking at the inventory of the things seized here, apparently the police did turn it into somewhat of a general search by taking things far removed from the warrant, or I imagine in many of these items might be difficult to justify under any plain-evidence rule.

"The problem, first problem that I see with it is that, and I wish both sides would address themselves to the specific problem of once you have probable cause connecting Piest with Gacy, do you have, does either side have any cases with respect to going on to the next step, or what argument do you have with respect to going to Gacy's home, to search, searching of Gacy's home and his trucks for the issuance of a warrant?

"Now, does anyone have anything right now to cite to the court with respect to the issue of the probable cause as to Gacy and then leaping over into his house? When I say leaping, you know, for the issuing a search warrant for his house?"

Mr. Motta: "Judge, do you mean to ask whether connecting Mr. Gacy with Robert Piest or the missing boy is sufficient—"

The Court: "To justify the search of the house."

Motta: "To justify a search? Well, I think all the cases that go to probable cause would certainly answer that question, Judge."

The Court: "Anything specific? Do you have anything specific?"

Reading the record, it would seem that Garippo was looking for the state to fill in the blanks to support the warrants. He stalled the ruling, reaching for straws. To rule in favor of the defendant seemed fearful to him. If he pursued the letter of the law, the state's case would have crumbled. He would not rule; he equivocated.

Going back to the transcripts:

Motta: "But is this sufficient certainty in, and the Court feels that there is sufficient to connect from, from the facts in that complaint that a crime has been or is being committed and the evidence is where it's supposed to be, and I think it does not. I think the Court

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has—"

The Court: "Well, anyway I have ruled against you on the first point. In other words, there is probable cause to feel that a crime is being committed, and that there is probable cause to feel that John Gacy may in fact be responsible. But the next question is, is there probable cause to feel, to go to his home to search his home? That's, I think, the question."

Kunkle: "I think that's again a reasonable inference to believe that if in fact John Gacy, as suggested by the probable cause in a search warrant, abducted the Piest boy, that a reasonable place to take him would be his residence, and the way to take him there would be in one of those vehicles."

The Court: "Here is what I want to do. I am going to put this over to three o'clock. There are a few cases I talked to you that I want to read in the meantime. I also want to finish up one other matter that I had started. I will put this over till three o'clock. Okay."

What he did was give the prosecution gratis time to find cases to support their position for the probable cause of "leaping" to the house.

At three o'clock, when the court reconvened, the prosecution had been able to find three cases which they claimed supported their justification for the search warrant. Amirante objected that the probable cause in each of those cases was much stronger than in mine because of the presence of an eyewitness in each one, putting two parties together at the scene of a crime. In my case there were no eyewitness. The complaint for the warrant merely stated that Robert Piest went to see a contractor but did not give the name of the contractor; no one knows even now who he met.

But Amirante's lack of legal knowledge doomed us on the issues of the search warrants. Garippo, without even reading the cases, denied the motion to quash the warrant of December 13.

Amirante raised the same argument for the next warrant. Kunkle maintained that the warrant didn't come out of the first, now valid, warrant; that it could stand alone. Kunkle was riding high now. He not only had Garippo's ear, but he had him by the hand, leading him through a mine field which he couldn't negotiate alone. This is Garippo's judgement following the state's first legal victory:

The Court: "All right. Well, I have spent a great deal of time reading your motions, and going from the last warrant to the first, it seems that each warrant certainly gets progressively better based on whatever, what was discovered in the first warrant: first leads to the second, second to third, and all the way down the line. So apparently, certainly after the second warrant is issued, and apparently skeletal remains are found, certainly the probable cause increased and the statements come in and what have you.

"In examining the second warrant, based on my ruling on the first, the second warrant has



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two things: it has the facts of the first, plus the receipt and the smell of odors or the smell of bodies. I would think that even if, actually, even if, the first warrant had been, had been quashed and you deleted that item, that of the receipt being found, there would still be sufficient probable cause to issue the second warrant based on the facts alleged in the first, and the conversation with Officer Schultz about the odor of bodies.

"However, I think, I think the first warrant and the recovery of the first receipt is in fact valid. So the motion to quash all of the search warrants will be denied." (Pre-trial transcripts, pages 300-317)

The defense lost every point that day. The defense should have won every point that day. The rest of the day's hearing covered only the petition to hold up further exploration, which the judge put over until the next court date, February 28. Some argument was made about an appeal of the rulings on the search warrant and the arrest; all else would flow from the basis of those rulings. The court was quick to deny after Kunkle stated that an appeal was classified as a civil matter and that no appellate court would rule on such prior to a verdict.

On February 28 the motion play continued with the same players in the same roles. Amirante brought up motions that had been filed January 10, seeking answers and opinions from the judge. The first motion was to dismiss the indictments, based on pre-indictment publicity—that the grand jury had to be tainted because of the insidious effect of adverse publicity. Kunkle was the judge's advocate, declaring that there was no precedent in law on which Amirante could base his motion. He cited the *Hanrahan vs. Barbara Sears* case wherein the Supreme Court said you can't look behind the grand jury after the fact. Garippo concurred without hesitation. My attorneys had no counter attack. It was foolish of them to make such a motion without a backup plan. Their inexperience was frustrating and frightening.

Amirante was persistent though callow. Now he wanted a ruling on the motion to quash the arrest, disregarding Garippo's claim that no such motion existed in law. Amirante pressed the issue, asking if it wasn't an illegal arrest. Garippo: "If pushed for a ruling, I stated before, I would have to rule that it was legal; but, again, it would be a gratuitous finding on my part. So I'll prepare an opinion if you wish. I won't promise you I will file it because I don't know if I should file it. I will tell you what it will say; it will say that the arrest was in fact legal, and I don't want to state all the reasons now because I'm removed from transcript."

Amirante brought up the motion which had asked for a cease and desist order against the search warrants. Garippo: "Your motion to cease and desist will be denied based on my prior ruling last week on specific order to continue the exploration." Amirante raised the issue of the protective order which was to cover all law enforcement. He had already filed two contempt-of-court petitions, against Dr. Bob Stein and Sheriff Richard Elrod, now he was going to file one against Chief Lee Alfano of the Des Plaines police, who was quoted in the *Chicago Sun-Times* regarding my prior criminal history. Garippo, ruffled by a sugges-



tion that there might be a leak from his office as well, said, "I will take out a contempt number on that one, too. The law is clear, and it's a rule of the Supreme Court that once a protective order is handed down, everyone must abide by it. These people are in a position to know better." His histrionics were impeccable.

The last order of business for the day was a notice that if any more indictments were to be filed, it would have to be done no later than the 25th of April so that the defense would be able to prepare its case concurrently with the state. Sullivan then asked for an order allowing "samples of the defendant's blood sufficient for typing, identification samples of head hair, samples of pubic hair, and handwriting samples likewise sufficient for identification." Garippo promptly granted the motion.

Before ending the hearing, Garippo reminded both sides that "the Psychiatric Institute by Dr. Riefman is not to be discussed, as he would be considered a witness, and, as such, is barred from making his report public. Both sides are instructed not to divulge the content of the report, as Dr. Reifman is a mere opinion of a witness, and disclosure of that witness' testimony would be prohibited under the original protective order."

When the court was convened on April 25th, the first order of business was my arraignment that morning in another courtroom for twenty-six separate indictments of murder, in addition to the seven that were already on file. Kunkle wanted indictment 79-69, that of Robert Piest, to be heard first and wanted to introduce evidence relative to all the acts that had been alleged in all the indictments. Amirante objected to allowing the state to use evidence from all the matters charged to me in this first single case. That would make it possible for the state to confuse the separate cases. The effect would be to try me on thirty-three indictments in order to get a verdict on only one; if that verdict went against them, they would have thirty-two more chances.

Another subject brought up for review that session was the personal property taken from my house by the county and not used as evidence. In securing a competent defense, money is the name of the game. The longer the state could tie up my funds and property, the better their chance to get a head start in the case. You would think that if they'd had a solid case they wouldn't need to do that, and our feeling was that they didn't want to go ahead with all the charges. We knew they couldn't be proven. There were rumors that they would agree to drop all the other charges if I would plead guilty to five counts of murder, which of course I refused to do.

Amirante stated it succinctly: "It is beginning to appear that any property being held is held so that Mr. Gacy cannot run a defense."

Garippo replied, "If the vehicles are not returned by May 9, show me by what authority they continue to hold it." But the county was allowed to charge me storage for my personal property in their warehouse. Garippo was playing both sides of the fence now, attempting to show some token of impartiality in his handling of the personal property release issue.



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Next he wanted to set a trial date for late Fall of 1979. He wanted all discovery information from both sides completed by June 1, and all psychiatric evaluation entered by the same date. It was the largest case in Illinois history and he wanted it ready for trial in less than six months. He was crowding us unfairly.

I could not figure out what direction Amirante was going. The state was sure having its way in the courtroom. The few minor victories that Amirante and Motta had won didn't even put a dent in the state's case. Our lack of funds, my lawyers' inexperience in handling cases of that magnitude, keeping me in the dark—these were the things frustrating me. A continuous argument between Amirante and me didn't help either. He was dedicated like a captain on a sinking ship; stubborn, rife with professional ego problems; unwilling to admit he needed help.

On July 16 when court was convened I was not present; for the court record it was said that I had been in Cook County Hospital since the middle of June. Without my knowledge or consent Amirante filed a motion for joinder of prosecutions. Judge Garippo was quick to point out that he felt that the defendant should be present in court to approve the intent of the motion. What Amirante was attempting to do in joinder was to have all thirty-three indictments heard at the same time, one trial for all. If he won, the state could not come back with any of the others. The state had elected to bring up evidence of all thirty-three murders and use the collective evidence to swamp a single case. That procedure was purely out of order; if they lost, it meant nothing to them—they would have thirty-two more chances to attack. It was like a prize fighter getting a title fight with a clause in the contract stating that if he lost he would be re-scheduled to meet the same opponent thirty-two more times, or until he won. I had been against joinder because it was putting all the eggs in one basket—if you drop the basket you lose all the eggs. But Amirante reasoned that to try the murders in sequence would be financially impossible, psychologically damaging and a tremendous physical strain; such an approach would be totally outside the bounds of litigious equity. Garippo set it aside until July 26 for hearing.

When that day arrived I was still in the hospital for medical reasons; for the record it was stipulated that I was physically unable to be brought to court. I wasn't told about this hearing and learned of it only after it was over. It was also stipulated that a Doctor Faibisoff could be called to testify that I was physically unable to be there. To me it was bullshit. I was up and around, dressed—all they had to do was come and get me. Instead, I watched the Cubs' game on television. Judge Garippo set the next court date for August 28. We knew he was concerned about losing any time and having to set back the trial date. He was determined to start the trial on September 24. Pressure—pressure on him that found its way to us.

On August 28 I was brought into court for the hearing. Amirante moved to dismiss several of the indictments, the ones charging me with murders of unidentified bags of bones. He insisted that I couldn't be charged with any murder when no identification had been made. The state was changing the numbers on the bags and double jeopardy was to be considered; I might end up being tried more than once on any skeleton. Garippo, impatient, didn't want



to hear Amirante's full argument and rendered a flat denial of the motion to dismiss.

The court was then asked to rule on the joinder motion. The following is taken from the public record:

The Court: "All right. In analyzing the pleadings that have been filed in this case, and in view of the fact that in the pleadings the state has made an election to try one indictment, as indicated, that they would seek to introduce evidence of the other thirty-two in their case, and in view of the fact that the defendant has filed an answer with a general denial and also raising the affirmative defense of insanity, it is apparent that it would not serve the ends of justice to separate these and to fragment the prosecution as to thirty-three separate prosecutions.

"In the first place, it would be physically impossible, and perhaps legally impossible, to ever try the defendant for more than perhaps two, in view of the fact that after a prosecution for one, under the statute, all other charges must be disposed of within 160 days from the final disposition of the first case. And in view of the type of contentions that will be made during the course of the trial that would preclude any trial other than—more than one trial, if the defendant answered for trial after the first trial.

"There would also be problems that would come up with respect to estoppel. If evidence of one were heard and evidence of thirty-two was made part of the first there would be problems with respect to estoppel. If we will say the state obtained what they considered an unfavorable verdict, there would be problems of estoppel. And in view of the fact that the state would seek to introduce the evidence of the other crimes, and in view of the fact that the defendant has affirmatively acquiesced—is that my understanding?"

Mr. Amirante: "That's correct."

The Court: "You have discussed this with your client?"

Mr. Amirante: "Judge, if we do we would prefer to be heard in chambers, outside the presence, based on the—I believe it is the Romano case, a United States Supreme Court decision, particularly in this situation, if the defendant is going to make any kind of statement on the record."

Mr. Sullivan: "Ask him if this is what he wants to do."

Mr. Motta: "We have on several occasions discussed the matter with Mr. Gacy and it is our representation to the Court that he has acquiesced."

Mr. Kunkle: "Judge, I think the record can reflect that Mr. Amirante is conferring with Mr. Gacy at this moment."

Mr. Amirante: "Judge, again, I just discussed it with him now, of course, he would be will-



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ing to go on the record. But we, number one, object to his going on the record at this time. And if he did, we would ask that it be done outside the courtroom in chambers."

Mr. Motta: "Well, what representation did he make?"

Mr. Amirante: "He made a representation that he acquiesces in the trial."

The Court: "So the motion to join—All right, motion of the defendant to join the prosecution will be allowed. All thirty-three cases will be tried at one time."

That's all part of the public record, pages 402 to 405, but you will note that not one word actually came from me, and never at that time had that issue been discussed with me. Amirante and Motta both knew when the subject had come up before that I was against it. Even Motta, at the end of that part of the proceeding, asked Amirante, "What representation did he make?" Now why would Motta ask, if, as he claimed earlier, that he had talked with me several times, he should have known what the answer was. I couldn't even spell the word acquiesce, let alone understand what it meant in criminal law. The only thing I was asked during that hearing was how I was feeling. Never in open court, during the entire twelve months of hearings, did Amirante ever discuss any motions with me. He would only tell me to look spaced out, as if I was bored with what was going on. That wasn't hard. I didn't know anything about how a criminal trial was handled, so I never knew if we won a motion or lost one until I would see Amirante back at the jail for a discussion—if he even came.

Other motions were filed in chambers. One was a motion for toxicological tests to determine the amount of drugs in the victims. Another was a motion to compel the state to comply with discovery. The state was still stalling on discovery.

On October 21, without funds for defense, Amirante petitioned for appointment of counsel, stating that I was without funds and that I wished to retain both himself and Motta. These were some of the papers that I unwittingly signed when they visited me at the jail from time to time. Sometimes he would explain what I was signing, other times papers would be handed to me for a signature as they were about to leave: "Oh, by the way, sign these motions, I nearly forgot about them."

By this time Amirante had brainwashed me into believing that F. Lee Bailey would do me no good, that I was better off sticking with him and Motta as they had everything worked out. In the motion for appointment he stated how the state had destroyed my residence on Summerdale which had had a market value of \$100,000, and the vacant lot, which was now unmarketable, had been worth another \$20,000, and that they had gone through all of my cash—\$23,000. He said that to continue my defense they would need to be officially court-appointed along with concomitant expenses for forty-five investigators from the Cook County Public Defender's Office. Garippo approved both motions.

On October 24 Amirante filed a motion to appoint a market research firm to conduct a sur-



vey to determine how much damage had been created by pre-trial publicity and what the chances were for me to obtain a fair trial in Chicago, or anywhere. On November 6 he entered a motion for an amended supplement for appointment of the marketing firm. With still no ruling being made on that by November 30, he pushed for an order of publicity analysis and another to change the place of the trial. He also wanted a review of a vast collection of news clippings to show the degree of adverse publicity.

On December 11 he filed a memorandum in support of defendant's motions regarding change of venue, citing major cases such as Elmer Wayne Henley of Texas, and Charles Manson and Juan Corona of California. Garippo set these over for hearing to January 7, 1980. He then approved Editec, Inc., to do a public survey and retrieve media coverage from five Illinois counties—Champaign, McLean, Peoria, Sangamon and Winnebago—which had been chosen as possible sites for the venue change. This was a false compromise, designed by the state, which would affect nothing. He then granted a motion for a subpoena of issuance against the news media to appear in court January 7, ordering about twenty media out of Chicago to bring what information they had in their files on the case.

On Monday, January 7, the hearing was jam-packed, with much of the crowd being media representatives. Across the board they objected to the court order to make them open all their records. For those who had failed to bring in their records, a "show cause" order was demanded. They claimed that to gather, purvey and show this storehouse would take at least thirty days if they worked 24 hours a day, just to cover the electronic media alone. Garippo was pleased to let the state and the defense stipulate that there existed that much videotape without his having to monitor it all. Always present in his mind was to keep the trial hearing moving apace; to get all the preliminaries out of the way swiftly (if not as conveniently) as possible, and move toward the trial proper.

After agreeing to the material being presented, Motta called his witness, Dr. Richard Ney, to show how the Chicago media coverage would taint a chance for a fair trial with a Chicago jury. Dr. Ney presented exhibits of graphs and charts showing comparative publicity appearing from December of 1978 to November of 1979 from the five selected counties. The numbers of articles that appeared were: Winnebago County, 35; McLean, 89; Peoria, 43; Sangamon, 87; and Champaign, 49. For comparison he used Cook County's two leading newspapers: 142 articles had been run in the Tribune and 114 in the Sun Times. His graph clearly showed the difference between Cook County's high of 256 articles and Winnebago's 35. What it failed to show was that Winnebago County also had a large paid circulation of the Chicago papers, which should have been taken into consideration.

Dr. Ney also explained the emotional impact of the articles, citing the public's feeling when the word homosexuality was used in early issues of the Chicago newspapers before they discontinued its use: "This particular issue has an emotional impact on most people because of their feelings about homosexuality being perverse sexual behavior."

Another point he made was the result of the media's pairing of the word homosexuality with the word mass murderer. "The term mass murderer certainly had an emotional



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impact on the reading individual not only because it involves the topic of death, but also because it involves the death of more than one person in a violent way." He was convinced that this practice undeniably creates an indelible mindset and mood. Even though it had been discontinued, the influence was preponderant and the damage done.

"Another type of article which had an emotional impact were those comparing Mr. Gacy with convicted mass murderers," which he called "guilt by association."

The last area of articles which Dr. Ney discussed were those which talked about legal issues but tended to use what, in his judgment, were either inflammatory or emotionally loaded. For an example he mentioned one article by Roger Simon on January 12 entitled, "Beating the Rap; Gacy's Options." In the article, presumably about the defense options in the case for trial, "There was use of particular words which might be considered to be emotionally loaded, such as using the words 'beat the rap,' which has for the individual strong emotional connotations. Then the use of the word 'freaking out' when talking about an insanity plea; 'copping out' when talking about plea bargaining; using the terms 'hanging tough' and 'hiding in the weeds,' an apparent reference to the type of defense used in the Elmer Wayne Henley case in Texas."

Dr. Ney went on to cite certain articles out of Chicago papers such as one in the Tribune of January 24 headlined "Prosecutors Question Gacy about 29 Bodies" which quoted Dr. Stein as saying, "A sane person could have done this and could go to the electric chair." Another article quoted Stein, "The placement of the bodies indicated a sane man had committed this crime."

Judge Garippo from time to time would interject questions as he took notes. At one point he asked, "Were there any similar articles from, supposedly attributed to, public officials appearing outside Cook County?"

"Yes, there were; the articles appeared in the other counties but not with the volume or high frequency of Cook County, particularly the statements by Dr. Stein."

Motta, after examining Dr. Ney for some three hours, asked him how his analysis identified with well-accepted theories and principles in psychology: the primacy-recency effect, the halo effect, the law of proximity, and the various principles which are assumed under the title cognitive memory theory. Dr. Ney explained, "The material remembered at the beginning of a time frame, such as December of 1978, with the greatest volume of material, is called the primacy factor. In between, by virtue of just memory decay, a person is going to forget certain details, but those details which were more emotionally impacting will remain retained. This is called latent memory, where the person stores the information. Then, as the time of trial comes closer, as more material is being generated, it is a reasonable assumption that this latent memory will be triggered and retrieved; therefore, if a person has more latent memory at the beginning, more of this memory then will be retrieved as new information is received.



"The next theory, the halo effect, is a well-known and well-established psychological principle which states that information that you receive about an individual, personal characteristics, will influence your judgments about what that person has to say or other subsequent information that you may receive about that person. So in essence then, any information that an individual would gather or hear or obtain in any way about John Wayne Gacy after having been labeled a homosexual or a mass murderer would be received by that individual or interpreted under the color of that label that was placed on him, even if it's not a fact.

"The final theory is the law of proximity. This applies to the placement of newspaper articles next to each other and so on. Example: A news story might be placed in a television broadcast in order of importance, the opening story hype."

Mr. Kunkle answered, "The state doesn't have very much in argument response, but to simply say we are not an adversary, in the sense, in this proceeding. Obviously, we have no objection to the defendant receiving a fair trial."

With that Judge Garippo concluded, "It's apparent from examination of the publicity that has been gathered in these several weeks, since the filing of the motion, that the publicity cannot be avoided no matter where this case would be tried in the state of Illinois.

"In examining the material, I find that there is a substantial decrease of publicity outside of Cook County, perhaps strikingly so. Therefore, the place of trial of this case is being transferred to Winnebago County, the trial to begin on January 28, 1980.

"By agreement of the parties, the place of trial is merely being transferred for the purpose of selection of the jury. After the time of selection of jury, the case will be transferred back to Cook County."

With that decision, the court was recessed until going to Rockford in Winnebago County for the jury selection.



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CHAPTER 7

The Investigations

Cook County morgue





How does an accused start an investigation, knowing that the state has a couple of months' head start? How effective could it be after profuse damaging publicity, charges made with false substantiation, has created so negative an impression on the public mind? Most of the publicity involved stories deliberately leaked by law-enforcement officials in violation of the law!

My lawyers were hampered by a rhythm set by the State Attorney's Office—a chess game wherein a player cannot plan or make a move until the adversary makes his. Amirante was slow in getting started, having to wait for the state to tender statements of witnesses and to show what evidence it had under the motions of discovery. The state would continue this delaying game until it was forced by the court to make its move.

In a case of this magnitude the problems become tenfold. Every person who made a relevant claim had to be interviewed and a statement taken from each and evaluated to determine how much of the story as printed was fact and how much was fabricated by the reporter to make it more interesting. Many times, paragraph after paragraph was created from only one sentence of data, the remainder being fantasy, allegation, innuendo.

Amirante checked with me once or twice a week, asking if this or that scrap had any foundation; if I had ever worked in DuPage, or out of Calumet City; if I knew this guy or the one who said that about me. We spent long hours sorting fact from fiction in every media story. I finally told Sam, "You know, if all these stories were true, I'd have had to spend twenty four hours a day doing nothing but this stuff."

He looked at me and smiled for a change. "Yeah, you're right, but I still have to ask you 'cause we're not sure which of these people the state intends to use as witnesses to try to prove you're that type." I was beginning to believe there had to be two or three of me out there—no one person could have done all the things that were attributed to me. Some of the tales told happened simultaneously.

This extensive checking—investigating—was just one of the many difficulties Amirante and Stevens faced in the beginning. Sam sorely needed help, someone with another train of thinking, someone with new questions, more expertise, more cunning in criminal trials. He came to realize this need after a while.

His "solution" was Bob Motta, another untested attorney from the Public Defender's Office. Bob was like Sam in that neither had been in private practice, getting their bones working for the county since graduation from law school. But in January, when Sam introduced us, I didn't worry about that, not realizing that I was in so much trouble. I honestly felt that the state's case against me wouldn't wash. The evidence was circumstantial, insubstantial. The charges could not stand up under the questioning, explanation, the clearing testimony that I felt would certainly emerge during the course of a trial. With the state's tunnel vision of my guilt, their trying to put a noose around my neck, they had closed their eyes to any other suspect. Like an inept tailor, they patterned the case to fit me, but it would prove to be a size-48 suit draped on a size-38 frame. But the public and its



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microcosm, the jury, had the same tunnel vision—I was guilty before the trial started.

In January another investigation was conducted, apart from the state or the defense. The Secret Service for the White House interrogated me after the Chicago Tribune, on January 21, published a picture of me standing beside Rosalyn Carter, the president's wife. She had autographed the picture, "To John Gacy. Best Wishes. Rosalyn Carter." The occasion was the reception of guests following the Polish Constitution Day parade and ceremonies. I had been the parade director for three years and coordinated the First Lady's movements from the time she arrived in Chicago until the end of the reception. The autographed picture was her way of expressing her appreciation.

But the Secret Service was embarrassed that an "ex-con" could have gotten so close to their ward. I had become a different person from the man who served fourteen months in an Iowa jail, but that didn't lessen their embarrassment. Their purpose in visiting me in the Cook County jail was only to caution me not to give any statement to any news service—Washington could handle the rest. Of course by that time I could understand their not wanting me to come within a light-year of the newsmakers.

The picture had been in my home, prominently displayed, since I had received it in September, 1978. I had earned it and I was proud of it. The police stole it and sold it.

In the first three months not much of our investigation was done. Sam was relying on what I was giving him, studying what the state had and intended to use, comparing it with my versions. I was able to help by disproving the media stories, telling him where I was at the time the stories were written as taking place. Otherwise, not much ground was being covered.

Sam and Bob were having to rely on friends in the Public Defender's Office to track down the accusations. Several investigators they knew were volunteering their spare time but were armed with sticks and stones in a modern-day battle. Our efforts were a far cry from what the State Attorney's Office could do with an army of police and special investigators, digging up everything they could find about me and perverting it when it didn't fit the image they were palming off on the public. Finally in April, Amirante, with limited funds, hired two investigators to work for him. There was enough research to be done, contradictions to be sorted, indefinite gray zones in the ledgers of law to be examined and re-examined—enough work to tie up an entire legal firm. Don Bell and Mark White (not their real names), semi-private investigators, met daily with Amirante for assignments. They went out into the field to scrape, then report back with scraps and bits of the puzzle which would vindicate me if it could be completed.

Amirante introduced us, if the person they were checking out was known to me, I was to give them as much information as I could on his background and tell them where he might be found and who he associated with. In the beginning we went through some of the old employees who had keys to the house at one time or another, and who, after being fired or quitting, would want to get even with me. Since I hadn't done much of the hiring or firing,



there were only a few that I could name for them. Many of the leads and much of the information they were getting pointed to just two young men. The names of Mike Rossi and David Cram kept popping up, so they put tails on these two. Patterns began to develop from one of the two more than the other.

But Amirante terminated the watch, saying they were wasting time on it. It was my thinking that they were doing the right thing, showing that what I was saying would hold up, that recent leads had pointed to others rather than to me. He said he wasn't interested in proving a conspiracy or that others may have committed the murders. That would be no help in the insanity defense, which is what he had decided to proceed with. At times I didn't know whose side he was on; I always thought a defense attorney was supposed to defend you—to try to prove you innocent. Amirante wanted to build a case on the basis that if I had done it, I was insane at the time. I told him *he* was insane. "How the hell are you going to get twelve people to believe that I was insane thirty-three times and then went back to running a successful business?" Hell, I wouldn't believe that myself!

He always gave me the same answer: "Trust me, I know what I'm doing. This is the best way. We can win." While my ignorance is no excuse, I can see now that I should have been more insistent that things be done *my* way. I had told him time and time again that it was impossible for me to have killed all those people and not known something about it. He knew that I knew that others were responsible; others who had the motives, the opportunity, the keys.

When he tried to explain his defense strategy to me, he seemed to expect my gratitude. My suggestions were in vain; I was spouting pure common sense. My intuitions were superior to his, but he was obsessed with the idea that this was his case and he was going to do it his way. He was adamant, stubborn. If someone disagreed with him he got rid of him. Maybe that was one reason Stevens didn't last long. Finally, even Motta couldn't understand or support Amirante the way he wanted, and wrangling started. While the state was working harmoniously, there was discord in my camp.

In July he let the investigators go for lack of money and because of his disagreement with the direction they were taking. We had many arguments over that because I felt that they were my solitary hope for what we would sorely need in the trial.

From July to November just the two attorneys worked on my case, with some occasional help from Amirante's friend, an investigator dubbed "Nick the Greek." All the time, the state, with its army of muckrakers, was plowing along, manufacturing whatever they needed, withholding from us whatever they could until the last minute. Later I realized how chintzy their case was; thus the reason for their clouding their progress. Amirante never was able to exert the legal force necessary to pressure them to comply with his demand for discovery of their information. There is no doubt that if we'd had more money in hand, a more competent defense could have been constructed. The state had all the money they needed, and by blocking my assets for Amirante's use, they had tied his hands.



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On November 7, 1979, Amirante and Motta were appointed my counsel by the court with full back pay for the work they had done. In a separate order Judge Garippo read, "The Public Defender's Office is appointed for limited purpose of providing investigatory support in the above-entitled case, to be assigned to Attorneys Amirante and Motta." Now for the first time a real team could start a full-scale investigation for me. Amirante told me that the order meant that he would have some forty-five investigators assigned to him to work on the defense and that they would be accountable only to him.

It was a needed dose of optimism; I was looking upward even though we were eleven months behind the state in our investigation. With Judge Garippo pushing for trial we had to work at top speed. We had much ground to cover. We needed to talk to all the people the state had, and we were also faced with the task of interviewing seven hundred potential witnesses for the defense, people who had known me or had come into contact with me over the last six years.

During the time I was held at the Cook County jail I was isolated—a jail within a jail. I was "protected" from communication with anyone, including my family and friends. Amirante wanted to be sure that no one except for his staff could get any information from me, but by the same token I had no way to get out any plea for help when I disagreed with Amirante. He was the only one who could approve people to be added to my visiting list. He brought the group leaders in to meet me so that I would know and remember who to talk to. They came from time to time to explain what they had found and get information from me, where they might find certain people they needed to talk to, what contact I'd had with them, and general information. Again, some of these investigators kept turning up things that pointed to someone else or that could establish contact between certain employees of P.D.M. and certain victims. Amirante wasn't interested in this information because it didn't fit precisely into the defense he was shaping.

Some of our investigators were assigned to check out all the state's witness list, rehashing their statements and then asking questions to see if they could get a different slant on the information. Another team interviewed prospective witnesses for the defense to see what information they had and determining its strength or validity. A third group was to check on people who claimed to have been attacked or approached by me. In many of those it was possible to learn that they could not have taken place—my records could account for my time and whereabouts when the attacks were supposed to have happened.

For an example, one story claimed that while I was remodeling a warehouse building in Wheaton, Illinois, I had propositioned a subcontractor and then made forceful advances. The investigator found that neither P.D.M. nor I had ever worked on a warehouse in Wheaton. During the time the story had me in Wheaton I was actually in Brooklyn, New York, for two weeks. Time and again stories just as inaccurate as that made news; there were no preventive measures we could take—we had to check it all. It seemed a waste of time and manpower but it had to be done. We couldn't afford to miss talking to someone who might have information quite different from that recorded by the state.



But the state's investigators got the gravy part of the probe. They traveled to all the out-of-town and out-of-state places they wanted to check: Waterloo, Iowa; Clearwater, Florida; from Little Rock to Las Vegas. The people they talked to in those places hadn't seen me in years; what they could say about me which could be of any use to the state was beyond me. I guess it was a way for the investigators to enjoy spending the taxpayers' money or else they were grasping at straws.

Two areas of their investigation must have given them problems. One was having to check out all the phony news stories; the other was taking and evaluating statements of my current and former employees when they could be found. After the state talked to these men, it seemed that they were, in effect, told to disappear, being warned that if they spoke to our people they might be netted into the trial hearings or even the trial itself. There were also numerous statements of subcontractors who had worked for P.D.M. Most of those amounted to nothing more than a brief statement that John Gacy was a firm but fair man to deal with, that his word as his bond when it came to following through on a job and getting payments to them for their work.

We had little more than two and a half months to do what the state had thirteen months to do. Every insidious effort was made to stop us from getting that job done. Pertinent information was regularly withheld. Delays became the status quo. We operated in semi-darkness.

But my darkness was more profound than that of the rest of the team. I just couldn't understand Amirante's direction.



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CHAPTER 8

Destruction of Property



During the month of March, 1979, Amirante again went into court to attempt to stop the unnecessary demolition of my house and property. The excavating search went far beyond the scope of any search warrant in the history of the country. Never did they describe the things they hoped to find by removing all the interior walls, floors and ceilings. They could have easily removed the floors in each room without taking out the walls and ceilings, but their purpose was to make the house irreparable and unsaleable, to prevent me from salvaging anything financially from the property, to preclude my chances of a fair trial by destroying my final opportunity to raise money through total liquidation of my last asset.

The third, fourth and fifth search warrants stated only that they were looking for human bodies and/or remains thereof. Were they looking for a body in walls four and a half inches thick? Why remove all exterior barn wood siding? (Maybe someone in the sheriff's department needed paneling for his family room?)

They had removed all of my personal property from the house, office and garage, carting it away in two 40-foot moving vans under the supervision of the Sheriff's and State Attorney's Office. The pretext for the seizure writ was that they were looking for evidence that may have proven the identity of the bodies. When they had done all the damage they could do, the state's attorney filed a civil suit in Circuit Court for permission to tear down the remaining shell of the house, contending that it was "unoccupied, unsafe, dangerous, and a health hazard."

Robert Motta filed for an appearance in the Housing Court of Judge Richard E. Jorzak, informing him that I wanted to be present at the hearing to show cause. That court was in the Daley Center building and it was my right to be there, but authorities believed they could not guarantee my safety. Judge Jorzak recessed the hearing until it could be transferred to the criminal courts building, and he used Judge Garippo's courtroom at night.

Motta filed a cross complaint, claiming that the damage was done by the state and that the state should be made to pay for it if it was deemed that the house had to be razed. He brought out that I did not own the house alone as the state claimed, so the suit was filed against John Wayne Gacy as half owner and against my mother and two sisters as co-owners of the other half.

In opening statements the state contended that the house was a public nuisance; that the floor joists had been cut away; that the plumbing, sewage and drainage systems were gone; the electrical wiring was exposed; the crawl space was dug out four to six feet in depth, destroying the integrity of the foundation footings; and that the entire area had flooded, posing the danger of fire and risk of electrocution.

Motta pointed out that the property was jointly owned; that none of the other three owners were charged with anything and that their rights should be protected; that because the state, with the use of illegal search warrants, had gone far beyond what the law allows in conducting a house search; it had seriously violated the rights of the other three owners; and since it was reparable at that time, the state should be made to restore the house to its



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pre-search condition—it was structurally sound and worth saving.

The state put on three witnesses. The first was a real-estate appraiser who testified that the house had become a magnet for sightseers, that it no longer had any value and that it was no more than a curiosity which was lowering property values in the neighborhood. He had made an inspection and found that it would be cost-prohibitive to restore the house.

Motta attacked the claims. "Isn't it a fact that if the house were repaired and all the police removed, it would not be a magnet for sightseers and the area would return to normal?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"That if it was restored to the way it was before they demolished it, its value would return to what it was originally and maybe higher?"

"Yes, that is possible, but on the other hand, with what was found on that property, it may never have any value."

Finally Motta asked, "And isn't it also a fact that, if you deduct the amount that the state is willing to spend to level the property, the cost of rebuilding and restoring it would not be much higher?"

The witness was silent. Motta asked the court to direct him to answer. He waited, looking at the state's attorney, then said, "Well, if you're looking at it that way, no, it would not cost that much more. But you're talking about rebuilding the entire inside of the home, which would take considerable time."

The state's second witness was from the County Health Department. He said that the house was a health hazard, not only dangerous for the fire and electrocution risk, but also the sewage pipes were broken, allowing sewage to back up into the house, posing a health problem. Motta didn't argue that point; the conditions which then existed did make it a health and safety hazard. But, of course, restoring the house would solve that problem.

Their third witness was the chief inspector from the Office of Code Violations of the County Building Department. He testified that upon inspection of the premises, he found not only a large number of building violations stemming from improper drainage, but that the condition of the electrical wiring was extremely hazardous and would have to be condemned. He claimed that the foundation would be in a state of collapse when the ground thawed in the spring, that the building was nothing more than a shell, dangerously unstable, and the remaining superstructure could tumble with the first strong wind.

To counter that claim Motta asked, "What do you call a strong wind for this time of year?"

"In an open area such as where the house is setting, I believe a 45- to 55-mile-an-hour wind would bring down the house." Motta played with him, asking about a 40-mile-an-hour

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wind, a 30-mile-an-hour wind, then he jumped the figure to 75, and always the witness claimed the house would collapse, or at least parts of it would topple. Motta asked if it was reparable. "No way. The house is too far gone to repair." Motta had no more questions and the state rested its case.

Amirante laid the groundwork to undermine the state's witnesses. Our first witness was a geologist who, after listing his impressive credits, showed charts explaining the ground compaction, contents of the entire area, and in particular, the test results of the samples taken from the site, extracted from some thirty feet down. It was his opinion that it would take an earthquake to move that foundation. The state was left agape: "No questions."

The second witness called by Amirante was a graduate structural engineer, a professor at Illinois Institute of Technology. He testified that he had made an inspection of the house and the site, that all the structural outer walls were sound and that all the roof joists were intact. In his opinion, while there was extensive damage to the interior, the building was structurally sound enough for a contractor to rebuild the interior.

Amirante asked about the wind factor. "If we had a 50- to 75-mile-per-hour wind, what then could happen to the structure?"

The witness didn't hesitate. "Well, that high of a wind, you might lose some shingles, and from the sides anything that might be broken loose from the damage to the building."

"Even with the windows out, couldn't the wind just pick up the whole building and blow it over?"

The witness shook his head. "No, and in fact, with the windows out, the wind would go right through the structure—air will seek the least resistance. And the wind you're talking about is almost tornado level in these parts this time of the year."

The state again had no questions and the defense rested. It was 9:30 and the court recessed for the night.

That same night O'Hare International Airport clocked 96 mile per hour winds, less than three miles from my former home. After a morning inspection of the house it was shown that, while a few shingles were peeling and loose debris from the house had blown around, no part of the building had split or toppled. In the courtroom that night Morris Alexander, one of the state's attorneys, flippantly accused Amirante of trickery: "I've heard everything before, but [raising his eyes to the ceiling] I never thought you would go get *His* help."

That night the state put on a rebuttal witness, a neighbor who lived just east of my house. Mr. Brown (not his real name), with Alexander leading him, testified that the house was an eyesore in the neighborhood and that sightseers had damaged his property. It could be a danger to children in the area because of the condition of the building and that the putrid odor was so strong that they had to keep their windows and doors closed.



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There was nothing we could attack in that statement—it was all true, so Sam took a new avenue. He asked Mr. Brown how long he had lived in the area and how long he had known me. Then he asked how the area, and in particular my house, had looked during the summer of 1978. "Oh, it was beautiful. Gacy's place was always well-kept. He would work on it, like most of the neighbors, but I would say his place was kind of like the showplace of the neighborhood. He had it decked out with flowers in a horseshoe shape around his driveway, and people would stop to admire it."

"So you would say before December 22, 1978, Mr. Gacy's place was a showplace, and that after that time it went downhill?"

"That's correct. All that mess came after that date."

After closing arguments Judge Richard Jorzak issued an order that the house would come down: "I am approving the order for demolition of the property, but I am also going to approve the defense's counter complaint for damages." The award was for the full amount of the suit, \$325,000: one-hundred-thousand for actual damage and two-hundred-twenty-five-thousand for punitive damages. But he added that retribution and compensation would be held back pending all criminal matters, since there was a court order which forbade any judgments, of a nature secondary to the trial per se, to be consummated prior to finalization of the trial proper.

On April 11, 1979, the house was torn down. A fiasco! A travesty!

Personal Property

Under an order signed by Judge Louis Garippo on January 25, 1979, the State Attorney's Office, its agents or any associated law enforcement agency, was to take into their possession all personal property of John Wayne Gacy, to be used as evidence and to be preserved in their possession, not to be damaged, destroyed or disposed of in any manner. It was the duty of the State Attorney's Office to inventory each article confiscated from the property under the directive of the search warrant.

The complaint for search warrant written December 29, 1978, by Greg Bedoe and signed by Judge Marvin Peters said "... to seize the following instruments, articles and things relating to P.D.M. Corporation: all books, records, files, correspondence, papers, documents, diagrams, plots, blueprints, address books, recording tapes, photographs, photographic negatives, cameras, and all other materials relating to P.D.M. Corporation, an Illinois corporation located at 8213 Summerdale and owned and operated by John Gacy; additionally, all personal papers, photographs, photographic negatives, tax records, receipts, books, address books, travel records including but not limited to travel tickets, jewelry, belts, belt buckles, watches, rings, and all clothing, and any and all possessions of John Gacy, individually, located at the above location."



All possessions removed were to be inventoried according to the letter of the Garippo order; all those possessions were to be protected and preserved. My inventory of that property amounted to over \$86,000. Since it was December, my end-of-year inventories for tax purposes had been completed, but the state didn't expect me to have copies with my accountant. Where is the inventory? Where is \$86,708 worth of business office equipment and construction material, nine rooms of furniture, and all the personal possessions of John Wayne Gacy?

Medley Movers took them to its 95th Street warehouse and later moved them to the county warehouse at 2500 South Rockford Street. Garippo said to "preserve and protect," but when my sister, along with my attorneys, went to claim my possessions, only ten per cent was worth saving; thirty per cent was damaged beyond repair; sixty percent was simply missing, unaccounted for to this day, after five years of inquiry. Not one person has been held accountable, not one person has been indicted for theft.

I know now that this is the kind of corruption any citizen can expect from the Cook County justice system. All the members of the Sheriff's Office and the State Attorney's Office who were assigned to the case should be indicted on felony charges or made to account for all that is missing. It was not petty theft—it was felony theft.

Nearly five years after the conviction the personal property had not been found or returned to my family. Why would the state hold \$15,000 worth of art work—certainly not as evidence in a murder trial! P.D.M. was never charged with a crime, yet nearly \$38,000 worth of supplies and construction equipment belonging to P.D.M. was carted away and was certainly not in evidence during the trial.

Judge Louis Garippo, along with the rest involved in this case, after the trial quickly slipped out of public office; I don't know—maybe to hide their guilt, maybe for their participation in that most shameless farce of justice.

The new possessors of my property were not limited to law enforcement; Amirante signed personal vouchers for property of mine which he received from the Sheriff's Office. Items he took to his office included a color TV and stereo equipment. He told me those items were later stolen from his office; he would like to replace them, but he didn't carry theft insurance. Hmmm . . .



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CHAPTER 9

Medical Attention, Drugs, Transportation





On Saturday, April 7, 1979, The Chicago Sun-Times carried the headline, "Gacy Stricken, Rushed to Hospital." That was the entire front page of the paper. Inside on page three was a quarter-page picture of me, the same one they always used, taken right after my arrest when I had been sleepless for two days, drugged, hungry, whipped. The story caption read, "Gacy Suffers Serious Heart Attack." Sensationalism at its worst. First they frenzied the public into hating me, then elated them with the good tidings of a heart attack.

I hadn't suffered a heart attack, but that's what Cermak Hospital released to cover their own stupidity. I was rushed to Cook County Hospital, unconscious, my respiration dangerously shallow. They acted swiftly, pumping my stomach to evacuate the drugs given me mistakenly by a nurse, overdosing me. The panic that followed was unbelievable, and the contingent comedy of errors could have caused serious injury to others as well as to myself.

The story was told me a few days later in the intensive care unit by one of the officers assigned to me. According to him, after the drug reaction, even before I had been loaded into the ambulance a Cermak for the trip to Cook County emergency room, the news media was at the jail's gate trying to scoop the first photos. Besides eight officers crammed into the ambulance with me, two sheriff's cars with six men in each provided an escort. The media were like crazed animals, pursuing us like dogs after a kitten. On our arrival at Cook County Hospital, full film crews were already in place.

It was close to midnight when six of the officers burst into the emergency room where people were waiting for medical attention. Picture if you will: you're waiting emergency treatment when suddenly six uniformed men charge in, waving shotguns, pointing them at everyone, yelling at you to get against the wall. Behind them comes a guy on a gurney accompanied by eight more officers, some with guns drawn, followed by six more, screaming epithets at the news media scuffling behind who were also ranting, the pyrotechnics of their flash cameras turning the room into a strobe-lit bedlam. A pregnant woman, trying to get out of the way, falls over a table into a wall. Others were so frightened they froze. One man failed to stop dead in his tracks. His open jacket revealed a holstered gun. The guard slammed him against a wall with a shotgun at his throat. Luckily a doctor happened by and yelled, "Stop! That's the head of hospital security!" The police were irrational over the possibility of me dying or escaping.

What had to be done was to revitalize my system and get me stabilized. I was moved into the intensive-care unit after they vacated the other patients. Nine officers were assigned to stand guard over me, with orders not to leave before another full team arrived. Five were in the room with me and four more were outside the door. All hospital personnel had to be searched before coming onto the floor; visitors for other patients were also searched.

Later, since ICU was on the ground floor, I could see the street outside. An officer was positioned at each end of the block and two sat in a car outside the window. By morning they had received the expected bomb threats. One maniac threatened to blow up the whole unit unless I was taken out of there. The atmosphere tingled with tension and restraint.



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The doctors assigned to me said that I didn't have a heart attack but nonetheless could have died. I had been strongly hooked on Valium prior to my arrest but had been off the stuff for nearly four months. After I had avoided the hospital food for two weeks the nurse at Cermak administered twenty milligrams of Valium which guaranteed an overdose and nearly stopped my heart. I had become hypoglycemic along with my angina condition. The doctor was surprised that I hadn't gone into a coma. Both my sugar and potassium counts were dangerously low, so both were given me intravenously in straight, pure doses for three days. I didn't feel like eating after having my stomach pumped and was weak. The needles inserted into both arms and the wires attached to my chest to monitor my heart made me melancholic and desolate. Life seemed worthless. I felt trapped. The meaning of life was vague to me.

On Sunday the doctor ordered chest X rays. The X-ray room was underground so they closed off the entire half-block area, bringing in twenty-five additional officers. After searching the area and clearing out everyone except necessary staff, the police radioed to move me in.

It was like a secret mission in Vietnam. Four officers with shotguns preceded me, along with the hospital director and the security chief. Six officers walked alongside the gurney like pallbearers, three on each side. Four more followed. Everyone in the hospital knew who I was by then; the over-assignment of officers made it obvious. One officer could have put on a white coat and handled the transportation by himself and no one would have been the wiser.

When I left the hospital after a six-day stay, it was the same thing. There was talk of using an armored car, then a helicopter, but they finally decided to use a paddy wagon with a two-car escort. The transfer could have been made in fifteen minutes driving the speed limit, but that was too easy. The three vehicles tore down the streets with red lights flashing and sirens wailing, as if it were a matter of life-and-death urgency.

That scene was repeated any time I had to be taken somewhere. In late June I went downtown for a brain-wave test. They used six officers from the Sheriff's Department, two in a lead car and four in the sheriff's van with me. When we pulled into the alley behind the building the place was covered with plainclothes officers. As we walked down the long halls on the fourteenth floor there was an officer stationed at each door we passed, with six encircling me. When we were ready to leave I was told that a crowd had gathered on the street by the alley, but I needn't worry—the Chicago police had fifty men there. Back to the freight elevator with my six, picking up another as we passed each door, until there were sixteen of us. More waited at the bottom when we got off. They peeked out the door, saw the crowd and decided to back the van right up to the exit. We left with lights and sirens, barreling through downtown traffic. It seemed as if they wanted to draw attention to themselves, or else they had odd methods of protecting me.

There were other times like that. When I went to Chicago University three times a week to see Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman, two cars were always used for transportation. Every trip



was made at breakneck speed, at times reaching 85 miles per hour on the Dan Ryan Expressway. One morning the media got wind that we were at the University and, to avoid pandemonium, the police cut short my two-hour visit, escaped with me out the back door and used the second car as a following block to keep the newsmen back.

It was always frantic. I had sunk to despair and didn't much care about life anymore. I had become something between a sideshow freak and a robot.

The last time I was rushed to the hospital I was dead drunk and suffering violent chest pains. During that day I was to have an alcohol brain-wave test given by Dr. James Cavanaugh. I was given six ounces of 100-proof scotch in a thirty-minute period while wired to a machine to monitor my brain waves. The idea was to study my brain wave patterns after the alcohol had taken effect, but the test was mismanaged; they wanted me out of there in a hurry so they ran the tests while I was still taking the drinks. They overlooked the fact that it takes thirty minutes for the alcohol to get into the blood stream.

When I got back to my room at Cermak the liquor hit me full force. I thought that I was in a hotel and I wanted to go out and have another drink with the doctor. I got as far as the elevator before two officers tried to bring me back to the room; one I pushed onto the floor and the other went over a desk. Then four more tackled me to the floor and, with the help of the first two, dragged me back into the room and tied me to the bed. The fall to the floor with four men holding me down caused the chest pains and I thought I was going to die right there.

Again to Cook County Hospital in a blaze of sirens and red lights, playing tag at the intersections, rushing into the emergency room with guns drawn. The doctor inserted an IV tube into my arm, took my blood pressure and demanded expeditious results from a blood sample. Then he leaned over me close and smelled the booze. I was as high as the town drunk on a Saturday night. The news that I was getting drunk in jail would not sit well with the public—the mass killer lounging away the days, sipping booze like an epicurean! So a bogus story was concocted about an attack of angina. The big-city administrative incompetence was becoming old hat.

The last time I was moved in this fashion was for the jury selection in Rockford in January, 1980. The media knew in advance that I was going, so they loitered around the jail gate, hoping to get photos and a byline. But the sheriff set out a false honey pot to attract the flies. Our entourage sneaked out a back gate, just two station wagons with four men in each—rather a skeleton crew compared to all the men and vehicles used for the short city jaunts. The deputies were armed to the gills with machine guns and shotguns, always ready for the overkill. The state troopers picked us up and rode ahead of us to clear the route. When we hit Winnebago County a sheriff's escort led us right into town. At the courthouse we drove into an underground garage but, even with all the preventative measures, the omnipresent press found cracks to pass through. Photographers, cameras flashing, ran alongside the car as we drove down the ramp, until the overhead door descended in their path. But they had to print their story the next morning without a picture—the police kept



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anyone at all from getting that close to me. There were too many people who wanted me dead.

Six days later when I left Rockford, there was only one car from the Winnebago Sheriff's Department with two officers and two city police cars to escort us to the edge of the city and the tollway. The ride was quiet and uneventful. Rockford's police department and the Winnebago sheriff proved to be more professional than the katzenjammers of Chicago and Cook County.



CHAPTER 10

THE DOCTORS





In early January, 1979, I began seeing psycho doctors, first on court orders, then at the insistence of my attorney to strengthen his insanity defense.

One thing is certain: if you think you know yourself, if you think you understand the meaning of what you're doing in your everyday life, if you feel that all your hatches are sealed tight and your sails are well-adjusted, you still will not leave the shrink's office without being labeled as something that meant nothing to you before but a long Greek word that you'd sidestep in your reading.

I had told Amirante long before seeing the first doctor that I was against the insanity defense. Really, how could he convince twelve people that I was insane thirty-three times, then suddenly, thirty-three times, transposed back to sanity, showered and shaved, suited and sane, returned to running a business and working as hard as I did without showing any signs of aberration or imbalance? But more about that later.

My first meeting with doctors of enlightenment was a joke. I was taken down to a first floor office of Cermak Hospital by Superintendent Patrick. All he told me was that there were two doctors from the court with an order to interview me. But Amirante had failed to tell me what was expected of me. He had told me to be cooperative with the doctors who interviewed me, but he also had told me not to talk to anyone or give out any information unless he was present, or unless they could properly identify themselves. So in I went, with no instructions from him, not knowing what I was or wasn't supposed to tell them, not knowing where, legally or practically, the borders of confidentiality were located.

When I got a look at the two strangers, I thought I had walked into the wrong room. They looked like a couple of escapees from the old-folks' home I sometimes visited as Pogo the Clown. These two doctors stood in the center of the room, rickety, looking for a place to hang their coats and hats. Both wore glasses and those squeaky black rubbers over their shoes. I wanted to help them into a chair and get blankets to spread over their legs so they wouldn't be cold.

The first one told me his name was Dr. Hartman, a psychologist from next door, sent over by the court. He introduced me to his friend, Dr. Reifman, then flinched back as if I were about to bite him. I wasn't sure if I should extend my hand in a friendly gesture for fear it would cause him a heart attack. He pulled some papers from his pocket and said that he was from the Cook County Psychiatric Institute and had an order from the court to determine whether I was fit to stand trial. Then he stepped back behind Hartman.

Remembering Sam's instructions, I asked, "Do you have anything to show me that will prove who you are and that you're here from the court?" Reifman pulled out a business card and handed it to me; I told him a business card wasn't actually good for identification. He brought out the court order to show me that both their names were on it. That still didn't identify them and I wouldn't buy it. Amirante's orders were to be sure about who I was talking to before saying a word and that's what I was doing—attempting to verify their identity. Reifman showed me what he said was Garippo's signature, but I didn't know



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Garippo's signature. Anyone could have signed it.

I had become very cagey. I didn't believe much of anything by then. The state had played so many games with lies, tricks and innuendo; why not with a couple of actors? I was not being belligerent or rancorous; I just wasn't going to march into any kind of trap. I told them about my attorney's warning. They were puzzled; they didn't know what to do. Finally Reifman said, "Look, I'll call Judge Garippo on the phone and he can tell you who we are." He walked to the phone, dialed, talked with someone; then handed me the phone, saying it was Garippo. The voice on the phone said he was Judge Garippo, that he had signed the order, and that the two men were who they said they were. I said okay and hung up. But I told them I still had a problem: How did I know that it was Garippo on the phone? They gave up. "It's all right; we've found out what we wanted to know, that you can work with your counsel."

A few days later Amirante asked me how things went. I told him how it went and what they said at the end, but I didn't know what they meant by that.

"Well, you'll be seeing them again; they have to give you some tests."

"Will you let me know when someone's coming? Or better yet, be here for the first meeting." That was all right with him, so I felt like I was off the hook.

I was to meet with this Dr. Reifman four times for a total of eighteen hours, although he claimed in court that he had spent twenty-five hours with me. Two of those times he brought Hartman with him. While I tried to cooperate with them, most of the time I had trouble understanding them, answering their questions with questions, trying to figure out what it was they wanted. Most of the time Hartman seemed confused or on the brink of dozing off. He gave me mostly written tests, some technical, using a stop watch to time my progress.

Dr. Reifman, when alone with me, was manifestly terrified. The first time he came to my room he placed his chair close to the door and, when the guard moved to close it for our privacy, the good doctor jumped so high I thought he might not come down. "No, no! Don't close the door—it'll lock!" The officer explained about the noise in the hall and said he'd be right outside. That wasn't good enough; the doctor didn't want to be locked in the room with me. The guard left the door ajar.

He asked me basic questions like, had I ever felt that I was someone else, and what kind of moods did I have? I told him that I was only one person, but I lived in different moods depending on what I was doing. John the contractor was all business; John the politician was involved in community activity and helping others; when I had free time I was Pogo the Clown because I loved children and remembered what it was like to be alone and frightened in the hospital when I was a child. In the night, when I was out looking for prostitutes, male or female, I didn't like what I was doing, so I would call myself Jack. There was also just plain John, the family man, who liked to putter around the house and fix



things, do horticulture, play with the dog or cook.

Reifman came out later in the newspapers to say that I claimed four different personalities, but that isn't what I said. He had been talking about different *moods*, not radical personality separation or the profound aberrations he referred to in court. He broached publicly the subject of multiple personalities. I think it's normal to feel differently about different things. Everyone will modify their mood to harmonize with what they are doing. Is that to say they are crazy or need to see a shrink? Going fishing or to a ball game creates a mood. Dancing, gourmet dining, sex, a funny movie—each has its own mood. Naw, I had to believe these men of enlightenment were closer to the cracker factory than I was. But all that talk about Minds, *Minds*, *MINDS*! was beginning to spook me.

Amirante came by one day to tell me that he was able to get Dr. Richard G. Rappaport to see me. You would have thought it was to be the greatest day of my life. He was bubbling. I had never heard of the man.

My first impression of Rappaport was of a gigolo on a perpetual hustle, a gaudy ladies' man, out of the daily soaps. He wore a sport coat, open-neck shirt and sunglasses. But over a period of time I became very relaxed with him. The atmosphere became that of two guys talking over old times. His style was to let you ask questions rather than just to have you blindly make responses as the first two doctors had done. With him being so casual I came to have a feeling of security and trust.

We covered every subject under the sun, not always related to the charges against me, but more how I felt about different things. He wasn't afraid to be alone with me in the room and wanted it quiet while we talked two and three hours at a time. He started seeing me the middle of April, 1979, and continued all through June, two and sometimes three times a week. He spent over sixty-five hours with me during that time, more than all the doctors the prosecution sent, combined. You would never believe me after hearing the claims of time and expense the state said they had spent in their evaluations.

Since Rappaport was a psychiatrist, he wanted me to see a psychologist who worked with him, Dr. Robert Traisman, in order to get a complete psychological examination. Dr. Hartman had given me some tests, but Dr. Traisman had many more for me, both written and motor-aptitude tests. He saw me only twice, but each session was lengthy. Dr. Rappaport didn't say much to me about what he was extracting from our conversations and nothing at all about his extrapolations or impressions. He was thorough going. He had me see a neurologist, Dr. John Garvin; a Dr. John Hughes, who gave me an EEG; and a Dr. Glen D. Dobben for a computer head scan. All of these men are respected specialists in their fields.

But I thought the most important test he arranged for was a four-hour sodium amytal (truth serum) interview. This was done by Dr. Barry Shapiro, chief of the Department of Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation at Northwestern University Medical School and Hospital. He had been the private heart specialist for the late Mayor Richard J. Daley. Before the test,



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because of my heart condition, I had to sign a statement granting permission and a release in case of my death.

A full gram of the truth serum was administered me in that four-hour period, the maximum a person can handle without jeopardy. It produced a clinically adequate semi-hypnotic state during which I described things in greater detail, but there was no new information revealed about the crimes. The test indicated that what I had told them in the conscious state was true and that even in the semi-hypnotic state I could not enlighten them further. This test was not mentioned during my trial because it would have contradicted Amirante's insanity defense. Any time evidence came out favorable to me it was blocked, either by the state or *by my own defense team!* Dr. Rappaport included that in his nineteen-page offering to the court, but it was buried.

He stated that in his opinion a mental disease was indicated, labeling it "borderline character, psychopathic subtype and paranoid schizophrenic." He went on to say, "If Mr. Gacy did commit the crimes of which he is accused, then these periods for which he is amnesiac are the times of loss of control and the times of the murderous acts. His inability to tell about these facts is a loss in some respects to this case . . .

"If John Gacy did in fact commit the murders of which he is accused, it is my impression that he was responding to an irresistible impulse which was allowed expression by the loss of ego controls under the influence of alcohol, drugs, extreme fatigue, and the stress of psychological conflicts within him. It is therefore my opinion that John Gacy was, under the laws of Illinois, insane at the time of the alleged crime when he was unable to conform his conduct to the requirement of the law."

If I had committed the crimes, and if I had been found guilty by a jury after hearing some evidence, this doctor's statement would have been the basis for an insanity plea.

On July 12, 1979, I met Doctor Tobias Brocher, director of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, a center for applied behavioral sciences. At Amirante's request, he came from West Germany where he was doing research for the Foundation. The man is world-renowned in the field of psychiatry; at the trial it took more than twenty minutes just to list his credentials. He visited me only once, but he spent more than five hours with me on that occasion. To me he was one of just two true professionals to be heard at the trial, at least in the sense of integrity, not because what he said was favorable to us in respect to the insanity defense, but I found great respect for the man when he refused to answer questions concerning the relationship between the law and insanity. He felt he could give an opinion as to mental disease or defect (of which he claimed I had several) because of his expertise in that field, but just as most people in the legal profession don't understand psychiatry, he could not give an expert opinion regarding the application of the law to insanity. The jury failed to see his point.

Amirante was pleased with Brocher's report; it showed concordance with his insanity defense. But because he would not answer questions that commingled insanity and law, the



state discredited his testimony.

In the late fall of 1979, the state, after seeing the reports of the three doctors Amirante had brought in, pleaded to the court to get permission for further opinions. I had thought both sides had made their points by then. I was wrong again—Garippo granted the state's motion. I was going to have to see more doctors.

In October I met the first of four more doctors for the state. Dr. James Cavanaugh was just as smooth as Rappaport had been, but more arrogant. He started by asking what I had covered with the other doctors and how I felt about what was happening. I told him the same things I told the others. One thing about the truth, it will always come out the same. He was like a kid racing through a hot novel looking for the explicit parts. I dreaded having to spend as much time with him as I'd done with Dr. Rappaport, but I got lucky; during the month he wanted only fourteen loathsome hours. We barely scratched any surfaces. He didn't do a fraction of what Rappaport had done but claimed he had gathered enough information. The scuttlebutt had him pigeonholed as a professional witness for the state. He had it down to a science as to how little time and effort he could spend and still receive his fee. I was told that his diagnoses were carbon-copy standard at most of the trials he worked. A true shrink-for-hire.

Cavanaugh was the one who wanted the alcohol EEG test set up at the Cook County Psychiatric Institute, but he didn't know how to give one. The results showed nothing judgeable. The prosecution said it had been negligently administered, emphasizing "negligently" as if it were favorable to the state. They went through the motions and manipulated with clever language both the public and the jury—"listen but don't think."

Amirante had an eminent psychologist accompany Dr. Rappaport to court, and the state countered by providing Cavanaugh with an entourage of associates. He had interviewed me for only fourteen hours and every doctor for the state who as much as shook my hand was in attendance as an "expert." They brought in a Dr. Garron who had taken three hours to give me a mechanical and written test. Along with him came a Doctor Rogers, a young guy just out of college, scared, yet eager to spout from his hundred-dollar books. He had given me only one test, the SADS diagnostic interview made up of 4500 questions, from which he felt he understood what caused me to grin and why I rested my elbow on my knee and my jaw on my fist when I shit. But only ten percent of all psychologists use the SADS because its findings are considered to be unreliable.

In late November I saw the last of the state's Isaac Ray Center team. Dr. Jan Fawcett visited with me for a time, going over the same things Dr. Cavanaugh had covered. In court he claimed that he had spent seven hours with me. All those doctors padded their hours for two reasons—they were paid by the hour and it braced their feeble findings.

Amirante was sold on the insanity defense, so he had me taken to see Dr. Lawrence Freedman, another Tobias Brocher, with impeccable credentials. He was a professor at Yale Law School for fifteen years, Yale Medical School for twenty years, served at Cambridge,



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Stanford, the University of Tel Aviv, and was now chairman of the International Institution of Social and Behavioral Pathology headquartered at the University of Chicago. I wondered how they could have enticed his services.

Because of his distinction and busy schedule, he didn't come to me, I was taken to him—three times a week, two or three hours at a time. The first thing he did was tell the officers to remove the handcuffs so I could relax. Talking to him was like talking to the serene grandfather that I never had, a figure who inspired trust.

He was the tenth doctor I talked to, and again I had to start all over from the beginning. But he was a good listener and had very few questions, wanting me to express myself, to stroll with him through my strongest memories from my childhood up to the present. I did most of the talking while he busied himself making notes. Just like Dr. Rappaport, I spent sixty-five hours with him, over a period of two months. But just like Dr. Brocher, he proved to be a man of integrity. He felt he could answer questions only in the field of his expertise, psychiatry, and refused to extend his opinion to the legal aspect. He was called to give a medical statement; the lawyers could provide the legal testimony.

While I was seeing Dr. Freedman every other morning, Sam came up with another psychiatrist to see me simultaneously, Dr. Helen Morrison. She came across as a sincere person, but I felt that she liked to play games with me, to rouse me into reactions. Maybe it wasn't so much her style but the fact that after three hours with Dr. Freedman in the morning, I was in no mood for another session with anyone in the afternoon.

I think if you're not half-cracked going into these head excavations, something unhealthy transpires. As banal and inane as it seemed to me, talking those hundreds of hours about myself, those powerful memory jaunts I took—well, it just wasn't meant for any man to engage in that much introspection. It took its toll. But it continued for the next two months. Talk . . . introspection . . . retrospection . . . morning and afternoon. I asked Amirante, "What's the matter, Sam, can't you get us no weekend bookings?" Even though I had agreed to go along with what he wanted, it was now crowding me. "It's making me goofy, Sam. It feels like these shrinks are going into my head with jackhammers and blasting caps!" I asked why he didn't ask for a continuance, why we were being so pressed? He would only say that Garippo wouldn't do it.

January, 1980. I couldn't believe it—Amirante had another psychologist he wanted me to see—and he was going to come on Saturday and Sunday! Dr. Thomas Eliseo came to the jail's hospital on January 12 and returned the following day. Since he was coming in from Rockford and had no time during the week, his only opportunity was that weekend.

He began with a short interview then sent me through a series of tests, starting with the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale and the Halstead-Reitan Neuropsychical Test Battery. Some of these I'd had before. This was the fourth clinical psychologist I'd seen within a year's time. Without knowing what the results might mean to a professional, I had become acquainted with some of the tests, like the Rorschach Ink Blot test, the draw-a-person test,



the Thematic Apperception test which is done blindfolded. Here I was, thirty-seven years old, playing with blocks and funny pictures, trying to tell some grim, austere character what spilled ink defined.

The final, and what came to be the most controversial test I took, was called the MMPI, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. I had taken it some months before with Dr. Traisman, but having gone through it before gave me no help the second time. It's too complex. I couldn't have known a right answer from a wrong one. Example: Do you like fishing? If I say no, maybe they say I'm un-American; if I say yes, maybe they decide my fetish is killing innocent fish. I answered all 526 questions in rapid-fire succession in two hours and thirty minutes. That's an average of three and a half questions and answers a minute. Spontaneity had to be the key. No time to ponder for the best answer. Yet at the trial Kunkle claimed I faked the test, that I knew what answers to give to avoid any negative perception. Now how the hell could I fake answers to questions that had no right or wrong for me? I couldn't even get a cigar in jail, let alone an answer crib from a university in another state.

The test can only be evaluated at the University of Minnesota where it was originally designed. The lie factor on my test was zero, meaning that I wasn't lying on the answers. That frosted Kunkle. In its report, with no knowledge of who had taken the test, the University wrote: "The profile is consistent with an individual who is diagnosed as schizophrenic, showing paranoid and manic elements. Thus the individual on this more objective test shows signs of being an active, belligerent, suspicious individual in his basic personality type, even though on the surface he appears pleasant, comfortable, benevolent and accepting of other people. He also shows some confusion in his thinking at times, which again, he does not display overtly. This probably shows itself when he is under stress; under severe stress, he decompensates into an overt psychotic state." This all came out of the one test. Score another point for Amirante's insanity defense.

All told, I had seen twelve doctors—a total of 67 hours for the state and 201 hours for the defense. During the trial six doctors were called to the stand for each side. All the doctors came up with different diagnoses, but to some degree they would coincide with those of other doctors representing their side. The state would agree that there were mental problems, but to a lesser degree than what the defense would say. The state was able to contradict, one by one, all the doctors' opinions favorable to my defense.

That's the reason I was against the insanity defense. I thought my case should be fought on the evidence, that the state should have to prove me guilty, beyond a reasonable doubt, of the charges against me. What I didn't know was, once the insanity defense was agreed to, *the state didn't have to prove me guilty of anything*. Amirante never told me that. When he decided on the insanity defense, he was automatically saying that I had committed the murders, handing the state its case. From that point forward everything is stipulated to and the trial becomes merely an insanity hearing. The state didn't even have to associate me with the victims, before, during or after the murders.



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The state didn't know the identity of eleven of the victims and would have had to dismiss any charges against me relating to them. That would have been my first step if I'd had the legal expertise. Then I would have made them try me on each count individually. I was a chronic keeper of records and could account for most of my time. I could prove that I was out of town when at least sixteen of the victims disappeared. The fact that those bodies were found on my property did not make me the killer. The house was rented to P.D.M. and was its home office. For that reason there were twelve employees with keys to the place. The office manager didn't come in until eight in the morning and was usually gone by noon. He never went in at night and everyone knew that. While I was out of town—and I was gone up to two weeks at a time—anyone could have come in, and many did. During late hours young employees, even married ones, would come there to party. Privacy, drugs, booze and beds; what more could they ask for? And who was to know how many went in and didn't come out?

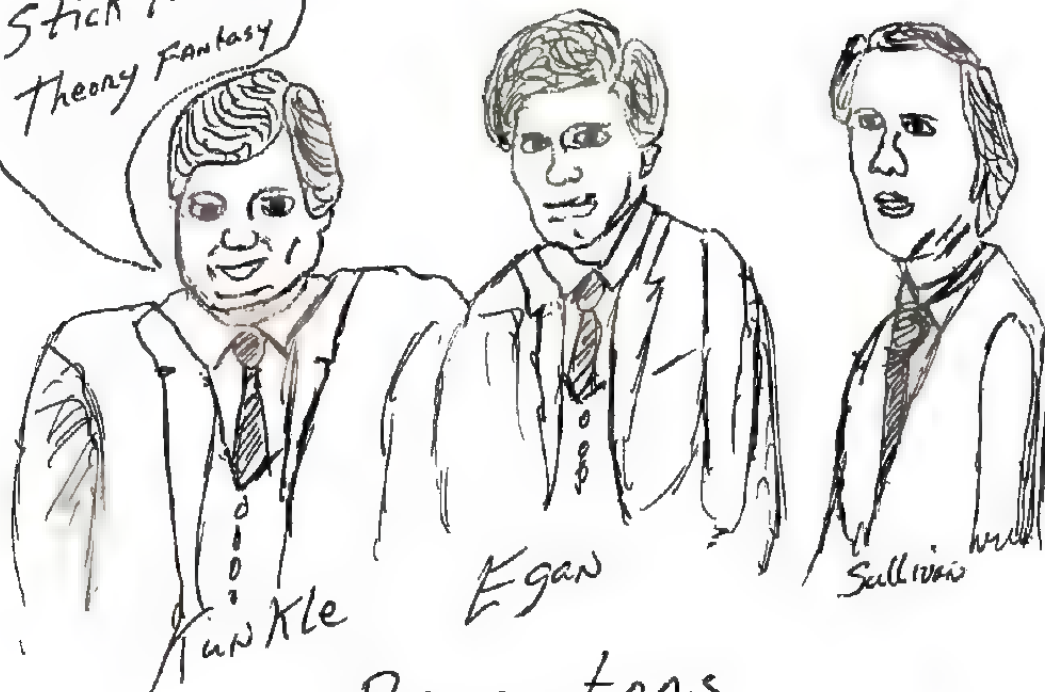
But from the beginning Sam Amirante was stuck on the insanity defense and was adamant against any other pursuit. What a damn Waterloo for me and the little heedless general!



CHAPTER 11

Meet the Attorneys

Stick to our
Theory Fantasy



Prosecutors

Just do
As I
say.



Defense

Meet the Attorneys



I first met Sam Amirante at a meeting of Democratic committeemen for Norwood Park Township in the spring of 1977. He was introduced as a new precinct captain. Sam had lived in Norridge, Illinois, since his high school days. Italian, short and robust, built like a fireplug—squat, hard. The neighborhood little guy, tough enough to play fullback with the older boys. He didn't know he was smaller than they were. The night we met he was 28, had graduated from law school at Loyola University and had been working as a public defender in the Third Municipal District of Des Plaines. He was a very persistent individual with inflexible ideas.

A few months later at a Norwood Park Township Lighting District meeting, our legal counsel resigned, having been appointed to a judgeship in the circuit courts, a position which would leave him no time to serve on our board. As a trustee, I asked the committeemen about a replacement and one suggested Sam Amirante. According to the law, all our meetings had to have legal counsel in attendance. This is where I formed my casual relationship with Sam, rubbing shoulders in our committee work.

From time to time I called on him to help with small legal problems for some of my employees— traffic tickets for speeding or accidents. One time he handled a drug case for a family member of the owner of a gas station where P.D.M. traded. The man's son and a friend, both dental students, were caught red-handed with marijuana, and if convicted, they could not graduate from dental school. Amirante put the fix in. Each young man had to pay four hundred dollars, supposedly siphoned to a judge for dismissal of the charges, plus Sam's fee. If a friend of Sam, or the friend of a friend, had a court case in the district where Sam worked, it was easy for him to get a dismissal.

In December of 1978, after being hassled by the Des Plaines police and held at the station in regard to the missing Piast boy, I called Sam. I told him my situation, that my business attorney, LeRoy Stevens, was to be out of town and my predicament was urgent. He was the only criminal lawyer I knew, however slightly. He was a defense attorney, yes, but as it turned out, not for my kind of case. I never thought it would get so far out of hand . . . I wouldn't be charged with anything; it would be over any minute. The kid would go back home . . .

LeRoy Stevens had been handling P.D.M.'s legal work for several years. He had handled personal matters for my family as well. But I could tell from his initial visit to the Des Plaines police station that he knew nothing about criminal law, otherwise he would have immediately demanded to see the search warrant on which they were holding my car. He claimed that his first concern was to get me out of there. I couldn't argue with that—I had been illegally held for nine hours for nothing more than going into a drug store on business. But I wasn't his number-one concern at the time. He had two buddies waiting outside in a car to go out of town on a fishing trip. If I hadn't been a good client, if I had been a stranger in search of help, he would have left me there for the weekend, showing up Monday with gratuitous apologies.

On Thursday, December 15, I met with Sam in his office, and after telling him the whole



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story about what had happened to me, retained him to handle the matter. All I wanted was for him to get a copy of the search warrant and confiscation inventory which was supposed to be returned to the court within a reasonable time once the search was completed. He bragged a lot about working on the Patty Columbo case and how he felt it would be reversed. I guess that was to give me assurance of his experience in criminal cases. He did sound impressive. So I trusted him and put my faith in his ability to help me. I was sure mine was no more than a simple legal matter, but they had asked me about a missing boy, so maybe it was best to have this powerhouse of an attorney who could quash the matter quickly. I felt comfortable with him.

After my arrest on December 22 the State Attorney's Office started spreading rumors that, since Amirante was a public defender, it was a conflict of interest for him to represent me before the bench in the Third Municipal District. That would have been true except for the fact that Sam had previously given notice that he was leaving that position for private practice, and he had enough leave time and vacation time accrued so that he did not have to go back to that job. The state was merely trying to distract Amirante, to keep him busy straightening out personal matters when he needed to get his teeth into my case.

Because of that confusion, the preoccupation of my attorney, my ignorance of the law, the horrendous charges lodged against me, then being jailed at Cermak, I didn't fully realize what was taking place in my life. At the hospital I was kept strapped to a bed for ten days with no knowledge of what was going on outside that room. During the few visits with Amirante and Stevens I was never informed what was taking place. Every day I was sucked deeper into the darkness of guesswork and fear. Weeks went by without any information.

Then on the third day of January I was brought from that dark, cold cell up to a room and, without filling me in, Amirante asked me to meet with the sheriff and the state attorney's investigators, just to see if I could identify some pictures. Whatever I told them wouldn't be used against me, he said, and he would be at my side. So I sat and talked with them for some four hours. From that conversation would come a ten-page statement, not signed by me, but used against me later. No notes were taken, nothing was transcribed that day. There were eight people in the room, often all talking at once, and how anyone could remember or even tell at the time what was said, or by whom, I'll never know. This confidential confab was used in court.

During the week after the arraignment I didn't like the way things were going. When he hired Robert Motta I told Amirante to contact F. Lee Bailey and try to bring him into the case. He said he would, but a few days later when I asked about it he told me, "John, you don't need F. Lee Bailey; besides, I don't think he'd take the case. He is going through a divorce and he's got all kinds of problems. He's an alcoholic and he's drunk most of the time." I still pressed the issue. I wanted them to contact Bailey and have him tell me himself that he didn't want my case. But that didn't happen. Amirante told me he was going to Boston on some other business and would talk to Bailey. I doubt that happened either. My situation was becoming bleak, and the thought of getting Bailey kept me from going under.



Another thing on my mind during that time was my family; so much time had passed without any word from them. By the middle of January I thought for sure they would want to know how I was doing. Amirante claimed to have talked to them on the phone; they were taking it very hard and didn't want to talk to me. "If you want to, go ahead and write to them, but don't give someone at the jail any letters to mail for you. There's a risk someone will sell them or take them to the state to use against you." So when I wrote my family I gave the letters to him to mail for me. No answers came, but I couldn't believe that my mother and sister would cut me off so completely. Then I started wondering about Amirante.

I was already paranoid with all the things he was telling me that didn't make sense. I didn't believe anything *anyone* said anymore. The state was proclaiming to the press that I had voluntarily given five statements and the press reported them to be confessions. To this date I have never been shown a signed confession or even a statement about the charges that sent me to death row. A farce concocted by the State Attorney's Office to influence the public.

By February I'd had several strong arguments with both my attorneys. I fired them twice, but they paid no attention to what I said and made sure that news never went beyond those closed doors. I had no way of contacting anyone else. Even the social service worker assigned to me wouldn't do anything for me without Amirante's approval. I wasn't happy with his getting his way about everything. It seemed to me that nothing he was doing was working out; any positive illusions I'd had about him were fading fast. But I was dead in the water.

In February we argued again about the insanity defense. He never explained my options, nor did he inform me of the full scope of an insanity plea: if you plead not guilty by reason of insanity, you're admitting that you committed the crime—guilt is no longer an issue in a trial. I had been dead set against the plea even without knowing that factor. I had told them that I did not kill those people so why should I plead insanity? No! I entered a plea of not guilty and that's what I wanted to stick with. The smooth-talking lawyers put me off, saying that I might not even go to trial; once we got into court and had the judge strike down the validity of the search warrants the case would be thrown out; I only had to trust them. Hell, who else could I trust? I couldn't even *talk* to anyone else!

The news was not good at the search warrant hearing. Judge Garippo allowed all five search warrants to stand, and I blame that on the inexperience of my attorneys; they should have been better prepared. Garippo was always searching for a way out of having to acknowledge any valid points put forward by my defense. Amirante and Motta should have done their homework and brought up cases to support their arguments. Instead, fast-thinking Kunkle brought up cases which only faintly compared with the issues in my case. The three cases Kunkle brought up indicated the testimony of eyewitnesses while the warrants in my case supplied no eyewitnesses. That should have invalidated any comparison between those cases and mine. The warrants in my case were based on unreliable hearsay. But Garippo didn't want to handle the public pressure, and ruled the search warrants valid.



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Amirante was so sure he had it in the bag—there wasn't even going to be a trial. But here I am on death row.

Now he was selling me on his new "three-prong" defense. The first prong was to be a not guilty plea, which I thought meant they would have to prove conclusively each charge against me. I wanted to be tried on each and every one of the murder charges. The state should have pounced on the opportunity. How could they lose? Thirty-three shots at me. What did the state fear? Why their opposition to it? That is what I had wanted all the time. I knew I didn't kill anyone; the state would not even be able to put me with them. Not a single charge could they prove.

Amirante's second prong, he told me, was to try for a directed verdict of acquittal when the state couldn't prove its case. And the state couldn't! But even had he used it, the second prong would have failed because of the public pressure on an elected judge. Amirante had to realize that, but I didn't. I didn't know that both these prongs were merely sales pitches—Amirante never intended to use either of them.

The third prong was the insanity defense. He knew I was against an insanity plea. To me the idea was ridiculous. "Let's stick to the first prong," I told them. (I remember feeling foolish using the word "prong," it sounded obscene). Why would I want to go with an insanity defense when I knew I didn't kill anyone? When I didn't believe anyone could judge me to be insane?

As early as March of 1979 Amirante had gotten several offers for book rights to the John Wayne Gacy story. He began telling me that everything we did from then on would be done to "preserve the record." That was supposed to stop me from asking questions. I didn't even know what it meant and was too tired to ask. When he first brought the book idea to me I was in favor of it, knowing we needed money for a defense. One of the offers was supposedly for six million dollars but they wanted to start working on it while the investigations were still going on. Sam nixed that; he wasn't getting the kind of investigative reports he was looking for. Reports kept coming back with the information that others could have committed the murders and he didn't want a journalist to get that information. It would have broken his control, his determination to go with the insanity defense.

Some may say that this is all futile hindsight, and it is. But as I sit in my cell going over the trial transcripts I see so much that could have been done then. And I can see errors that should not have been made. Why did Amirante want Stevens off the case? It was more than the fact that he was a civil attorney; the main reason was that Stevens had known me a long time and was used to doing things my way. Had I told him to call F. Lee Bailey for me, he would have done it. Why Amirante brought in Bob Motta I didn't understand at the time. A nice guy, but a puppet without a backbone; a lawyer afraid to interject his expertise into my case. Amirante had Motta in his hip pocket. He would never challenge Amirante's control.



In July, 1979, I had been sent to Cook County Hospital suffering from angina, and they wanted to keep me there for some tests. During that time Amirante prepared and presented to the court the joinder motion to put all the charges together and hold one trial. I told him no, I didn't want to stake my life. I asked him, "If you're so sure of your defense, why not try it on one case and, if it works, use the same method on all the rest or until the state gets tired?"

He had an answer for everything. "John, if we don't join the cases together now the state is going to bring the heads of all the victims in containers of formaldehyde and set them in front of the jury to stare at during the whole trial. It's an old trick to inflame the jury." Dumb me—what did I know? But I still told him I was against it.

The joinder motion was offered and granted without my agreement. I have reviewed the pre-trial transcripts where it says that Amirante came over to the table to ask me if I would agree to it. *That never happened.*

Earlier that morning I was taken from the Cook County Hospital back to Cermak. Amirante had not seen me for several days and we didn't talk that day before the hearing got under way. When Amirante walked to the table and leaned over to talk to me he asked me how I was feeling and if I was all done with the tests at the hospital. I nodded and told him I thought so. He then re-approached the bench: The judge had seen my nod and assumed I had agreed with the joinder motion. I hadn't.

During that month I visited with my mother and sister for the first time since my arrest. It was only for a couple of hours, but we covered a lot of ground. I asked if they had received the letters I had given Amirante to mail for me. Karen said that a few came but had been heavily censored with a black marking pen. When I asked why they didn't write, Karen said Sam advised them not to, because someone at the jail might steal the letters or turn them over to the state's attorney. He said he would keep them informed by telephone.

How convincing he was. You can create more illusions with blind confidence than with a magician's wand or a thousand mirrors.

Neither my mother nor sister cared for my lawyers, but they would go along with what I wanted. They weren't what I wanted, I said.

I had wanted F. Lee Bailey, but Sam reported that he had talked to Bailey and he didn't want anything to do with the case. Later I learned from a public defender's investigator who was in Amirante's office when a call came from Bailey, that Bailey had indeed offered to enter the case as co-counsel. Amirante had refused Bailey's offer, telling him that it was erroneous to believe that I had even suggested soliciting his assistance. Any lawyer who would turn down the chance to work with an expert, big-league trial attorney has to have serious ego problems.

Robert Motta was older than Amirante by three years. He agreed to become co-counsel



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after Sam told me he needed help for the arraignment. It was my understanding that he would be used only for that purpose, but once Amirante found out he could pull Motta's strings he retained his services for the entire trial. Motta fell in line so he could stay on the case. He jumped at the chance to become part of a case so highly publicized. To me he seemed to be very sharp in the courtroom; he had a knack for attacking witnesses, but lacked the experience to be in the big leagues. In the entire fourteen months before the trial I don't believe he contributed one idea. I wanted him to say just once, "I think I have a better approach," or, "John, from your viewpoint, how do you think it's going up to now?" But nothing.

The Prosecutors

Terry Sullivan was the first of three state attorneys I was to meet during my ordeal with the Cook County criminal justice system. My first encounter with him is described in Chapter One. He stood by and watched my rights being violated and said nothing. Kozenszak threw me up against a wall, made me empty my pockets and had me put in a cell. Sullivan didn't see it!

The second time I saw him was in the Des Plaines courtroom on December 22 when I was formally charged with murder. I was told that he was outside the door during the so-called "informal meeting" at the hospital when I was asked to identify some pictures. He was afraid to show his face because he knew I didn't like him and might get up and leave. Maybe he was afraid of being confronted by my attorney about his conduct at the Des Plaines police station. In any case his own guilt kept him out.

Possibly a negative factor against me was the close friendship he shared with Amirante. I didn't know until much later that the two of them had worked closely together for the previous five years out of the same court building, Sullivan for the state, Amirante for the public defender. Had I known that in the beginning, Amirante would never have been my defense counsel. Over that period of time they had to learn how each other operated, strategy—how the other approached a case. Influence there may have been, collusion there may have been. In any case, how can an attorney fight his best when he's fighting against a friend?

Sullivan was smug and blustering, stepping on anyone who got in his way to make a name for himself. Holding press conferences and granting interviews was his forte. Even after the trial he wasn't about to get out of the limelight. He violated the law by using material from the State Attorney's Office to write a book. He had it published, demeaning everyone else in the case, making it appear that if it hadn't been for him, there would have been no case.

While serving in the State Attorney's Office Sullivan was chief of the drug abuse division. There he developed a drug-abuse-prevention program for first offenders and created and headed a special unit of undercover officers to investigate drug trafficking. During a particular investigation a cache of confiscated cocaine disappeared. He quietly left the State Attorney's Office. Whether he was involved in the disappearance is not for me to say. I do

Meet the Attorneys



know it was hushed up.

The next prosecutor was Robert Egan, the youngest of the three. Mild-mannered, he liked to deal in theories about the murders. Great imagination. He told a scenario at the beginning of my trial that should have gotten him an award for fantasy fiction. He had experience in the courtroom and knew what the jury enjoyed hearing. Prior to his duty in my case he had handled forty-seven felony jury trials of which thirty-seven involved murder. The results: forty-two convictions, two hung juries, three not-guilty verdicts. He was a lion in court—confident, articulate, ready. A couple of times he rendered fantastic notions during interviews. One appeared in the March, 1982, *Front Page Detective* magazine: "One day recently, the prosecutor (Egan) got a terrifying letter from Gacy . . . It stated that he was prosecuted for the wrong thing; that he should have been convicted for running a graveyard without a license." Any time Egan is ready I would like for him to produce that letter. It wasn't written by me, nor have I had any contact with him whatever. Robert Egan has also left the State Attorney's Office for private practice in Chicago.

The third member of the prosecution team was William Kunkle, Jr. He was chief counsel for the State Attorney's Office. During the pre-trial hearing on motions he came on like a bear. Amirante, the little giant, would take on the big bear and they bucked heads until Garippo would remind them where they were. Kunkle got his way most of the time in those hearings.

He had joined the State Attorney's Office in 1973, and in 1977 became supervisor of the felony trial courts and was appointed chief of the criminal division. This case was a sure stepping stone to his future. At age thirty-eight it was time to make a name for himself.

He used every trick in the book, every lie he could conceive. Garippo and Kunkle were made for each other: Kunkle found a weak-willed judge who would allow his unethical tactics; Garippo found an attorney who helped him do what he couldn't do for himself. Between them they twisted laws until they no longer were anything resembling the laws on the books. I faced Kunkle's law and Garippo's law—Illinois statute law was forfeit.

Kunkle had Egan's ability to sell fiction to a crowd. The courtroom is like a little theater: the lawyers are the starring actors; the jury compose the audience whose favor the lawyers seek to win. Just like in television and the movies, in the courtroom the truth plays second fiddle to drama. Mesmerizing acting conceals lies. Kunkle had the gift of being able to arrest the jurors with gesture and voice. At times he would approach the jurors and nod his head as he lied and I'll be damned if they didn't nod their heads in unison with him. His theatrics had more power than Amirante's objections. What he said was catchy; what he did with his face and hands was flashy. A great actor—convincing, captivating.

William J. Kunkle had run twice for a Circuit Court judgeship; both times he was turned away by the voters. When my trial was finished and while his name was still vivid in the public mind, he ran again. He ostentatiously printed on his campaign literature "Chief Prosecutor of Mass Murderer John Wayne Gacy." He was riding the highest crest of fame



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and glory his life would probably ever attain. The voters dumped him again.

The Judge

Rounding out the cast of characters who played in my drama was none other than the Honorable Judge Louis B. Garippo. He had been on the bench for some eleven years, previously having served ten years with the State Attorney's Office of Cook County. He was highly respected in the criminal courts by both prosecution and defense attorneys. But in this case, in an elective position, he was a victim of public pressure.

A judge must often stand alone, steadfast. He must often lock his molars and make rulings contrary to public opinion. A judge, in the true sense, is a courageous giant, the apotheosis of virtue. Garippo failed the measure.

A seasoned veteran of jurisprudence, he understood that the trial he was presiding over was rife with technical errors. There were so many times that some pause and reflection were warranted, but he ignored the importance of punctilious law. Look it up. It's flagrant throughout the trial recordings.

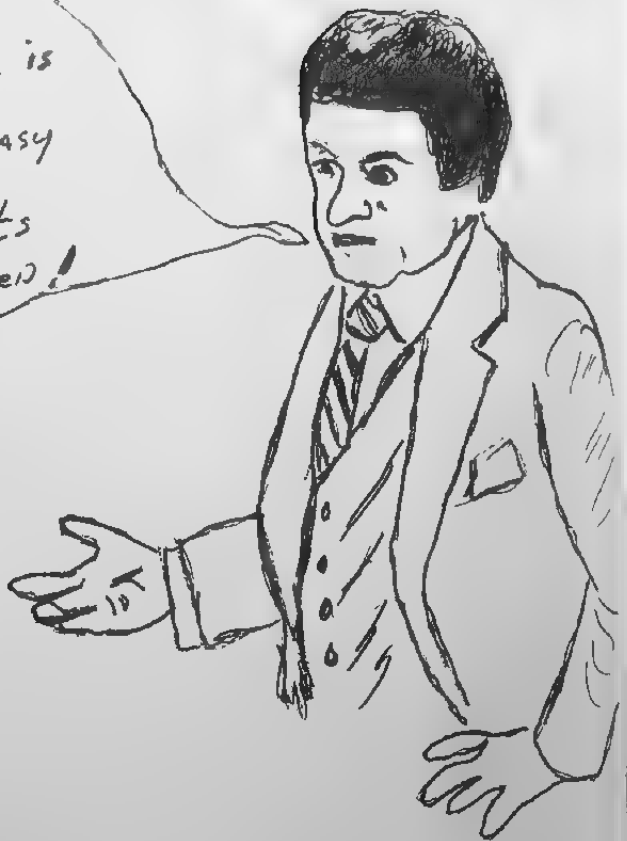
Louis Garippo left the trial bench soon after my case ended in 1980 and entered private practice as a defense attorney.



Chapter 12

SELECTING THE JURY IN ROCKFORD

This case is
more Fantasy
Then Facts
Just Listen!





Our motorcade arrived in Rockford at one in the morning; we entered the jail structure through an underground garage. Even in the middle of the night, even in Rockford where Garippo decided there wasn't much interest, a crowd gathered to get a firsthand view of the curiosity. Most people, I think, would not have recognized me on the street without all the pomp and ceremony that surrounded my every move.

After some paperwork effected my official transfer into the custody of the Winnebago County Sheriff, I was taken to an isolated medical area which was to be my home during the jury selection. The building wasn't called a jail; it was euphemistically known as the Winnebago County Public Safety Building of Rockford. The jail was on the top floor and conveniently adjoined the new courts building. At no time would I come in contact with other prisoners. No officers other than those assigned to me were allowed in that area. Two officers would sit twenty-four hours a day on the other side of a 3 x 5, double-thickness glass window which incorporated a built-in screen speaker. There was a radio and television set similar to those found in any hospital.

The first person to visit me was the warden, who gave me a list of the rules and went over the ones which applied to me. There weren't many, as my movements were expectedly restricted. I was allowed to shower and shave each day, and a barber would come in on Sunday evening before the jury selection started. I was introduced to the officers who would be on guard duty. I asked if I were to be isolated the entire time, or if there would be someone to talk with. If any of the officers wanted to talk, he said, they could come into the room. Another room was set aside where I would dress; my suits and outer clothing were kept there.

The Monday morning Tribune wasted no time letting the people of Rockford know that I had arrived. "Gacy Arrives in Rockford" appeared in the center of the front page alongside a five by seven picture of me in the backseat of the sheriff's station wagon.

Early Monday morning after breakfast, I showered, shaved and received my necessary medication. Sheriff Donald Gasparine appeared with two plainclothes officers to brief me on how security would be carried out. While uniformed officers would be visible outside the courtroom, four undercover officers would be dispensed among the crowd inside. Two more were stationed close to me, one standing against the wall behind me and one sitting in the first row closest to me. These two men were the ones I should follow if violence erupted. Access was tight to the third floor and the public had to enter through a metal detector.

Amirante and Motta had met with me on Sunday to discuss their plans and to speculate on how things might go for us in Rockford, so there wasn't much left to rehash during our chat prior to their escorting me to the courtroom.

"It's time to leave for the courthouse," the warden said as he entered my room. The sheriff told me politely that he had to put handcuffs on me for the walk, but that he would take them off as soon as we got there. It was almost as if he were courteously asking my permission.



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When we arrived I took a seat in a small room down the hall from the courtroom. There was one ten-foot section of the corridor where I would have to walk where the public could see me up close. That worried the police. It was a hazard. So many threats on my life had been received since my arrest. While to the police that ten-foot walk represented danger, to me it was abject embarrassment. I had come to despise the grotesquerie of the public's gawking eyes and rabid faces—globes bobbing in space for a glimpse of history in the guise of a ghoul. They gathered about me like parasites, separated by impossible inches from bleeding fresh meat. I felt like condescending to inimical growls to accommodate their imaginations with mimicry of a harried beast.

Amirante and Motta were primarily concerned with my health after receiving reports that my blood pressure was down and I was having nosebleeds and some dizziness. A nurse was assigned to the judge's chambers in case I needed medical attention.

It was 10:30 when we walked into the courtroom, going directly to sit at the defense table. I spotted the security officer that I knew sitting in the front row by the gate. Behind us in the gallery there was a rumble of voices, rumors being confirmed or refuted, curiosities satisfied.

The bailiff called the court to order. After Judge Garippo made some opening remarks and addressed the gallery with a demand for decorum, he told the bailiff to summon the first group of prospective jurors. They sat in the first three rows and he asked general questions of each: their availability of time, as the trial in Chicago was expected to last six to eight weeks; had they formed opinions as a result of press releases; would health problems prevent them from serving; were they related to anyone participating in the trial. He asked those with problems or objections to remain standing so that he could discuss their reluctance with them individually. Twenty-four of them were dismissed because of family, job or health reasons.

Seventy-six remained when he came to his second advice: "The jury will be selected here in Winnebago County. After that time they'll be allowed to go to their homes until the trial starts. Once the trial starts, the jurors will be transported to Chicago where they'll remain for the duration of the trial. During that time, six days a week, we'll be working long hours. On the seventh day, arrangements have been made so you might visit with your family and friends. Will any of this cause an undue hardship to you?" Of those seventy-six persons, the judge excused thirty-six more for family or job obligations.

The forty that remained were taken into another room and brought out individually to be asked more limiting questions. The prosecution and defense teams were not permitted to question prospective jurors directly; if they wanted additional information to clarify a point, they had to ask the judge to intervene. Some of the potential jurors didn't know what "sequestering" meant—that they might be hermetically sealed from the public. Amirante asked to be allowed to explain, but Garippo rejected the request. The next prospective juror challenged the judge's rejection. "Back up and explain what you mean by that." You would



have thought Amirante had planted him there.

Amirante addressed the judge. "I want them to know what they're in for."

"What do you want me to tell them — that they're going to hang by their fingernails?" Laughter broke up the courtroom. With that Garippo ordered a recess.

In the bullpen for a cup of coffee, one officer asked me if I knew what all the mumbling was about when we first entered the courtroom; most of the people couldn't tell which one was me and were asking each other. Some said I looked like an attorney and that they must be waiting until later to bring me out. I was wearing a three-piece suit just as were the attorneys; how would the people know the difference? The only perception they had of me was from the picture the newspapers always printed, the one taken of me at the Des Plaines police station when I was exhausted from two days without sleep, drugged, unshaven, sick, puffy. So maybe they were looking for some neanderthal walking on his knuckles.

Not much of what I'm saying is based on my memory; from day one I took notes during the proceeding, some objective, some subjective. I did that just to occupy myself. Nobody knew what I was doing; the attorneys were making notes as well.

During that first morning four of the required sixteen jurors were selected. When four jurors are picked it is called a panel. Each of the four must be approved by both sides before moving on to considering those for another panel. There were to be four panels of four jurors each to constitute a full jury. We broke for lunch until 1:30.

The afternoon session seemed dull compared to the morning. Judge Garippo continued to question potential jurors one at a time. Amirante would regularly object on the grounds the questions were not specific enough and that there should be explanations when a candidate didn't fully answer a question. Two more were picked during the afternoon and at 4:55 Judge Garippo adjourned for the day, telling the remaining candidates to return in the morning.

Of the first 100 prospective jurors called, six were picked in just four hours and seventeen minutes of actual courtroom time. Garippo was certainly sticking to his promise of picking the jury in a week. It seemed we were moving awfully fast for such an important procedure.

The newspapers recapped the day's events with thoroughness, right down to the questions asked, my reaction to some of the answers and my attire. Since it wasn't an exceptionally momentous day and they had to write something, they wrote of fashion. I wore loafer-type shoes because shoestrings were prohibited for obvious reasons. So when I wore loafers with a three-piece suit they decided it was important enough to help fill the space.

Outside the courtroom a reporter asked some of the people coming out what they thought.



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"Gacy impressed me as being cold and calm, with no remorse evident in his facial expressions."

"Gacy's physical appearance was such that he could be mistaken for a dentist or a minister."

"I don't know if he's insane, but he's certainly not playing with a full deck. I think it would be hard for him to get an impartial jury. Maybe they should have taken the trial clear out of the state."

The next morning was just like Monday, except I didn't bother to get up for breakfast. A nurse woke me at 8:30 to take my blood pressure and pulse and give me my medication. After a shower I dressed in a different suit, along with black shoes with shoe laces, just to prove wrong some vague idea the media had given the public.

My lawyers stopped by the holding room on the way to court and indicated that they were satisfied with the jurors selected the day before. I didn't know how they could be. "Sam, those people should all be arrested for perjury for lying under oath. They took the stand and claimed they hadn't heard about my case. How in hell can they come out with that when I have been in every newspaper available to them, every radio and television station in the area? Who actually believes they never heard about me?"

Came the standard answer, "Trust us and don't worry about it."

Then there were the judge's inflammatory questions regarding homosexuality, indicating that such a lifestyle might become a vital consideration in the trial. He inquired of those men and women if they felt that if a defendant they were to judge was homosexual, would that create a bias in their thinking? That remark seemed to present a foregone conclusion.

These days homosexuals are not afraid openly to declare themselves such; if I had been one I would have done so long before. But the fact is I'm not, and when Garippo suggested I was, he was damaging my case, especially inasmuch as the jury was being selected in a smaller city where homosexuality would be viewed with a more provincial attitude. I felt that Garippo had caricatured [sic] me falsely, prejudiciously imprinting "homosexuality" on the candidates minds. I had by then lost all respect for the law.

All the state seemed interested in was whether the jurors were in favor of the death penalty and if they would mandate it in the event that I was found guilty.

During the Tuesday morning session Amirante seemed to muster some backbone after I had clearly expressed my dissatisfaction with the way things were going. They kicked up more objections to the line of questioning Garippo was using. Some prospective jurors were dismissed when they said they had already made up their minds that I was guilty. (Amazing! Some honest people!) "Seeing as they were located on his property, evidently he

Selecting the Jury in Rockford



did it." A few were excused when they voiced negative opinions on the use of the insanity plea.

There were some who were excused by the state. A heavyset woman who appeared to be in her sixties said, "I could not sign a statement sentencing Gacy to death if he were found guilty. I'm a Christian. God forgives and we have to forgive."

Garippo tried to rehabilitate her, saying, "Could you imagine any case where you could sign a warrant sentencing someone to death?"

"No. I wouldn't have no imagination on it."

She was excused by Garippo for cause. Amirante accused Garippo of trying to change the woman's mind with his form of questioning, saying, "There's no way we can get a fair, impartial jury." Another time he said, "The state's trying to get a hanging jury."

By the end of the day no one had been empaneled. The total time in court was five hours, twenty-two minutes. During the afternoon the proceeding was stalled because of an aggressive man in the audience. We were out fifteen minutes while the police removed him.

Before adjourning, Garippo gave a speech to the reporters in the gallery. "The media have a First Amendment right to freedom of the press," he said, "but the defendant is also guaranteed a fair trial by the Bill of Rights." He asked the media representatives "not to relay specific questions" that he asked of prospective jurors. Their detailing "that kind of question could give rise to difficulty in selecting a jury if the process takes a number of days." A lot of good it did. The cat was already out of the bag and those eager people waiting to be called had to have read the newspapers, formulating their answers if they were called upon.

That evening in my cell I refused the dinner—some kind of rare chicken stew. Sheriff Gasparine stopped by and we talked a while. I asked if he had any objection to me playing cards with my guards. He decided that since I was in such a secluded area he would allow it. He stopped by most nights to check on how I was and to see if I had any questions regarding security at the courthouse. He had heard about the rowdy incident during that day's session. I told him how quickly his men reacted and that I was grateful. I never knew exactly what happened; the officer behind me told me to get up quickly and go out the door. It seemed odd to me that not one word of the event ever appeared in the newspaper.

After he left, the two officers said they were surprised that I had gotten permission for us to play pinochle. They had been reluctant to ask. "Who would have thought he would let us play cards on duty?" We played until their relief came on at midnight. They told me how the other men envied them this detail because it kept them off the wintry street. My dislike for cops lessened while I was in Rockford. In Chicago it thrived.

On Wednesday, January 30, we were to start the third day of jury selection. When we arrived at the courtroom bullpen the attorneys looked haggard after a night on the town. I



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was angry as a hornet when I learned that my lawyers would go out for dinner and drinks with the state's gang. I realized that true professionals could be business adversaries and friends at the same time, but the law is a strange battlefield, so much give and take, so much compromise . . . I got an ominous feeling whenever Amirante and Sullivan shared a table and a jug.

We started that day with the largest group of prospective jurors yet—150 were brought in at one time, completely filling the first five rows of the gallery. Garippo again started with those vacuous general questions. By the time he got through the fourth question 107 had been dismissed; for reasons of health or job, because they had strong aversions to being sequestered, or for family reasons. The remaining forty-three were taken into a side room and were called out one at a time.

Amirante had used eight discretionary challenges, the state had used six, and Garippo had dismissed eight potentials himself, deciding they couldn't be impartial. Some intended jurors expressed reservations about the legitimacy of the insanity plea; they were quickly dismissed. One woman said, "Generally, I think it's a bad provision; I feel a lot of people get away with things because of the insanity defense."

Out of six hundred thousand criminal cases in one year in the United States, less than three percent used the insanity defense. Less than one percent were successful with it. I don't support the insanity defense because of potential abuse and for personal reasons, but certainly not because of overuse. The notoriety it has received has come about only because it was used in some recent cases of widespread publicity.

During the afternoon session, Motta and I noticed that, as each prospective juror took the stand, the local Winnebago County prosecutor, along with his assistants, brought in files for the state's team to work from. With the assistance of these files, it seemed they were able to ask questions which indicated they had extensive reports on each person. Amirante objected; the state had information helpful to its cause, information which had not been disclosed during discovery and was therefore unfairly secreted from us. Kunkle claimed that the information they had was taken off the voter registration list and that the defense could have had the same information if we'd come to town earlier. But the fact was that they were being provided with critical information by the brotherhood of local prosecutors who had access to county recorder office files and criminal files, along with a staff to do the work. Even if defense investigators had been in Rockford, it would have taken weeks to do the same job. Garippo surprised us by saying that certain information had to be shared in open court.

But already those records had given them a tremendous edge. It was easy to see how systematically the state had removed prospects from consideration. One woman in her mid-twenties openly lived with her boyfriend. The state dismissed her; she had to be too liberal. Another unacceptable woman was a registered nurse who worked in a hospital which had a unit for the mentally ill. The state must have feared that she might be sympathetic toward mental illness.

Selecting the Jury in Rockford



Minorities didn't fit the state's mold of a good juror either. Three blacks and one Hispanic were dismissed. It seemed the state would accept only middle-class whites, family-type people who believe in the death penalty. It was like asking five quick questions. "Do you mind being locked away from your family for six or eight weeks?" Yes—you're out. No—go on to the next question. "Can you follow the court's instructions on the insanity defense?" No—you're out. Yes—go on to the next question. "Would you sign a statement sentencing a person to death?" No—you're out. Yes—go on to the next question. "Do you object to homosexuality?" No—you're out. Yes—go on to the last question. "Are you liberal or conservative?" Liberal—you're out. Conservative—you're on the John Wayne Gacy jury!

Judge Garippo adjourned the day's session at 5:17, after only four hours and ten minutes. Two additional jurors had been accepted, completing the second panel of four.

On Thursday Garippo wanted to start earlier than the first three days and we arrived in the courtroom at 9:45. Again the potential jurors were confused by the judge's questions, which were too general, and they weren't satisfied to give one-dimensional replies. One man said, "He's guilty from the word go." He was dismissed. I had to laugh because he wasn't answering a question, just reflecting the media propaganda. He knew nothing about me or the case, but he had made up his mind on the basis of the image created in gruesome proportions by the newsboys. I hated the press—not him.

A tiny black lady with gray hair and wire-rimmed glasses was asked if she could support the death penalty if the defendant were found guilty as charged. She came right back with, "No way!" He asked her again: wouldn't she follow the judge's instructions? "No, sir, God didn't give us the right to take another person's life, and I'll have no part of it!" The judge excused her. Even he had to smile as she adamantly strode off.

By the end of the day four more jurors were picked and four alternates were impaneled. Judge Garippo adjourned the preceding at 5:30, stating that the trial would begin on Wednesday, February 6, at 10:00 in Chicago. Court was in session four hours and twenty-four minutes that day.

The jury was made up of seven men and five women ranging in age from twenty-one to seventy-one. The alternates were two men and two women. All sixteen came from a working-class background. All were white. Eleven were Protestant, none were Catholic. While I wasn't happy with the jurors selected and thought we had been rushed through the process, both Amirante and Motta acted pleased and made it sound like things were going our way. How they could think that was beyond me.

The total time spent in the courtroom to pick the jury of twelve regulars and four alternates was eighteen hours and thirteen minutes. They sifted through 250 prospective jurors. One hundred sixty-seven were routinely excused. From the remaining eighty-three, sixteen were to be accepted for the trial. That breaks down to four minutes given to the scrutiny for acceptance or dismissal of each prospective juror in a trial that comprised proportions



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unexceeded in American trial history.

The National Jury Survey Project and the American Bar Association say that, in a trial by jury on a capital murder charge or in any major criminal case, the questioning of each prospective juror should take between two and three hours in order to find how that person is thinking. That didn't seem to bother Judge Garippo and his stand about a defendant's rights being guaranteed under the Bill of Rights.

In retrospect, it was ominous that not one jury member had a college degree. It proved detrimental to our defense. Tangled skeins of psychological terms presented an overwhelming problem even for those with higher educations. My attorneys' minds became boggled. I watched Judge Garippo strain to appear to comprehend—a futile performance as he squirmed on his seat beneath knitted brows. It was just too abstruse, too complex, too cosmic for common understanding. I don't low-rate anyone, but it is a sarcastic paradox that the marrow-argument for the defense went undeciphered.

On Friday, February 1st, I packed up and was driven back to Cook County's Cermak Hospital by members of Winnebago's Sheriff's Department. With only two cars, it took one hour and forty minutes.

The horses were readying to enter the starting gate.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Trial

The TRIAL



Judge Louis B. Garippo



"February 6th, 1980, in the Circuit Court of Cook County, criminal division, the bailiff read, "the People of the State of Illinois vs. John Wayne Gacy. Indictment numbers 79-69 to 79-75 and 79-2378 to 792-403, before the Honorable Louis B. Garippo, Judge of said Court, and jury."

The stage actors were:

Bernard Carey in the role of State's Attorney of Cook County, William J. Kunkle, Robert R. Egan, Terry Sullivan and James M. Varga in the character roles of assistant state's attorneys of Cook County, on behalf of the people.

On behalf of the defendant, sharing leading roles: Sam L. Amirante and Robert M. Motta, attorneys.

Judge Garippo greeted the jury, commended everyone for being on time, and the jury was sworn.

I still felt that technically the jury should have been charged with perjury for lying under oath in Rockford, and now in Chicago. "I have no preconceived notions as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant in this case," each juror had said.

The day they were picked as jurors is the day they should have been sequestered; but Garippo allowed them the liberty to go home to read their names in the newspapers; to study popular opinion and the media point of view, rehashings of historical mass murders, the psychology of clowns, references to homosexuality; to be influenced by people around them before coming to sit in "unbiased judgement". At the point that a juror is picked all outside pressure should be removed from him or her, not six days later. The damage had been done before the day they appeared in court for the trial. Any chance for "unbiased judgement" had been lost. The inexperience of my defense team had hurt in this as well as other respects—they should have insisted that the jurors be sequestered the day they were selected. By the time court convened their minds were like subway walls trashed by scatological graffiti.

Immediately after they were sworn they were asked to leave the courtroom; a few pre-trial matters had to be handled outside their presence. A witness was called to introduce two exhibits that the state wanted to use in its opening statement. Charles Pearson, an evidence technician with the sheriff's office had prepared a large plat of the lot on Summerdale, to be known as exhibit number one. It was outrageous in size, three and a half feet wide and twelve feet high. The second exhibit was a large Rand-McNally map which portrayed the Chicago vicinity and the outlying seventy mile area. It had been marked with colored pens to highlight certain locations. They were to be admitted only for use as demonstrative evidence during opening arguments. However, because of their inexperience, my team members never had them removed. The prosecution was able to use them to hypnotize the jurors and they were prejudicial against the defense. For five and a half weeks the jurors sat with those out-sized pieces of state propaganda staring them in the face. Their size alone was intimidating and suggestive. They would be joined later by a gallery of twenty-two photos of victims dressed in communion-day purity. The judge allowed those exhibits without restriction. Amirante stated, "Over our objection, for the record."

Garippo signaled the bailiff to bring the jury back.

The opening statement for the people, presented by prosecutor Egan, was a long, rambling, thirty-nine page speech made up of fantasy and theory based on a scenario that he



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had conceived. He started with, "Picture if you will", and presented hearsay statements which police officers attributed to me. Never once did he quote me in complete sentences. He edited what I had said, taking things out of context to serve his needs.

He described a scene with the last victim, wrought of pure imagination, in an attempt to transport the jurors directly into a viewer's vantage point for the examination of a murder— Vincent Price stuff, but effective with a guileless audience. He told how the victim was a fifteen-year-old boy, working to get enough money for his first car at age seventeen, how a ghoulish contractor lured him from his job with a promise of a big salary—four, five, six times what he was earning, got him into his car, took him off into the distance...

The court was totally remiss in not informing the jury that the scenes set into their imaginations was no more than speculation on the part of the prosecution, no more than a hypothesis which should later be proven with evidence. My lips were sealed by protocol; I had to listen silently. I watched the jurors. They were wide-eyed, captivated. That kind of power fascinated and scared me. He created a murder for them including dates, times, places, even down to the conversation, all lending believability, implying craftily that it would be substantiated and proved. It never was.

The series of dates weren't fact but merely guesses as to when the state felt each victim might have disappeared. They intermingled the terms "disappeared" and "murdered" throughout the trial as though they were synonymous. Not one of the dates was an actual murder date according to what we had learned in our investigation, but that was withheld from the jurors.

I suppose that most people who sit on a jury think that they are going to be hearing facts, at least from the state. They should be instructed that both opening and closing statements are not necessarily based on facts, that they may not contain any facts at all. But, as jurors, they view the state as being representative of the system of justice—wholesome, honest, forthright. Jurors take an oath to keep an open mind, to listen to both sides impartially, to render a fair and honestly-come-by verdict based on facts set before them, but I doubt that they sift through the state's testimony as suspiciously as they do that of the defense. I now know that both sides can be sidewinding liars, that a courtroom fight is just that—a fight. And, sadly, in the courtroom as in a back alley, the purpose of a fight is victory. Win! Disregard truth and justice!

There was to be no warning the first day or any other day. No ground rules were explained. The jurors were on their own, expecting veracity in those opening statements, the music of which set an unforgettable refrain.

Motta objected after the first few minutes but Judge Garippo would not honor the objection; Egan was able to continue his fairy tale, talking as if he had been a witness to what he was describing (quoting Egan, trial transcript page 17):

John Gacy was getting into his car and John Gacy motioned him into the car. He [Piest] said, "What do you want?" He said, "I want to talk to you about a job." John said, "How much time do you have; we can talk about it tonight." He thought, "Well, I want this job." He said, "Well I got about thirty minutes." He said, "Let's take a ride and talk about it". So he took a ride and Gacy asked Piast, "Are you liberal?" He said, "Yeah, I'm liberal." He said, "Are you liberal about sex?" He said, "Well, I like to think I'm liberal about a



lot of things." He said, "Did you ever have sex with a man?" He said, "No, I wouldn't do that." So they got to his house and Piest went in presumably thinking that he would be filling out an employment application. He went into the house and Gacy said, "No, you can't have the job because you are not qualified for it but how would you like to make fast \$20?" And Piest said, "What do you mean?" Gacy said, "I want you to come in and have sex with me," not necessarily in those words. Piest said, "No, I wouldn't do that." Gacy said, "Well, that's all right, let me show you some magic tricks, you see, I'm a clown." And he was, in fact, a clown. He said, "I know a lot of magic tricks; let me show you one that I call a handcuff trick." And he handcuffed Piest behind his back, totally immobilizing his arms. He put Piest on the bed and he pulled Piest's pants down and he started orally copulating Robert Piest but he wasn't getting the response he wanted, you see, because Robert Piest was frightened to tears; he was whimpering. That worried Gacy. He said, "I don't want him . . ." He said to himself, "I don't want him going out of here telling somebody about this . . ."

Again Motta objected. Not only what Egan was saying was highly prejudicial but not one word of it was fact. But the jury was listening intently. The state in its opening remarks was supposed to inform the jury what it intended to present as evidence to use as proof beyond a reasonable doubt that only John Gacy could have committed the crimes. Nobody else. I could smell what was coming by what took place on that first day. Garippo was going to allow the state to do as it pleased and the hell with the precepts and inherent decorum of the law.

Egan (trial transcripts pages 18-19): He [Gacy] said, "Don't cry, don't cry, I want to show you one more trick, I call it the rope trick." He got behind Piest and he took a rope and he put it behind Piest's neck, around his throat, and he tied a knot loosely and he tied another knot. And Piest said, "Why are you putting a rope around my neck?" Gacy would later say, "Why did that kid ask me why I was putting a rope around his neck? He was stupid." Well, he put the rope around his neck and Robert Piest soon found out why because then he inserted a small piece of pipe in the rope. Do you know how a tourniquet works? Well, this worked the same way, he took the pipe and he twisted it and then he twisted it again and he held it there and it did just what a tourniquet would do, it broke off the blood flow to the brain, cracked the bone, no more air went to the lungs, Piest convulsed and he was dead in seconds.

You could hear a pin drop in the courtroom. Egan had held the jury spellbound. Moving on, he pointed to his horror board, exhibit one, and the smaller exhibit number two, his map. He hadn't mentioned them yet so he then started indicating all the different places on the map, explaining its purpose for being in evidence. "Here's Des Plaines, which you passed on the way here today; and here's Park Ridge; you might have passed that coming in to court today." It was now show and tell time. *See, Park Ridge is a fact and you can see it*



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right here on the map; so everything I am telling you is a fact. The Rockford people were so gullible and Egan's acting was so good, they ate up every word.

He told them that he wanted to go back six years, and for them to remember that I was charged with killing thirty-three people; that I started a murderous rampage in 1972. He planted bitter seeds. He said that what happened to Robert Piest was the same thing that happened to each and every one of the thirty-three boys and young men. He began to assume an omniscience. He talked as if he was witness to everything he spoke about.

Egan started with January, 1972, the year a kid disappeared from a Greyhound bus station. He was now referred to as victim number nine on the display map. The reason he was called kid was that he was never identified. Egan resumed his hypnosis of the jury. His macabre tales were as merciless as they were grim. My perspective was how gruesomely absurd it all was, but the jury was watching . . . listening . . .

He moved to July 31, 1975, describing John Butkovich, then eighteen, who disappeared but came to rest under John Gacy's garage. That's all he could say. He could add nothing to point to me as his murderer.

About eight months pass and one Darrell Sampson, 18, vanished in April of 1976. (He was a runaway with serious teenage problems.) Again Egan used his pointer and his poster to show where Darrell was found.

Egan then said that a month later, May 14th, 1976, a boy named Randall Reffett, 15, went out to play and never came back. On the same day Samuel Stapleton, 14, disappeared from the same neighborhood. The only data Egan had was that this boy worked in a pizza parlor and was saving for a car, but he talked about them as if he knew them personally. Did I fit into the murder of Samuel Stapleton? Egan never said.

After he pointed to sites numbered six and seven, the graves of Reffett and Stapleton, he moved on three weeks to June 3, 1976, to name the next victim, Michael Bonnin, 17, who had left home to paint a friend's garage. He never got there. He associated me by the thinnest thread—I was in the remodeling and construction business with him. That was the sole link between myself and the number 18 his pointer rested on. We both used paint.

Egan then moved to June 10, 1976, as the day William Carroll, 16, vanished. He was a problem child but was trying to get his act together by going to a special school. He never had the chance. He was number 22 on the plat which Egan pointed to, now terming it "Gacy's graveyard".

August 6, 1976, and this time it was 18-year-old Rick Johnston, who lived in Bensenville, just west of O'Hare Airport. He had gone to a concert at Chicago's Aragon Ballroom in one of the city's most dangerous areas. His mother had driven him and warned him of the neighborhood. Never was he heard from again. Egan listed him as victim number 23, pointed to the map, pointed to where Rick lived, and nodded. Many of the jurors nodded along. He pointed to the plat, number 23—all nodded along with him. He was pulling their strings.

Up to that point and mostly throughout the trial they never placed me with any of the victims. The fact that I owned a house to which there were twelve keys in the hands of employees does not make me the person who killed them or who put their bodies under it.

Egan went on with his scenario, moving forward four months to December 12. The victim was Gregory Godzik, 17. Egan pointed out that he worked for me. That was half true—he worked for P.D.M. and I owned that. For the first time Egan used some fact. On the night of December 12 Gregory dropped off a date at 12:30 and he never made it home. Egan



went to the plat and pointed to number four. More nodding.

During the time Godzik worked for P.D.M., he showed up just three times in six days. When our investigators talked to his mother, they discovered that she had problems with him staying out all night and dabbling in drugs. Egan didn't bring up those facts. He didn't try to indicate what I had been doing that night, nothing to associate us on that evening. The prosecutor theorized that, after the boy's date, he had gone to 8213 Summerdale. To meet whom? The people who worked for me were certainly more his age. We shared no interests. No! The state's prosecutors were selling air to the Rockford provincial. Egan pointed out that eight people had been buried at the Summerdale address. He didn't know where they had been killed, no trace of proof of how, why or by whom. He implied that since I owned that piece of property I had to know what was happening there. Preposterous!

On January 20, 1977, John Sczyk disappeared—at least he was reported missing on that day—maybe. Or maybe that was supposed to be the last day he was seen by family or friends. Which was it? Egan didn't know. He didn't link Sczyk to me.

March 15, 1977. Victim number one on Egan's chart was John Prestige, 20, visiting from Kalamazoo, Michigan. He was staying with a friend on Chicago's north side. All that seems to be known is that he inquired of his friend about "Bughouse Square," a sleazy, gay-ridden, drug-ridden section on the near north side. His friend advised him not to go roaming around that area. He left his friend that night and was never seen again.

Then Egan told the jurors that spring turned to summer. Well, he got that right, and the provincials were nodding with him again. And if that was right then they had to believe that everything else Egan said was right.

July 5, 1977. Matthew Bowman, 19, body number eight. That date was used because he happened to appear in traffic court that day, visited with his sister and never showed up again.

Robert Gilroy was body number twenty-five. Egan gave no date for his disappearance, why, I don't know—none of the dates had any specific meaning. He just tells us that he was 18 and that he went out hitchhiking to some horse stable. That was the last he was heard of.

September 25, 1977. John Mowery, 19, an ex-marine, worked at a Chicago bank. He had dinner with his folks that day and told his parents that he was feeling depressed. They asked him to stay overnight with them but he declined. He was not heard from again.

Egan next mentioned October 17, 1977, and the name of Russell Nelson, 21, from Minnesota, who was saying with friends. On that date he left for Chicago's Broadway and Belmont area, a notorious gay center, saying he was going disco-ing. He never came back. Egan failed to give a body number or say if he was on the graveyard plat.

Egan continued the ghastly roll call, giving the date November 11, 1977. Another Michigan boy, Robert Winch, a sixteen-year-old runaway. Egan gave him number eleven on the graveyard, tapping the large plat with his pointer.

November 18, 1977, is Egan's next date. Tommy Boling, married, one child, unemployed body and fender man. He was last heard from by his mother with whom he discussed some business by telephone from a bar.

Egan moved to three weeks later. David Talsma, 19, was in the Marine Reserves and lived with his parents. No date of disappearance was given. He went to a rock concert and



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didn't return. He was given no plot number in "Gacy's Graveyard."

Egan had by that time spoken briefly of seventeen—dead boys—seventeen boys whom he said I murdered and buried beneath my house.

1978, Gacy's last year of killing, February 16. A boy named William Kindred, 19, was from the north side. He saw his girlfriend every single day, so the first day she didn't see him she knew something was amiss. That night he told his roommate he was going to a bar. He wasn't heard from again until he turned up as body number 27.

We move from February to summer, June 30, 1978. According to Egan the crawl space was filling up. Timothy O'Rourke was found in the Des Plaines River. Egan linked us by saying only that O'Rourke told his roommate that he had met a construction man in the suburbs. One evening he went out for cigarettes and ended up in that river. That's how Egan put it—that's it! That was the whole link!

November 4, 1978. Frank Landigan, 19, had a fight with his girlfriend. He had been in jail and had been bonded out. He was last seen walking down Foster Avenue and was found in the Des Plaines River. Egan made it a point to tell the jury that his bond receipt was found at the Summerdale house. That may have been so—I fixed many tickets for employees and their friends. There are a number of ways it could have ended up there. I was a precinct captain and it was not unusual for me to have those things, but it certainly didn't put him with me. Or the slip could have come in via one of my young employees who wanted a favor done for a friend. Many times bond slips and drivers' licenses were left in the office when I was out of town.

Three weeks later, Thanksgiving Day, 1978. James Mazzara, 21, from Elmwood Park, had Thanksgiving dinner with his folks. When he returned to the apartment which he shared with some friends in downtown Chicago, close to Bughouse Square, he found that they had been evicted. James was last seen by a friend walking down the street with a suitcase. He was found floating in the Des Plaines River.

Egan then mentioned Robert Piest again as being the last victim. He had talked about twenty-two whom he had identified, and went on to say that eleven more had not been identified but were found in the Summerdale graveyard.

Egan then told the jury how the men of the Des Plaines police department had discovered the bodies, without saying that the search had been made with illegal search warrants. He claimed to have five unsigned statements from me. I asked myself if the jurors would wonder why, if I had indeed made those statements—if I had gone so far as to confess to murder, why I hadn't signed them. Could they figure out that those were not my statements, but statements written by the police? At no time, during those so-called interviews did those officers write down what I had been saying, even while I was high on drugs. The only statement I gave them, I signed. The other four are what the police made up for the record, written to clear up an historic case. My signature would have been so convenient, saving them from doing any work on this most difficult case; but my signature was missing as was the truth when Egan told the jurors that the police knew about the case because I had told them.

He turned back to the jurors saying, "We will prove to you that John Gacy killed thirty-three people, and we will prove to you that John Gacy murdered thirty-three boys because his actions were those of a thoughtful, rational, premeditated, evil man." If he was so sure of himself, why was he so quick to go for Amirante's insanity defense? Because he knew



that once Amirante agreed to that he didn't have to prove a thing, and he knew he couldn't.

Amirante handed me over to them, sold me out. With the insanity defense he stipulated that I committed the crimes, claiming that I was insane at the time. So now there was to be no murder trial, there was to be an insanity trial. The state didn't have to prove a thing; all they had to do was put enough doctors on the stand to confuse the issues, and the jurors in their confusion would do the rest. The public would have the big crime of the century solved without it ever being proven that I was the only possible person who could have committed it. The greatest murder coverup of the century. Watch the trial unfold and arrive at your own conclusion.

Egan said he would show ten factors common to all the murders:

1. "They were all boys—no females." I guess you couldn't argue with the medical examiner on that one.
2. "They were all involved with some talk of monies." Omniscience again, he heard every word—but he never tried to prove it.
3. "They all came in his car to his home after being picked up somehow." That was never proven; but if it had been true, why did the state confiscate two *trucks* from P.D.M.?
4. "Until early in 1978 when he ran out of room, all of them were buried on his property, most of them in the safety of his own home surrounded by nothing but cement walls, and there are no windows here, nobody can look in there. Planned and premeditated". While it's a fact that the bodies were found there, it doesn't prove that I'm the person who put them there.
5. "All the other bodies were dumped in the same river, at the same spot." Does that prove that I threw the bodies in that river?
6. "Each boy killed the same way, the rope trick, the rope around the neck, the knot, the other knot, the item, the twist, the tourniquet, each the same way. Planned, mechanical and premeditated." That's not what Dr. Stein, head medical examiner for Cook County, said, nor the medical examiners who checked the bodies from the river. Dr. Robert Stein said six were by ligature strangulation, one by stabbing, one by manual strangulation, thirteen by suffocation (meaning buried alive), ten undetermined. The forensic pathologist stated that the other two, found in the river, were atraumatic, meaning that there was no evidence of an injury having caused death before entering the water. But the state wanted to establish a pattern for the jurors' imaginations.
7. "That most of the clothing of the victims was disposed of." Probably true, but of no value in identifying the murderer.
8. Egan claimed that I kept souvenirs: Driver's License, ring, fishing license, and Robert Piest's coat were found at the Summerdale house." But Robert Piest wasn't found at the house. Those items could have been dumped off at the house at any time; they don't prove that he was in the house or that I had ever seen him.
9. "Many of the bodies that were recovered either had a cloth-like material stuffed in their mouths or a plastic bag over their heads. Several of them still had the rope-trick around their necks. Planned and premeditated." But again, that didn't prove who killed them—it didn't prove any association with me.
10. Finally Egan claimed that he had asked me why the murders were committed in various ways, and that I had talked with him about that. That's not true. I had seen Egan for the first time at the arraignment and never talked with him. But how were the jurors to



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find that out when Amirante stipulated, conceded everything the state maintained—everything!

Egan ended the long opening statement with, "If there is another man more evil than John Gacy among us, God help us all." Pure drama!

After breaking for lunch it was Robert Motta's turn to make our opening statement, a chance for total refutation. I wondered from the beginning when he would start attacking Egan's remarks. It wouldn't happen. Instead, he talked about death being death and that revenge couldn't bring the victims back. That the jurors should forget about anger, or sympathy, or vengeance, and that they should leave their prejudices and preconceived notions out of the courtroom, that they should base their deliberations on the issues presented to them during the trial. At this very beginning he was laying the groundwork, not for my innocence, but for the insanity defense. He merely summarized what Egan had said, only attacking Egan's conclusion of premeditation (trial transcripts, pages 58-60):

The state has gone through a rather lengthy explanation as to each of the thirty-three bodies that were recovered. They said that because they were buried in the house in a certain fashion, that shows premeditation. But, if you look at the evidence and consider that this is a house—I want to take you back a few years, too—you put yourself in that house and you try to conceive of living there with twenty-nine bodies—twenty-eight under it and one in the garage; try and determine whether or not, with your common sense, avoiding all of the psychiatric testimony, just with your common sense, whether that evidence that the state will introduce bespeaks of a sound mind. Consider further that this was done over and over and over again, in the same manner. Is this premeditation or is it obsession, is it compulsion, is it the device of a deeply sick individual? Certainly there is a pattern, but it doesn't show premeditation, it shows a profound, incredible obsession.

Thirty-inch crawl space. The evidence will show that these bodies were taken down there—you can't stand up down there, you have got to dig with your hands, over and over and over again. Sure, Mr. Gacy collected souvenirs, he collected bodies. These facts the state will show you. A collector of bodies. What made him do it is something that we will demonstrate to you. The question "why?" Is the most important question because, in order for you to reach a decision, a decision based on sound judgement, a decision based not on prejudice, not on anger, not for a desire for revenge or vengeance, but a decision based on common sense, looking at the entire picture and then coming to a conclusion.

Motta went over and over the state's case, but instead of ripping it apart, he was filling in blanks that Egan left open. That's why I felt it was an extension of the state's case. There I sat, wondering to myself, what happened to the three prong defense Amirante had sold me on? Why weren't we taking on the state's case and punching holes in it? Where is the part about the state's not being able to prove that John Gacy is the only man who could have committed the crimes? I was getting madder by the minute. I had already had my fill of such terms as abnormal; deeply sick individual; compulsion; collector of bodies; obsession;



evil damaged raging maniac; insane; mental disease; neurotic symptoms; sexual deviate; compulsive obsessive; pseudo-neurotic schizophrenic. I didn't like it at all. What had Amirante and Motta gotten me bogged down into?

Then Motta told the jury that he would explain what the evidence showed. I figured that was where he would attack the state's case. But no, I was wrong again. He started forecasting what the doctors would be saying, concluding, "The evidence will show that John Gacy is insane under any standards, whether it be the standard of your own good conscience or your common sense."

I had followed Amirante's instructions—I was to sit there and let the jurors see me as being completely uninterested in what was being said or going on. But how could I sit there and listen to Motta tear me apart, especially after Egan had dragged me through the mud? I expected Egan to make a monster of me; Motta, on the other hand, was first supposed to raise the state's case apart, then raise the insanity issue if all else failed. That's how I interpreted our case.

But Motta would only talk about the different doctors who would tell the jury about all my mental problems, about the numerous labels that would apply to me. He even had me stand up like a dummy and look bland for the jury, wordlessly. Not even a speaking part in this theater of the absurd. I saw it was all going haywire. I was being set up. The opening statements were finished and Judge Garippo gave instructions to the jurors:

During the evening, again, do not discuss this case in any way. You haven't heard any evidence and it would not be fair to either side to begin your discussion at any time before you have heard all the evidence and also received your instructions.

During the time that you are sequestered, perhaps people, curiosity-wise, might attempt to talk to you and find out how things are going and things like that. Remind them of your oath not to discuss the case in any way and also remind them of the possibility of their being subject to criminal penalties either for contempt or for criminal penalties for attempting to discuss this case in any way with you. Again, it may be a tempting thing for these people whom you might legitimately have contact with to make some sort of inquiry along those lines, but please refrain from doing so.

ONE HUNDRED ONE WITNESSES

The first series of witnesses brought in by the state were called "life and death" witnesses. To prove that someone has died it must first be proven that that person lived, so family members were called to verify the existence and the residence of the identified victims, usually by photographs or by personal possessions. The jurors were never told that only six of the victims were properly identified and sixteen were only tentatively identified as the persons the state claimed they were.

The first witness was Marco Butkovich, the father of John Butkovich. He had last seen his son on July 29, 1975, and reported him missing on July 31. John had worked for P.D.M. since the fall of 1974 and told his father that he would go by my office to pick up a pay-check before staying all night with a friend. Egan, after showing the father an 8 x 10 picture



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of his son, mounted the photo on the 4' by 12' display board facing the jurors with slots for another twenty-one pictures of the same size. The state withheld pertinent information, but had the witness tell how he had given the boy his own apartment and that I had helped John remodel it. That left the image of loving and caring parents and a good kid.

Motta failed to bring out that later the two had arguments about John quitting school and getting into drugs and grass, whereupon the father kicked him out of the apartment as punishment and the boy threatened to run away from home. When he came after his paycheck for \$130 I wouldn't give it to him because he owed P.D.M. \$325 for carpeting we had put in his apartment and his father wouldn't let him take it back. So much for the loving father image. Another thing our investigation turned up was that, after leaving P.D.M. that night with three friends, they went to a pool hall, got into a fight and beat up a man with a pool cue—all this some three hours after seeing me. This information would have punctured the state's case that the crime was sexually motivated. The defense did not carry out its responsibility.

The next witness called was Delores Vance, mother of Darryl Samson, who was last seen alive on April 6, 1976, and reported to the police as missing. Again the prosecution painted a characterization of a pristine young man. The state wanted all the victims to appear as altar boys and me as the devil. Amirante didn't bring out anything about the results of our investigation, which turned up the boy's police record as a street hustler and how many times he had run away from home. If we had brought out any of our negative information it would have meant evoking anger and distaste in the jury, the state had that built-in advantage. They came across as commiserative and sensitive; we could only appear at that point as callous predators violating the memories of the dead. Their plan was cold and clean, but a far cry from factual.

"Life and death" witnesses are not the ones to get evidence from, but at some point we should have cleared up the picture the jurors got from the state's attorneys. Members of only about five of the concerned families were willing to testify at the trial and most who came forth did so only under subpoena. No one was willing to assert that most of the victims did not live wholesome lives, but the truth remains that most of those murdered boys did lead lives away from home that were dishonorable. For the most part their lives comprised numerous runaways, juvenile records, male prostitution, strong homosexual histories. Everyone has some dirt under his fingernails. While theirs was being covered up, the state was magnifying mine, but it couldn't connect me with *any one* of those deaths, other than that the bodies had been found on property that I owned.

The next witness was Ms. Bessie Stapleton, mother of Samuel Stapleton, 14, who disappeared on May 13, 1976. Now watch, if you will, a preplanned, rehearsed dialogue, a sad performance where a bereaved was told to emote for the jury.

"Did your son wear any particular type of jewelry?"

"Yes, he wore a bracelet, a chain bracelet."

"What type of chain was that?"

"Like a dark chain."

"I ask you, Mrs. Stapleton, to examine the contents of an envelope labeled People's exhibit number eight."

"That's Sam's bracelet! God! Why!"

The trial was halted and Mrs. Stapleton was taken off the stand. Three other witnesses



testified before they brought her back to identify her son's dental records. Garippo had her brought back to the stand while the jury was out of the room, sensing what the prosecution had planned. He had the state show her a photo of her son which was to go on their display board. Egan said, "This is the same photo I showed you in the office this morning," and she identified it without emotion.

When the jury had returned to the courtroom she identified the photo and the dental records. Amirante cross-examined. He asked if she knew or had heard about men named Ronald Duncan and David Cook. The first she wasn't sure about; the second she said yes. Sam asked her what she told the police about that person. "I can't recall; I can't remember." This was the first link in a chain of memory losses throughout the trial, always coming at critical moments, always when evasion was necessary.

"How about Tommy Boling? Do you know a girl by the name of Christy McPeak? Did you hear of a person named Mr. Clean?"

"Yes."

Egan objected. Judge Garippo sustained it. Sam had hit a nerve. It showed in her face and it ruffled Egan. Amirante asked another question about Mr. Clean.

Egan objected: "Hearsay!"

Mrs. Stapleton parroted, "Just hearsay." The reason she didn't want to answer was that Mr. Clean, David Cook and Tommy Boling were all street hustlers and druggers with arrest records; they were also her son's friends. This was all learned through our investigation. Amirante returned to the bracelet over which she had played her emotional scene earlier.

"That bracelet that you saw before, Mrs. Stapleton, did you see that before you came in the courtroom here?"

"That's my son's bracelet."

"Did you see that bracelet today before you came in the courtroom?"

"Yes."

"Was that the first time you saw it?"

"No."

"When was the last time you saw it?"

"I seen it before."

"And you did see it again today, right before you came into court?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who showed you that bracelet?"

"My attorney."

"Mr. Egan?"

"Yes."

Some of the jurors mumbled to each other.

"As late as August 27, 1976, didn't people tell you they had seen your son?"

Egan jumped. "Objection!"

"Sustained."

The people Amirante asked her about—Cook, McPeak, Mr. Clean—all said they had seen her son after the date on which the state claimed I had killed him. They didn't want that fact disclosed. I couldn't understand why, with all the information they had, Amirante and Motta didn't go right into poking holes in the state's case. Certainly this was the time to do that if they were working for a directed verdict of acquittal. Already the state's case



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was vulnerable. But it didn't fit into Sam's scheme of an insanity defense. That's all he could see—or else that was part of an agreement he had with elements who were adverse to my case.

All the state had evinced so far with their life and death witnesses was that the victims were born, they lived, some went to the dentist, and that maybe they were killed on the dates they were last seen. It was shown that bodies had been found under the house, but there was no mention of the twelve keys to the house in the hands of others. The case against me was shabby from day one. No effort had been made, nor would be made, to put me with any one of them. When the trial was over, the families of those boys still did not know who had killed them, and I'm on death row because my attorneys tried to pass me off as insane in a pretense of trying to have my life spared.

One of the three witnesses who took the stand between Stapleton's first and second appearances was Myrtle Reffett, the mother of Randall Reffett, age 15. He was last seen by his mother when he left her house on May 14, 1976, and was found by the excavators in the crawl space under the Summerdale house. He was never shown to be connected with me at any time, in any way. Since I didn't know him, I have to suppose that he may have known one of the employees who had keys to the house. His mother identified his picture before it was passed among the jurors for viewing before being added to the state's display.

The next witness was Mrs. Shirley Stein. Her son, Michael Bonnin, who lived at home with her, disappeared June 3, 1976 after leaving the house to go on a painting job with a friend. On June 9 she reported him missing. On December 30, 1978, the police informed her that they had found his fishing license at the Summerdale house. She was shown a picture which she identified as her son. No link was made between me and Michael.

The state next called Esther Johnston to the stand. She had driven her son Rick to Chicago's Aragon Ballroom the night of August 6, 1976, for a rock concert. She waited until it was over so she could take him home but never saw him again. She reported him missing the following day.

State's attorney Sullivan did his best to elicit long narrative answers from her, a ploy to emotionalize the jurors. Objections by my attorneys were flying when the answers began. She thought he might have run away to join the Moonies. Sullivan was guiding her as much as possible, even to the point of putting words in her mouth. He ended by having her identify a picture of her son, which became exhibit number 14. I didn't know the boy and no evidence showed we had ever met.

After a lunch recess Mrs. Eugenia Godzik testified. Kunkle had her say that her son Gregory, 17, was working at Republic Lumber for \$2.35 an hour and quit that job to work for P.D.M. for \$5.50. I guess that figure was decided on to match up with the Robert Piest story wherein they claimed that I offered him \$5.50 to work for me. Actually Gregory started at \$3.00. She testified that he worked for me two weeks and had started a third. Yet the business records show that he started on a Thursday afternoon, worked through Saturday, didn't show up Monday or Tuesday, worked Wednesday and part of Thursday, Friday, and never called or came in again.

She claimed that she had talked to me only once, that being after the boy disappeared. That was false. When he didn't show up that Monday I called his home and talked with his mother, saying that the least he could have done was to call me so that the other guys wouldn't have to sit around waiting for him. She told me that he spoke highly of me and



she hoped that I wouldn't fire him for not showing up—she would talk to him. She confided that she was having trouble with him staying out late, hanging around with the wrong people; someone had even tried to kick his head in, which I knew because I had seen the bandage. She felt that since he looked up to me maybe I could have a talk with him to help her. I said I would.

How do you tell a mother that her son is dealing? He had brought drugs onto the job and was selling to some of my other employees. Altogether, his life was disorderly. My point is that his interests were common to other employees closer to his age rather than to me.

She told Kunkle that she had talked to me several days after Gregory disappeared and found out that I had a tape recording of her son's voice which I destroyed. That was partly true. He called and left a message on my answering machine. But that machine had a capacity of twenty-five messages and his message was automatically erased when the twenty-sixth call came in. I don't know what the state was trying to prove by the allegation that I destroyed it.

Kunkle decided that Mrs. Godzik's identification of the boy's picture had been too emotional and called a sister, Eugenia, to the stand to identify it. Then he called Judy Patterson, Gregory's girlfriend, who was the last person to see him alive, December 12, 1976. Motta moved to have the Godzik testimony stricken as being cumulative, but Garippo allowed the witness to continue.

Patterson claimed that she came to see me a few days after Gregory disappeared. The fact is that it was two months later, in February. Her car broke down in the neighborhood and she was in a tow truck with a couple of her girlfriends. She said she had stopped by several times previously but didn't catch me at home. Her testimony was full of falsehoods: that Greg told me he intended to run away; that I asked who beat up on Greg so bad that he had to have stitches in his forehead; that I said I was in the crime syndicate and we would go after the guy. The girl had a great imagination but, again, I don't know what they were trying to prove. Kunkle showed her the picture of Godzik and she identified him.

Mrs. Violet Carroll was the next witness. She was the mother of William Carroll, 16, who was reported missing June 14, 1976. Her son lived with her and she had last seen him about midnight the night before, and had given his dental records to the sheriff's office. She looked at state's photo number 16 and identified it as her son. Amirante brought out in cross-examination, as with previous witnesses, the physical description of the victim. The Carroll boy was muscular because he did a lot of weight lifting. His mother told the jury that he had been reported missing several times previously. Then Amirante asked about the kind of people he ran around with, but the state objected to that line of questioning. Mrs. Carroll was ready to answer but was stopped. The state did not connect me with William Carroll in any way.

During one of the many recesses I asked my attorneys why they weren't bringing out more information about the victims' backgrounds. Amirante said it wasn't important. They said they knew that Carroll and many of the other victims were street hustlers, but claimed that Garippo would not allow any of that kind of information to go to the jurors. He said, later, "Don't worry."

Mrs. Rosemary Szyk was next called to the stand. She was the mother of John Allen Szyk, reported missing January 21, 1977. During Sullivan's direct examination, Mrs. Szyk said that her son had been living with his girlfriend in an apartment in Chicago, and when



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he disappeared he owned a 1971 white Plymouth Satellite. Sullivan showed her exhibit 17 which she identified as the car's registration; it had been found in his apartment. She testified that he was last seen alive when he left work on January 20 and was reported missing the following day.

On December 15, 1978, the Des Plaines police had asked her if her son had graduated from Maine West High School, in what year, and if he'd had a class ring. She told them yes, and the ring and several other things were missing from his apartment when he disappeared. She identified state's exhibit 18 as the boy's class ring, and exhibit 19 as a picture of her son.

The state wanted the jury to believe that Szyk was living with his girlfriend; our investigation learned that he lived alone and that he was a transvestite. The questions about the car were asked because it was found in the ownership of Michael Rossi, a P.D.M. employee. The ring had been found in the Summerdale house. Nothing about John Szyk's sexual preferences or drug background was allowed to be heard, nor the fact that he was known to be a stage dancer at gay bars.

Roger W. Sahs took the stand next. He was a friend of Jon S. Prestidge, age 20, who was reported missing on March 18, 1977. Mr. Egan handled this witness. He asked how long Mr. Sahs had known Prestidge and about the spelling of his first name. Sahs said that the victim spelled his name J O N and that he had known him for six months before he disappeared. Egan asked Sahs if he was married, how old he was, and where he met Jon. Sahs answered that he was 40, divorced eight years, lived alone, and had met Jon when he had first come from Kalamazoo, Michigan. They had become friends and Jon lived with Sahs for a while. During the last five days before his disappearance Jon had stayed with Sahs in his apartment. On the evening of March 15 they had gone out and during the evening Jon asked him about Bughouse Square; he told Jon that it wasn't a very good place to hang around. Egan asked Sahs why he said that. Sahs answered, "Because it was a pickup area for hustlers."

Later that evening Sahs went home and Jon ostensibly went to Bughouse Square. That was the last time Sahs saw Jon and three days later he reported him missing. During the excavation of the Summerdale house he called Jon's mother in Michigan and had her send the boy's dental records which he gave to the police. Sahs identified the dental records and Jon's picture for the jury.

Amirante cross-examined Sahs about his age—his being 40 and Jon only 20. He said they stayed together when Jon was in town, that they weren't related, just friends. Amirante next wanted to know how they met. Sahs paused, then related that he met Jon in a bar on Broadway called Gaffer's. Sam wanted to know more. He asked what kind of a bar was Gaffer's—a straight bar or a gay bar? What kind of neighborhood was it located in gay or straight? Sahs said it was in a straight neighborhood. Amirante knew he was hedging—lying.

"You never told the police when you reported him missing that you met him in the gay bar?" Sahs, turning red in the face, said no, but that he did report him missing. Sam wanted to know how Mr. Sahs knew that Bughouse Square was a dangerous place and that gay hustlers hung out there.

"Just what I heard on T. V. and the papers."

"Come on, Mr. Sahs, you're talking about gay hustlers, aren't you?" Aren't you?"



"Yes!"

"And isn't that where Jon Prestidge wanted to go the night he disappeared? Didn't you drive him there?"

"No!"

"You drove him to Bughouse Square because Jon said he wanted to go hustle and make money off gays, didn't you?"

"No!"

"All I'm asking you, Mr. Sahs, did you ever give any information in this regard to the Chicago Police Department?"

"Yes, I did."

"Mr. Sahs, are you denying under oath in this court right now that, you are denying that you took Jon Prestidge to Bughouse Square to hustle? You didn't take him there to hustle? You deny that under oath?"

Egan objected. The judge called the two attorneys to the side of the bench and asked Amirante what he was up to.

"Judge, he's lying. I know it, the state knows it, and I am laying the groundwork to impeach this witness for perjury." Garippo told Amirante to continue.

Amirante renewed the cross-examination by asking Sahs if he did in fact have a conversation with an officer Burkhardt of the Chicago police department on May 11. Didn't he tell the officer not only about Jon's disappearance, but that on the day he disappeared he had dropped Jon off in the Old Town area where Jon intended to make some money from gay males?

Sahs claimed that was wrong. He had left Jon at Rush and Oak streets, admittedly for that same purpose. He wouldn't say whether Jon was gay, but he admitted putting Jon's picture in a gay magazine out of Chicago in the missing persons ads. Amirante wanted to know if Sahs didn't tell the same police officer that he had met Jon in a gay bar a couple of weeks before they started living together. Amirante had to ask the judge to instruct the witness to answer the question. Sahs had been nonplussed enough to discredit himself. Again, I was not referred to or associated in any way with the victim.

On Friday, February 8, the state continued with more life and death witnesses. Mrs. Marie Todorich was the mother of Matthew Bowman, 19, of Crystal Lake, Illinois. On July 5, 1977, she drove him to the Crystal Lake train station. He was scheduled in court in Harwood Heights at 9:00 on a traffic charge. He called her at 11:00 that morning to say he was out of court and was going into Chicago. She left the same day for a three week vacation and when she returned on July 28 she reported him missing to the Crystal Lake police. She identified state's exhibit number 22 as being a picture of her son. Motta only asked her questions concerning the boy's physical description.

The state followed with Mrs. Laura Mortell, Bowman's sister, who had last seen him at her apartment in Chicago on the evening of July 5. When he left he told her he was going home. In December of 1978 she heard the publicity about the excavation at Summerdale, called the sheriff's office and sent her brother's dental records.

In cross examination, Amirante asked several questions concerning who Matthew lived with. She said he lived at home with his parents. Had she reported him missing before her mother came home? No. Had she ever given a statement to the police or a description of her brother? No.



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As with Michael Bonnin, Rick Johnston, William Carroll, and John Szyk, I did not know Matthew Bowman. The state never associated me with any of them, nor did they prove their sex-motivation theory as being related to their deaths. They continued to give names to bodies found at the house. To this day those bodies have never been positively identified.

Thomas E. Gilroy was called by the state. He was the uncle of Robert Gilroy, 18, who dropped out of sight on September 15, 1977, and was reported missing several days later. He lived with his father and sister in an apartment complex about a half mile from the Summerdale address. He was an accomplished horseman and left home that day to go for riding practice in Wheeling. He didn't have a car so he planned to hitchhike. Mr. Gilroy looked at exhibit number 23 and identified it as Robert. Ejan had no further questions.

Motta asked just a few questions. Did Robert Gilroy know Paul Downing or Barry Brinkman, Roy Arnold or Diana Burner? No. Tasha Malarock? "Yes, that was Robert's girlfriend's name." Motta didn't bring out, either then or later in the trial, that the reason the father wasn't in the courtroom was that he didn't want anything to do with his son. His father was a police officer and, according to the defense investigators, young Robert was a known street hustler, a runaway, and had been in trouble with the law. No connection was established between me and the boy.

The state called Dolores Neider to the stand. Sullivan asked her if she had a son named John Mowery. She said yes, by a previous marriage. He was last seen on September 25, 1977, and reported to the police as missing on September 29. After his discharge from the marines he lived with his family but moved into his own apartment when attending Truman College In Chicago and working two part-time jobs. The last night Mrs. Neider saw her son he had dinner with the family but couldn't stay overnight because he had to work the next day. A few days later she received a call from one of his friends saying that he had not been to work the last four days. She called the police and reported him missing.

In December of 1978 Mrs. Neider received a call from the Cook County sheriff's office that her son's driver's license had been found at the Summerdale house. She requested the U. S. Marine Corps to send his dental records to the sheriff for identification. Sullivan showed her a jacket (exhibit 25) and asked if it had belonged to her son. She said it was the type of jacket he had but that she could not be sure it was his. The defense had no questions for her. Nothing mentioned connected me with John Mowery.

The next witness was Mrs. Norma Nelson, the mother of Russell L. Nelson, 21, who was visiting in Chicago from Cloquet, Minnesota. He had graduated from high school with honors and was studying drafting at the University of Minnesota. While he lived in Minneapolis he had a steady girlfriend and they planned to get married and have children. He called his mother on October 17 to wish her a happy birthday and told her he planned to visit Chicago, Canada and Florida to study the architecture of those places. Two weeks later she received a phone call from one of Russell's friends in Chicago who said he hadn't seen or heard from Russell since October 19. She filed a missing person report with her local sheriff in Minnesota, who learned that Chicago had had a missing report on him since November 1. She sent his dental records to the Chicago police.

Amirante took the cross-examination. Starting out gently, he asked the name of Russell's girlfriend. Mrs. Nelson didn't want to divulge that as the girl was making a different life now and publicity might be emotionally damaging. Did she know Robert Young or Tom Meyers? The first name she didn't know; the second one, she said, was the one who called



to report Russell missing. Amirante told her that Robert Young was the man who was traveling with her son. Mrs. Nelson said that although she didn't know Young, she had spoken to him on the telephone when he called from Chicago. He had told her that her son disappeared from a bar they were in called Blinker's. Then he changed the story to say that the boy had disappeared during the next day while alone.

Mrs. Nelson was asked about her son's girlfriend, but could only say that she thought they had gone steady from 1971 until 1974. When he started college, he lived in a territorial home with another man. He also had an apartment but she didn't know if that was shared by the man from the terrible home. Sam asked if she knew what kind of bar Blinker's was. She thought it was a disco bar. He asked if she had ever heard him mention the Washington Park or Bughouse Square districts of Chicago. She couldn't recall.

Amirante returned to Robert Young. Was she curious about the different stories he told her—first saying he had been with Russell when he disappeared, then saying he hadn't. She said, "I can't understand how Russ could disappear one night and disappear the next day also." She went on to say that Robert Young, who claimed to have reported her son missing, had been calling her two or three times a week threatening her for money. He told her he knew Russell had \$2,000 in traveler's checks on him and that he had some of Russell's ID's which he could use to cash those traveler's checks.

Sam was trying to be nice to the woman. She was naive about her son's private life. Our investigators learned that on the night he disappeared Russell was seen in gay bars with known street hustlers and this Robert Young may have ripped him off. Sam didn't want to distress her further with investigative reports showing that her son lived with a gay man while in Minneapolis, or that his friend Tom Meyers had a different account of what happened to Russell and the missing \$2,000.

Prosecutor Egan called to the stand Mrs. Joyce Winch, the mother of Robert Winch, 16, who was last seen in Kalamazoo, Michigan, on November 10, 1977, and reported missing the next day. Mr. Egan elicited that Mrs. Winch had five children and was divorced. Robert was living in a foster home because of problems he was having, and was home only on weekends for family visits. On Friday, November 10, he had been home and left to go to a friend's house. When he didn't return by 9:00 she called the friend who told her that Robert had left with another boy to go to California. She never saw him again. She sent his dental records to Cook County's Sheriff's office along with X rays of injuries he had sustained in the past. She identified exhibit number 28, a picture of her son.

Motta asked very few questions. Mrs. Winch said that Robert had lived in the foster home several months after a court order had been obtained. One of his friends told her that he had gone to California with another friend. Our Investigators learned that Robert Winch had been in trouble with his family and with the law. He and his friends were reputed to be street hustlers and some were flagrant homosexuals. No connection was made between that boy and myself.

Mrs. Albenia Boling took the stand next. Kunkle asked if she had a son named Tommy Boling. Yes. He was 20, married, and had a son named Timmy. The marriage had been a double ring ceremony and she identified his wedding ring for Kunkle. On November 18, 1977, he left her house but called back at 11:00 that night saying that he was in a bar watching television. She thought he would go home after that, but that was the last time she ever heard his voice. He was reported missing two days later. In February of 1978 she



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obtained his dental records and sent them to the Cook County sheriff's office at their request. Kunkle showed her Tommy's picture, which she identified.

Motta handled the cross-examination. He wanted to know why her son called so late at night. Mrs. Motta said it was because her husband was sick and Tommy called to see how he was doing. Motta asked what bar he had called from. She didn't know, but he frequented bars on North Clark Street. Did she know Don Giber Yes, he was the boy's friend.

According to defense investigators, Don Giber said that Tommy Boling was a male-hustler in the New Town area, frequenting gay bars. He said Tommy had a police record and he was known to rip off the people he hustled. I never met Tommy Boling. His remains were found beneath the house on Summerdale. The state presented nothing that even hinted that the Boling boy and I had ever met.

Mrs. Pearl Talsma stepped into the witness box and, for the state, Attorney James Varga came forward. Mrs. Talsma was the mother of David Paul Talsma, 19, reported missing on December 14, 1977. He had been living at home until he was last seen on December 9, when he told her he was going that night to a rock concert in Hammond, Indiana. She had checked around with his friends and even with her mother in Florida before reporting his disappearance. He was in the Marine Reserves, and she obtained his dental records from the Marines in October of 1979 to give to the sheriff's office.

Motta, for the defense, asked if David lived at home. Yes. What time had he left on December 9 to go to the concert? Around 6:30 p.m. Motta then asked Mrs. Talsma if she remembered talking to him (Motta) on the phone. She did. He asked if she had written a letter to John Gacy at the county jail. She said yes, she did write to me. When she was asked what she wrote in that letter Sullivan objected and Garippo sustained it. Motta asked if she made any representations as to his client's mental state and again Garippo sustained Sullivan's objection.

What Mrs. Talsma had written me, that the state didn't want presented in court, was that she didn't hold anything against me. Her son David was no angel and what happened to him could not be held against me; she understood what I was going through and felt sorry for me. She said she realized that the mental state I must have been in afforded me no control over what had happened and that she forgave me. I turned the letter over to my attorneys. Motta requested the court's permission to call her as a defense witness—that the state should make her available.

Kunkle shouted, "Absolutely not!"

Amirante said, "I don't think they have any choice."

Garippo had both counsel come to a side bar, out of the hearing of the jury. He made it known that he didn't want any legal arguments in front of the jury. If the defense wanted a request of the witness then make it but, (looking at Kunkle) "I don't want arguments going on in open court. (To Amirante) Now, are you going to call her as a witness, and in what regards?"

"We may, about the letter she sent to my client stating that she forgave him, and just about her general forgiveness."

"It may be possible, we will see, if it gets that far, in the aggravation and mitigation hearing." (Transcript pages 321 to 322)

The next witness was rolled out in a wheel chair, wearing a neck brace and holding crutches. Mary Jo Paulus had been severely injured the week before in an auto accident,



and had been released from the hospital earlier that day in order to testify. Amirante, seeing her discomfort, offered to stipulate to her testimony but Sullivan wouldn't allow it.

After some preliminary questions, Sullivan asked her if she knew William Kindred. She said yes, she had begun dating him on July 28, 1977, and did so until he disappeared on January 28, 1978; she had seen him every day during that time. The day he disappeared was the day they had planned to get married. She hadn't reported him missing until February 16, when she and his mother went together to the police station. In June of 1979, after the discovery of bodies on Summerdale, she went to the police station and identified a chain with two medals which had been a gift from her to William in January of 1978.

Sullivan asked if she had ever met John Gacy. She said yes, but she had trouble picking me out in the courtroom. She claimed that she had met me at the Good Luck Lounge on Elston Avenue late in 1977, and that I had done a sketch of her on a bar napkin and gave it to her. She knew it was me because I signed it. When asked if she still had this drawing, she said no. Then she testified that she had talked with me a second time in November of 1977 at the Good Luck Lounge; that I had bought her a drink, then invited her to a party at my house. She claimed to have seen me five times during 1977 and 1978. Sullivan ended his examination by having her identify a picture of William Kindred.

Amirante was keyed up; he sat beside me at the defense table and mumbled to me that she was lying. Motta cross-examined, starting out with general questions. She was 19. She met William Kindred on July 28, 1977. She couldn't remember the date they became engaged. He had been unable to buy her an engagement ring. Asked about her physical condition, she couldn't describe her injuries but she was taking medication. Motta asked when she first met me. She couldn't recall the day nor the month, just that it was in 1977 at the Good Luck Lounge. Did she know an Ed Hefner from the Good Luck Lounge? She never heard of him. Ed Hefner was the bartender and manager of the Good Luck Lounge. Motta asked how many times she had been there. She said more than ten times. Did Miss Paulus know the owner or the bartender there? No. Motta asked if she knew different people who frequented the place, including David Cram and Michael Rossi. None of the names meant anything to her. Motta mentioned the name Larry Weadle. She said, "Yes, I know him." Amirante brought out that Larry Weadle had seen William Kindred after she had last seen him. She didn't respond. Did she tell the police that she was the last person to see William Kindred?

"I don't recall."

"So in fact you were not the last person to see him alive."

Motta asked her to describe William Kindred. She said he weighed 155, was about five feet eight and had brunette hair. Then she changed the answer to ash brown hair.

"Didn't you tell the police that he had dirty blond hair?"

"As far as I can remember, yes." Then she blurted out, "Could you please stop-I would like Mr. Gacy to stop staring at me!"

I raised my head and everyone was looking at me. Judge Garippo answered, "Miss Paulus, just answer the questions. He wasn't looking at you; I was looking right at Mr. Gacy."

Motta continued: "What neighborhood did Billy Kindred frequent?"

"Broadway and Diversey. Well, he lived in Newtown."

"Where is that?"



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"Diversey, Clark and Broadway."

Motta's last questions were about her talking with defense investigator Hollis. Why hadn't she mentioned to him the drawing she claimed I did for her? Why hadn't she mentioned that I invited her to a party at my house? As far as we were concerned, all this was new and very imaginative testimony.

What Motta wanted to bring out was that she was not engaged to William Kindred—they had just been friends. There was no sketch made on a napkin by me—napkins were not provided in that bar; they used coasters. If she had been in the Good Luck Lounge as much as she claimed she would have unavoidably met Edward Hefner; he was always there and made it his strict business to meet everyone who came in more than a couple of times. Because Edward Hefner left that job to work for P.D.M. in April of 1977, I had no reason to go back to the Good Luck Lounge, and I wasn't in there in November of 1977 when she claimed I invited her to a party. I had never met the girl and did not know William Kindred.

Our Investigator learned from Larry Weadle that 19-year-old William Kindred was last seen on or about January 15, 1978, and that he wasn't reported missing until February 16. Weadle confirmed that Kindred had a police record for hustling gays and told us that he and Kindred went both ways sexually; they personally and professionally indulged bisexual appetites. He also told us that Kindred was not engaged to Mary Jo Paulus; she didn't even know the address where her "beloved fiancée" lived.

William Kindred's mother refused to testify that he was her son.

The state showed no link between Kindred and me.

I believe that the only way to present the testimony of the next witness for the state is verbatim nothing is omitted or changed from the trial transcripts, pages 345 to 356. The witness appeared to be an attractive young oriental woman. She wore a rich blouse, peasant skirt and high leather boots. Egan conducted the direct examination.

Q. Would you tell us your name, please, and spell your last name?

A. Donita Ganzon, G A N Z O N.

Q. How old are you?

A. Thirty three.

Q. What is your business or occupation?

A. I am a registered nurse.

Q. Ms. Ganzon, calling your attention to 1977, specifically May of 1977, did you have occasion to meet a person you later knew was Timothy O'Rourke?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you, subsequent to May of 1977, become friends with Timothy O'Rourke?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Now, calling your attention to August of 1977, did Timothy O'Rourke have occasion to move in with you where you were living?

A. Yes.

Q. How long did Timothy O'Rourke live with you?

A. I would say about two or three months.

Q. Now, did he live with you until the fall of 1977?

A. Yes.

Q. During the time that he lived with you, did he ever talk to you about a construction man that he knew from the Northwest side?

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Mr. Amirante: Objection as to during that time.

The Court: Sustained.

Mr. Egan: Now, did Timothy O'Rourke have any particular marks or tattoos that you knew of?

A. Yes.

Q. Would you describe that for the ladies and gentlemen of the jury?

A. It was a tattoo on the left arm, Tim Lee.

Q. Tim Lee?

A. Yes.

Q. Would you explain that, please?

A. Well, he was a very avid fan of Bruce Lee. I asked him one day why he had the tattoo Tim Lee, because I am a avid fan of Bruce Lee.

Q. Bruce Lee, the karate expert in the films?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, calling your attention to the fall of 1977, the last time you saw him, did you have conversation with him that night?

A. Yes.

Q. Where did this conversation take place?

A. Well, it took place in front of the house where we were living together on Dover and Lawrence.

Q. What time of night did that take place?

A. It was about 11:45, 11:30 to 11:45.

Q. Were you getting home from work at that time?

A. I just got off work.

Q. After that conversation, did you go anywhere?

A. Yes.

Q. Where did you go?

A. Well, he said he was going to buy—

Mr. Amirante: Objection.

The Court: Overruled.

Mr. Egan: Go ahead.

A. He said he was going to buy cigarettes. I said, what time will you be back? He said, I will be back at 1:00.

Q. Where did you go?

A. I went upstairs.

Q. Is that the last time that you ever saw Timothy O'Rourke?

A. Yes.

Q. Now—

Mr. Motta: May we have a side bar, Judge?

(Whereupon the following transpired outside the hearing of the jury:)

The Court: Go ahead. Let me see it.

Mr. Egan: That is the photograph. For the record, she is a registered nurse, and I have shown her the picture at noon today, and I asked her would she be willing to look at it. She didn't lose her composure, and said she would be willing to look at it in court.

Mr. Motta: Are we talking about this going into evidence?



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The Court: We don't know.

Mr. Egan: The photograph will not be admitted.

Mr. Motta: You are not going to seek to introduce it, then. That is all I wanted to know.

(Whereupon, the following proceeding were had in the presence and hearing of the jury:)

Mr. Egan: Miss witness, I would show you at this time a photograph, which is marked people's exhibit number 34 for identification. I ask you to look at that photograph. Do you recognize what is depicted in that photograph?

A. Yes.

Q. What is that?

A. Tim Lee's arm.

Q. Is that the arm that has the tattoo that you just described?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, I also show you exhibit number 35 for identification. Do you recognize who is depicted in that photograph?

A. That is Tim O'Rourke.

Q. Does that show what he looked like the last time you saw him?

A. Yes.

Q. When you last saw him, was he alive and well?

A. Would you rephrase the question?

Q. When you last saw him, was he alive and well, and in good health?

A. Yes.

Mr. Egan: No further questions.

Cross examination by Mr. Amirante

Q. Miss Ganzon, Is it Miss or Mrs.?

A. Miss Ganzon.

Q. How long has your name been Donita?

A. Since—

Mr. Egan: Objection, I don't see how that is relevant.

Mr. Amirante: That is relevant.

The Court: The objection is up to the Court. The objection is overruled.

Mr. Amirante: How long has your name been Donita?

A. Since March, 1977.

Q. What was it before that?

A. Don Ganzon.

Q. Don?

A. Yes.

Q. What was your name when you met Timothy O'Rourke?

A. He started knowing me as Donita.

Q. He knew you as Donita?

A. Yes.

Q. You say Don, is the long name of that Donald? What name did you have, Don, Donald?

A. Don.

Q. Don?

A. Yes.



Q. When did you meet Timothy O'Rourke?
A. May, 1977.
Q. How long have you been a female?
Mr. Egan: I don't see the relevancy here, Judge. I will object.
The Court: Overruled.
Mr. Amirante: How long have you been a female?
A. I am in the process of being a woman.
Q. So when you met Timothy, you were not a female, were you?
A. That is right.
Q. Where did you meet him?
A. I met him at a party.
Q. Where was the party?
A. The party was on Broadway and Surf Street.
Q. Who else was at the party?
A. There was too many people at the party.
Q. How tall was Tim O'Rourke?
A. About five, five.
Q. What color was his hair?
A. Black hair.
Q. Black hair?
A. Yes.
Q. And how much did he weigh?
A. I would say he weighed between 130 and 140.
Q. Where was he the last time you saw him?
A. He was in front of our house on Dover and Lawrence.
Q. You were living with him?
A. Yes.
Q. Did you plan to marry him?
A. He was just a friend.
Q. So, you were not in love with him?
Mr. Egan: Objection. How Is that relevant?
The Court: Sustained.
Q. Were you in love with him?
Mr. Egan: Objection.
The Court: Sustained.
Mr. Amirante: May I approach the bench?
The witness: I was not in love with him.
Mr. Amirante: Did you give a statement to Investigator Lawrence from the Grundy County Sheriff's Police Department in regards to Tim Lee?
A. Repeat the question.
Q. Do you remember giving a statement to an officer from the Grundy County Sheriff's Police Department in regards to Tim Lee?
A. I never gave any statement that I was in love with him.
Q. Did you give a statement to Investigator Lawrence from the Grundy County Sheriff's Department?



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A. I can't seem to understand what he is trying to ask me.

Mr. Amirante: Judge, I think the question is clear. Did she give a statement to Investigator Lawrence.

The witness: Did I what?

The Court: Did you talk to an investigator Lawrence from the Grundy County Sheriff's Police?

The witness: No, I did not.

Mr. Amirante: Did you talk to Investigator William Collins from the Cook County Sheriff's Department?

A. I don't remember.

Q. Maybe I can refresh your memory. You don't remember at all?

A. I don't.

Q. Maybe you can take a look at that, maybe it will refresh your memory?

Mr. Kunkle: Judge, can we have these papers marked from time to time? The defense refers to documents—

Mr. Amirante: They are not exhibits.

Mr. Kunkle: —so we may know what they are later.

The Court: All right. In the future, mark it as an exhibit.

Mr. Amirante: Fine, Judge.

Q. Have you had a chance to look at that? Do you remember talking to them now?

A. I talked to so many men, I don't give those names.

Mr. Amirante: I am going to mark this Defense exhibit number 1 for identification.

Q. Okay, Miss Ganzon, I will show you what I have marked as Defendant's exhibit number one for identification. Do you remember ever speaking to Investigator Collins from the Cook County Sheriff's police or Investigator Lawrence from the Grundy County Sheriff's police on January 10th?

A. I remember talking to four people that came to my residence. I cannot remember any names. I am not good at remembering names.

Q. Do you remember telling them that Timothy O'Rourke said he was in love with you?

A. Yes, he was in love with me.

Q. And you told that to the investigators?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Have you had the sex change operation yet?

Mr. Egan: Objection.

The Court: Sustained.

The witness: No, I haven't.

Mr. Amirante: That means you are still a man?

Mr. Egan: Objection again.

The Court: Sustained. You don't have to answer.

The witness: Say it again.

The Court: You don't have to answer the question.

Mr. Amirante: Do you know a person named Bussek?

A. No.

Q. Did you ever hear of a bar called Blinkers?

A. Yes.



Q. What kind of bar is Blinkers?

Mr. Egan: Objection to the form of the question.

The Court: She may answer.

Mr. Amirante: What kind of bar?

The witness: It is predominantly a gay bar.

Mr. Amirante: No further questions.

Mr. Egan: Nothing further. Thank you, Miss Ganzon.

Timothy O'Rourke was twenty-one when he disappeared in the fall of 1977. He was never reported missing to the police. He was found in the Des Plaines River on June 30, 1978. The cause of death was prescribed as drowning—accidental drowning, with no signs of trauma found on his body. Investigators could not find any of O'Rourke's family. He had a police record. I never met Timothy O'Rourke, nor was it implied by the state that I did.

The next witness was Francisco Landingin. Mr. Kunkle handled the direct questioning. Mr. Landingin was the father of Frank Landingin, 19, who disappeared on November 4, 1978, but was never reported missing. Mr. Landingin had seen Frank on November 3, 1978, in the lockup at Belmont and Western Avenue, while he was being held on a charge of battery against his live-in girl friend, Mary Jo Ramara. Frank was bonded out that night or early the next morning. Mr. Landingin saw his son for the last time around two or three o'clock that morning outside a tavern. Frank said he was looking for Mary Jo. When he didn't see his son for several days Mr. Landingin became worried and called several Chicago hospitals. Kunkle showed him photo exhibit number 36 which he identified as his son.

Motta handled the cross examination, bringing out only that a Jimmy Dupre put up Frank's bond. Frank, Mary Jo and Jimmy shared an apartment together at Winthrop and Foster Avenue. Mr. Landingin repeated when he last saw his son and that he did not file a missing persons report—none of Frank's family did.

Our investigators talked with Frank's sister Carolyn who told them that Frank left home several times and had been in and out of trouble with the law. No evidence linked us together.

Alberto Mazzara was the next witness to take the stand. Robert Egan took the direct examination. Alberto was the father of James Mazzara, 20. James lived at the family home in Elmwood Park, Illinois. He was last seen by his father the day after Thanksgiving, 1978. While they kept a bedroom made up for James, he was frequently gone for days at a time, but they didn't ever worry much. James had held several jobs, but he wasn't working that winter. Kunkle showed him photo exhibit number 37 and Mazzara identified it as his son. He asked if James had any nicknames. Yes, they called his son Mo Jo.

Cross examination was by Robert Motta. Did Mr. Mazzara know Andy Copna? No. When asked if he knew James' friends, Mr. Mazzara said that he knew a few of them, "But no, I don't recall an Andy." Motta asked why he didn't report his son missing to the police. He spoke in slightly broken English, "No, I can't report a missing person if he is 20. He is free to go out of the house any time he wants. James would go away many, many times. Two day, three days, he would be gone with friends. I never report him missing."

Motta asked Mr. Mazzara if he knew where 2717 73rd Avenue was. "A couple blocks away from where I live."

"Andy Copna lives at 2717 73rd Avenue. Are you aware that a week after you last saw



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your son James, Mr. Mazzara, that Andy Copna saw him at a concert? But Mr. Mazzara still would not say he knew Andy Copna as his son's friend. The state objected to that point being emphasized." No further questions. Thank you very much, sir," Motta closed.

The state never asked for dental records in the Mazzara case, or for any other identifying clues. He was found in the Des Plaines River; the cause of death was listed as drowning. The state tried to prevent Motta from bringing out that a week after James' father had last seen his son, a friend, Andy Copna, saw James at a rock concert. It would enfeeble their stance if James had been seen after he was listed as missing. Defense investigators found that James Mazzara was involved in drugs, that he hung around Bughouse Square, and that he was gay. He was no stranger to the police. There was no association shown with me.

The last witness of the day was Elizabeth Piest, the mother of Robert Piest. The state based its whole case on its theory about what happened to this one victim. Robert Piest was 15 the night he vanished while working at a drug store in Des Plaines. The state proposed that he went out to the store's parking lot to talk with a contractor, me, about a better paying job. He disappeared that night, never returning to the store, and was reported to the police as missing the following day. No one said I talked to him inside the store, no one saw me with him outside the store. His body was found in the Des Plaines River fifty miles from the Summerdale house. But the state's *assumption* that I picked him up outside the drug store was the thread it used to weave a bizarre picture of me luring thirty-three young men and boys to my Summerdale office, murdering them in a grotesque ritual, then burying them under the house. The state led the jurors to believe that I sexually assaulted them after pretending to show them handcuff and rope tricks.

The state deluded the jury, the judge, the public, *you*, into believing that every one of these boys were the quintessence of wholesome American youth. I commiserate with their families and I find their fates deplorable. But too many of them were not the stuff of Eagle Scouts or the bright blossoms of American youth. Some were arrested street hustlers, predators upon gays, druggers, young men who comprised the offbeat elements of society. The investigations testify to that.

In direct examination by Sullivan, Mrs. Piest said that her son Robert was last seen at Nisson's pharmacy. He was due to get off at 9:00 and that she was waiting to take him home; it was her birthday and the family had arranged a celebration. She said that she was later told that shortly before quitting time that night a contractor named John Gacy mentioned that his firm was hiring and that I had offered one of the owners \$5.50 an hour to come and work for P.D.M. Contractors. That was true, but I was kidding with the store's co-owner, Phillip Torf, and at no time did I make an actual offer of a job to anyone working at that store. Mrs. Piest said that, while she was talking with her son, he said he had to go outside for a few minutes to talk with a contractor; he did not say John Gacy nor could anyone be found to testify that he went out to talk to me.

Mrs. Piest was inclined to give rather long narrative answers, so Amirante and Motta objected. Most of her rambling was insignificant hearsay, but they wanted to avoid a precedent. The attorneys were called to the side of the bench, outside the hearing of the jurors.

Motta: "We are going to get far away here, Judge. I mean this stuff isn't relevant or material. The state has one question left to ask, and that is if she has ever seen him again."

Garippo: "What you are asking is not hearsay, I realize, but we just can't turn the witness loose to say, you know, what do you know about this case. You can't have her say people



were running all over the place."

Sullivan: "Judge, I have asked her where she went; that is my last question. They objected to it, what she did. Mrs. Piest is going to say that the family did their own type of investigation but it is way over at the Gacy house."

Garippo asked if Mrs. Piest went over to the Gacy house. Sullivan said she did not.

Garippo: "You can't have Mrs. Piest say people were running all over the place unless she was there—that's hearsay."

Sullivan, not liking the ruling, said, "Fine. If the defense wish us to call the rest of the family, we will be more than glad to."

Motta: "How is it relevant, Judge?"

Sullivan: "Don't tell us what the witness can say."

The argument went back and forth as to what Mrs. Piest was going to be allowed to say. Finally Judge Garippo said, "I am sustaining the objection. So you are violating rule one. She has already testified that the family went out looking for Robert, and then she goes back to the police station the next day."

The attorneys left the bench and Sullivan continued, asking her about dental records. Mrs. Piest said they had been turned over to the sheriff's office. Then she identified exhibit number 38, a blue parka with a label reading Pacific Trails Sportswear, and said it belonged to her son. She also identified the state's picture of Robert. Sullivan asked if she had been advised on April 9, 1979, that her son's body had been retrieved from the Des Plaines River. Weeping, she said yes. The state had no further questions.

Amirante for the defense had no questions.

Judge Garippo talked with the jurors, informing them that we would meet the next morning, Saturday, at 10:00, but there would be only a morning session. "Do not discuss the believability of any witness, certainly not what your verdict would be. Again, people might make inquiries of you as to the progress of the case. Avoid any such contact with anyone. Have a good evening and we will see you tomorrow at ten o'clock."

February 9, 1980. Garippo had promised during jury selection that the trial would be in session six days a week. This was the first Saturday.

The state presented its first witness of the day, Kimberly Byers. Sullivan handled the direct examination. Asked how she knew Robert Piest, Miss Byers stated that she worked with him at the Nisson Drug Store in Des Plaines. She said that she first saw me at the drug store between 5:00 and 5:20 on December 11, while I was taking tape measurements of the store's aisles. She said she had no conversation with me because I was mostly in the back with the owners.

Later that evening she was working the cash register by the front door of the store and Robert Piest was stocking shelves. She was shown exhibit number 39, a picture of Piest, and identified him. Sullivan showed her exhibit number 38, Piest's jacket, which she identified. She had been wearing it in the store during the time she was filling out a personal photo reprint order and when she finished she put the receipt from the order into the pocket of that jacket. Then she identified the order envelop and the receipt.

Sullivan then moved the time frame to 8:50 that evening, asking who came into the store at that time. Miss Byers stated that Mrs. Piest came in to pick up Rob. Between 8:50 and 9:00 Robert asked Miss Byers to watch the register. "Piest said he was going to talk to the contractor guy about a job; he would be right back." That was the last time Kim Byers



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saw Robert Piest.

Amirante had no cross examination. I couldn't understand why. Byers had seen me earlier in the store, about 5:30, but they had not put me with Robert Piest. From 5:30 to 8:50 is three hours and twenty minutes; there could have been ten contractors in the place during that much time. Robert Piest went out to see the "contractor guy"—no name.

The next witness was also a Nisson employee, Linda Mertes. Egan began the direct by asking her what position she held at the store. Mertes answered that she was the store manager, and that she had been talking with John Gacy at 4:30 the afternoon of December 11 in the pharmacy area. She said we talked about Mike Rossi who had worked on the remodeling for P.D.M. some two years before. She asked me how Mike was doing; she remembered how he had complained about his \$3.00 pay. She said I told her that he was doing much better, now making \$7.00 like most of my employees. She claimed that Robert Piest was standing around during this conversation and that, jokingly, she turned to him and said, "Hey, Rob, you want a job?" Piest didn't comment.

"No comment by him?"

"No comment by Rob or Gacy."

Ms. Mertes then stated she left the store at 6:00 and returned at 7:00; I was still there. She left again to go shopping and returned at 8:45, and was positive of the time. When she returned the last time she noticed a pickup out front marked with P.D.M. Contractors on its side. Egan showed her exhibits numbered 45, 46, 47, 48, and 49 and asked her to identify them. Ms. Mertes claimed they were of the same truck she saw that night. When she went back into the store, she said, she saw me, Phil Torf and Kim Byers; she knew Rob Piest was working the cash register at the front because she paid him for some medication when she left.

Robert Motta took the cross examination, first asking what she knew about Michael Rossi, and for a description of him. Then he asked about the truck she had seen outside the store that night and about its color.

"Black with white lettering."

Motta was looking at the state's exhibits numbered 45 through 49. "Did you give a statement to Officer Pickell?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you tell Pickell that you saw a red truck with black letters?"

"Yes, I did."

"Ms. Mertes, now you say it is a black truck with white letters."

"Because I see that's what color it is in the photos."

Motta made sure she repeated the fact that the night of December 11 she did think and did say that it was a red truck with white letters.

"No, I told the officer that it was a red truck with black lettering."

Even after changing the color of the letters, Mertes went back to her original conviction of it being a red truck and black letters.

Motta then brought out that, in giving the police her statement, Ms. Mertes said she had seen an earthtone van in front of the Nisson Pharmacy that she thought was suspicious, parked right beside the P.D.M. truck. The Des Plaines police never probed that clue, and the state tried to delete that from her testimony. The rest of her testimony referred to my character as being friendly, responsible and reliable.



The bailiff called Phillip Richard Torf and again Robert Egan did the direct examination. Egan started out showing Torf to be one of the owners of the Nisson Pharmacy in Des Plaines, the one who requested two days before the 11th of December that I come to the store. Torf explained that he called me to give him an assessment of how the store was put together and to quote a price for remodeling changes. Egan brought out that I had done earlier remodeling at the store. Torf stated that it was a year before and that I had done the work in a week's time. Egan asked him the purpose in contacting John Gacy. Torf answered that it was because I had been involved in its construction. Before getting down to the business of evaluating the proposed work we had talked for an hour and a half.

Egan asked if Robert Piest was working at the store at the time. Torf said that Piest came to work at 6:00 that evening, adding that he was making \$2.85 an hour. Torf answered questions about the cost of the remodeling, that my tentative quote was \$1600. He wanted to reduce the cost by doing the work himself with the help of his employees and pay me just to supervise the job. He mentioned that I had asked questions about his employees and Egan wanted him to say that I was talking about Robert Piest; but Torf insisted that we only discussed the employees in general. Egan did get Torf to say that I mentioned using high school boys for some of the work I contracted.

According to Torf, I left the store the first time at 7:00. Egan showed him exhibit number 50 and Torf identified it as the appointment book which I had left in the store that night. Torf said that I returned to the store between 8:00 and 8:30 to pick up the book and that we talked again about construction changes. He claimed that he did not see me leave the store the second time, nor did he see Robert Piest in the store; he himself was in the pharmacy area. When Piest was reported missing by his family, Torf called me and got the answering machine. Later that night my name was mentioned in a conversation with the Piest family.

Cross examination was carried by Amirante, but it was like he was filling the blanks that Egan had forgotten to get answers for the state. Amirante asked if, while doing the earlier remodeling, I had ever approached him or made sexually suggestive passes at him, or exhibit anything that he would consider unusual. "Never," Torf responded. Amirante asked who else worked on that job. Torf ran off the names of several of the men, including Michael Rossi and David Cram. Amirante wanted to know how I acted around my crew. "Like a boss—he got the job done." Before long Amirante got Torf to say that he was skeptical of me but called me back twice for advice anyway because he trusted my opinion in regard to remodeling.

I sat at the defense table wondering whose side Amirante was on. Instead of destroying the state's case he seemed to want to establish doubt about my decorum.

Continuing, Amirante asked what kind of mood I was in when I came into the store on December 11th and if my humor made him laugh.

"Yeah, oh yeah, he made me laugh."

"Was Mr. Gacy authentic when he joked around and made you laugh, or did you feel he was a phony? How did you feel about him?"

"I had no reason to doubt him."

Amirante got back on track by asking if I had talked with Robert Piest or approached him. Torf said he did not see me talk to or approach Piest during the time I was in the store.

Amirante, I felt, then began laying the groundwork for his insanity defense by flirting



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with the psychological: "In the 1976 remodeling work, did Gacy seem proud of his work?"

"I didn't find that in his speech."

"Did Gacy seem like a braggart? Did he brag about it?"

"He boasted about how he got things done, and he did."

Somehow Torf wasn't giving Amirante the answers he was looking for, but he kept trying. "He done things quickly. Would you say he was an ambitious type person?"

"Yes."

Then in a fast series of questions, Amirante asked if I had caused any trouble on the job, broke anything intentionally, hit or hurt anyone in his presence. Torf answered no, he had never seen me act tough with my employees; just that I was the boss and got the job done.

"Then Gacy was a pretty demanding kind of guy when he got the work done?"

"No, he told them what he wanted done and they would do it."

When asked if he had ever seen me outside of work, Torf answered, "Yes, at the Christmas tree lot and again when he was in the hospital." He said he visited me once in the hospital when he was working in the neighborhood. No, I didn't seem like I was happy to be in the hospital like Amirante suggested.

Amirante went back to my moods and work habits. Torf said, "He hustled. I have always known him to be working. He was exclusively, compulsively business with me."

The state proceeded with George Konieczny, a police officer working in Des Plaines. Kunkle established that he worked the front desk of the station from 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. and was there that December night when Piest's parents arrived. He took down the pertinent information regarding their missing son. In giving that information, they mentioned the names of Mr. Phillip Torf and Mr. John Gacy. The officer advised them to go home and they would shortly be contacted by the juvenile department. If they didn't hear by morning they should call back. Other than his initial conversation with the Piests, his phone call to Mr. Torf, preparing the report and forwarding it to members of his department, Mr. Konieczny had nothing to do with the investigation. The defense had no questions.

Officer Ronald Adams took the stand next, with Kunkle doing the direct. Mr. Adams' position with the police department on December 12 was as an investigator assigned to the youth bureau. After talking with the Piest family that morning he called Phil Torf, then called me at the office. He said I was very cooperative. On December 13 he put out a lead message to all law enforcement in the state. That afternoon he cleaned out Robert Piest's school locker. He also participated in the first search at 8213 Summerdale. He stated that he did not find anything there himself but during the search a Maine West High School ring was found with the initials J. A. S. inside it. He checked with the school and was given two names, one of them being John A. Szyk who was listed as missing.

On December 16 he and Sergeant Pickell interviewed Richard Raphael who said that John Gacy worked with him. On December 18 he was present when the police talked with David Cram, a Gacy employee. On December 20 he interviewed Robert Zimmerman. Kunkle was skipping around with unlinked questions. On December 23, Officer Adams said that he, along with some other officers, transported me to the Cook County jail and that he heard Officer Tovar advise me of my rights in the car. He said I had a conversation with him while traveling there, but Kunkle didn't have him explain what that conversation was about. Kunkle had him identify exhibit number 18, the Maine West ring with the ini-



tials J. A. S.

Amirante had no questions. Again I couldn't believe that he would freely let Kunkle bring in hearsay and erroneous statements from other people. He didn't try to discredit any of the statements of people Adams had interviewed. In discovery he had received copies of these statements and our investigation checked them out. He had a long time to prepare a rebuttal. From his own interviews Sam knew that many of those statements had been altered—obvious contradictions. For example, Adams interviewed Richard Raphael and knew he was my business partner but in the statement wrote that I worked for Raphael as a foreman. He did it again on the stand (trial transcripts page 486):

Egan: "Was Raphael an acquaintance or an associate of John Gacy?"

Adams: "Gacy was a superintendent for Mr. Raphael."

With the background information Amirante had he could have taken Adams apart by showing one such distortion after another, giving less credibility to Adams' testimony.

Sergeant James Pickell was the next witness called. He was a plainclothes officer at the time of the investigation. Sullivan informed the court that Pickell was the man who took my first oral and written statement on December 13. Pickell talked with me in order to keep me there while Kozenszak was trying to get a search warrant. Sullivan called on Officer Pickell to say that he had gone to the Northbrook, Illinois, police department to collect information about my having an old assault arrest. Too, he was the officer who came to my house on December 12 with Lieutenant Kozenszak. He said that they came to the front door and, while they received no answer, thought they saw movement. When they came around to the back door they saw me sitting inside, knocked on the door and I let them in. Then he asked who it was that pulled up in my driveway while they were coming around to the back door of the house on December 13. Pickell stated that it was a young man named Rossi in a P.D.M. van and they had him wait outside while they came in to talk with me.

Sullivan, wanting what Pickell would say emphasized, had him come down from the stand and use the pointer to show where the front door of the house was on exhibit number one, then point out the route they took to get to the back door and where he first saw me sitting. Then he showed how inside the house they were led to the back of the house. Pickell returned to the witness chair and was asked about the conversation between himself, Kozenszak and me.

Motta objected at this point and a side bar was held. Amirante objected to Sullivan's going into Pickell's conversation with the defendant regarding the investigation because it was an exculpatory statement.

Motta: "If there is some questioning involved, Judge, I believe that the state has to establish that they in fact informed my client of his rights."

Garippo denied the objection: "There is no necessity. Number one, there is no motion to suppress. Number two, he's not in custody, so no question about it."

Sullivan repeated the question. Pickell related the conversation between the three of us with long narrative answers. They had gone by my house in regard to the missing Piast boy to see if I could assist them. I said I didn't have any information but I would be more than happy to help. Sullivan inquired if I had been willing to go to the police station with them. Pickell said that I would but there had just been a death in my family and I had to stay home to receive phone calls. I was willing, he recalled, to give a written statement at the



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station at a later time.

Pickell stated that they waited while I made a phone call, then after completing it said that I told them I was still busy. During the time I was on the phone Michael Rossi was allowed to come into the house. They finally left after I agreed to come down to the station later. Sullivan wanted it told whether I had gone down to the station at the end of the hour. Pickell replied that I called the station at 11:00 and told them I was running late but that I would still be in. He waited until midnight and Kozenszak waited until 1:00 without me showing up.

The next day, December 13, Kozenszak told him I was coming in and he wanted him to take a statement from me. When I arrived I was escorted to the detective bureau where we talked, then he had me write out our conversation as a statement. Sullivan went through that statement asking questions along the way. He wanted to know if I had any conversation with any youth while at Nisson's. Pickell said he knew of no conversation I had with any youth. He pointed out that my second departure from Nisson's was shortly before 9:00 p. m.

Sullivan asked if I had mentioned Michael Rossi while at the station. Pickell replied that I had told Mr. Torf that Rossi was still working for me and that I was paying him \$400 a week.

"Mr. Gacy was paying him that much?"

"Yes."

Sullivan wanted to know what kind of involvement I had in the community. Pickell said I told him that I was a lighting district commissioner for Norwood Park Township, a Democratic precinct captain and that I was instrumental in putting on the Polish Day parade in Chicago. Then Sullivan asked about my construction business, my marital situation and about my having been a chef before going into construction. None of this was in that first statement I had given at the station; in spite of its insignificance that was all added on, but my attorneys sat back and let Pickell rattle on.

Next Sullivan showed Pickell exhibit number 51, introduced as the statement I had made that day at the station, and asked Pickell to read it. Amirante had no objection. Before going into that, however, Sullivan asked what I did after writing it out. Pickell said he asked me to wait for Lieutenant Kozenszak and that I was allowed to use the telephone since my pager had buzzed several times. Later in the day Pickell was told by Kozenszak that I was to be detained while they tried to get a search warrant. Sullivan then brought out via Pickell that at 4:00 that day a search warrant was finally signed by Judge Marvin Peters. Sullivan didn't follow through on having Pickell read the statement. He had no further questions.

Before Amirante started his cross examination he said, "We have no questions as far as foundation, authenticity and so forth of the statement. We have no objection. So if Mr. Sullivan wants to publish it . . ."

Garippo asked Sullivan if he wanted to. "Yes, sir," he said and turned to Pickell: "Will you please read the entire document to the jury."

Amirante went into cross examination when Pickell finished reading, going back to the visit Pickell made to the house on December 12."

"Did you have to force your way into the house?"

"No, Mr. Gacy admitted us."



"How was Mr. Gacy's attitude at the house—talkative, outgoing, cooperative, friendly?"

"Initially, yes. I would say so."

"As a matter of fact, he even admitted to you that he was, in fact, in the pharmacy sometime around 8:45, 9:00 on December 11th, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did."

The same man who had given long narrative answers for Sullivan was now giving very short answers for Amirante. Then Amirante started asking questions about information that hadn't come out in the direct questioning.

"Did you learn that, actually about three o'clock in the morning, John Gacy appeared in the Des Plaines police station?"

"I later learned that a person who identified himself as John Gacy came into the station."

"You learned the person who appeared at the Des Plaines station at 3:00 on that morning was covered with mud, too, wasn't he?"

"Again, hearsay. I learned that he did have mud on his clothing."

"Isn't it a fact during your investigation you interviewed three children named Stevenson, who told you they saw a man fitting Mr. Gacy's description and a boy fitting Robert Piest's description standing next to a black Oldsmobile in front of the store?"

"No, I don't believe so."

"Didn't they say that they saw the boy get in one side of the black Oldsmobile and the man get in the other side? They did see a man and a boy enter a vehicle?"

"Yes, I believe it was one on each side, and they drove off towards the gas station."

"And they didn't see this man dragging the boy or hitting him or anything?"

"They did not say that the boy was dragged in the car."

Amirante dropped the subject and went back to the house on Summerdale, the night of December 12. After a few minor questions he was through with Pickell.

I never did understand what Amirante was doing with all that. It was the first mention of an eye witness, and the state didn't bring it out—the defense did! I was beginning to feel that there were six prosecutors rather than only four.

In re-direct examination Sullivan asked only a few questions.

"Now going back to Monday night when you were in the defendant's home, you said at first he indicated he would help you in any way he could. Then he said he had to make a phone call. Then he talked to his mother. Then he became less cooperative, is that correct?"

"Yes, well, he told us that he had more important things to do and we told him that, you know, the young man that is missing is important too. And he indicated to us that he felt his things were more important with the death in his family and he asked the question, 'Don't you have any respect for the dead?'"

Now it was bad enough that Sullivan ended his questioning with that, but in re-cross examination Amirante emphasized the same question, trying to clarify it. Pickell brushed it off by saying, "Well, Gacy did have a death in his family, and I can see him being concerned about that."

"No further questions."

I sat in shock, wondering whose side Amirante was on. Instead of attacking the prosecution's vulnerable witnesses Sam was doing the opposite. He could have attacked the discov-



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ery of Piest's jacket—it hadn't been found in the initial search. He should have impugned the police for illegal restraint for holding me without a charge.

He should have assailed the testimony which improperly depicted me in an old assault arrest. Amirante knew the whole story behind that but didn't clarify it. In 1974 when I was charged with assaulting a male in Northbrook the charges were dismissed. The "victim" tried to blackmail my wife at home over the phone. I called the sheriff's office and they set up a payoff in a restaurant at Devon and California and the man was arrested.

Amirante, instead of defending me and attacking the state's case, was interested only in laying the groundwork for his insanity defense. He asked Pickell questions which attacked my character in areas that this witness hadn't mentioned and the state had not covered. It was like Amirante was flinging mud on the parts of my character where Sullivan missed.

February 11, Monday. Both the weather outside and the mood in the courtroom were gray and morose. The state would attempt to follow my activities from the time of their initial visit at my house until I found time to report to the Des Plaines police station. Their purpose was to link me to the Robert Piest murder and then, by extension, to the murders of the thirty-two others. My purpose was to show that there was no connection and to prove my innocence. But as the trial moved on it became apparent to me that there existed a pact between my attorneys and the prosecutors. The state was trying to bury me; my lawyers, instead of trying to lift me out of the hole, seemed to be kicking more dirt on top of me every time they cross-examined a witness.

The first witness of the morning was Dennis Johnson. Attorney Varga represented the state and established that Mr. Johnson worked for the Illinois Tollways Department. Johnson described his job as primarily driving a truck to give assistance to people stalled on the tollway. He worked the midnight to 8:00 a.m. shift and was working the morning of December 13. About 2:30 that morning he came upon a black Oldsmobile resting in a ditch at the side of the road at mile post 28, northbound. He said the car had a police light on the left side. What's a police light? According to Mr. Johnson, it was one of two matching spotlights with red lens. He was shown state's exhibits 53 and 54, pictures of my car with both spotlights turned to show the lens.

During his testimony Johnson twice contradicted himself. When he arrived he had a partner with him in the truck. At first he said he said his partner got out of the truck, then he said this partner stayed in the truck the entire time. Then he claimed the man talked with me and he overheard me tell the man that I was a police officer from Rockford working on a murder case. He said he was there for 20 or 25 minutes and then called a tow truck for me. Varga showed Johnson exhibit number 52, a page out of his log book for that night and asked him to read line six. "Time, 2:30, mile post 28, black Oldsmobile, license number P.D.M. 42."

Motta, on cross-examination, could have mind-boggled this witness; he had all the facts about what happened. I had fallen asleep at the wheel because of an overindulgence of Valium. A few minutes after I landed in the ditch the tollway truck came by and the two men got out. Both my spotlights were turned downward and the lens could not have been seen in the darkness—a minor point, but another weight to discredit the witness. I had already begun trying to get myself out of the ditch, using the jack and the spare tire for traction. Johnson and friend tried using a piece of plywood from the truck. When that failed they called a tow truck. I waited in the car with the motor running and the window down,



trying to stay awake in the cold air.

Varga called Robert Kirkpatrick, the owner of Kirk's Towing Company. On the night of December 13 he received a call from the Tollway Authority that there was a car needing towing out of a ditch at milepost 28 on Tri-state northbound. When he arrived at that location he spotted a late model Oldsmobile sitting off the road in the ditch. Varga asked if the car had any special features on the outside and was told that it had a spotlight on the driver's side. Kirkpatrick identified photo exhibits 53 and 54 as being the car. He said that when he arrived the driver of the car was slumped over the wheel; he knocked on the window and I woke up. He had me turn the wheel, then hooked up the front of the car with a chain and pulled it out with his truck.

When he was asked to identify the driver of the car in court, he said, "I can't identify him today, sir." That upset Varga but Kirkpatrick was firm. The witness said I paid cash and asked for the bill to be made out to the Cook County Lighting District. He was shown exhibit 55 and identified it as a bill for his services.

"Nothing further," Varga said.

Amirante knew I had taken both copies of the bill that night so their exhibit 55 was a phony bill they illegally improvised, but he did not challenge it. He asked Kirkpatrick about being able to identify me.

"Well, that might be the man in the courtroom, but I couldn't positively identify him."

"As a matter of fact, the night you saw him he looked like somebody you certainly wouldn't want to run into that time of night, didn't he?"

Egan's objection was loud and clear, but the witness had already started with, "Not particularly."

"Well, you told somebody about a year ago that the man in that car was certainly someone you wouldn't want to run into alone at night? Did you tell that to somebody about a year ago?"

"I possibly did, sir. I can think of a hundred people I wouldn't like to run into on a bad hunk of road at night."

"So, when you arrived there at the location, you got the impression that he was groggy and probably under the influence of either drugs or alcohol. Then when you talked to him after the car was towed, you didn't get that same impression. Is that what you're saying?"

"That's correct."

On re-direct Varga snapped several quick questions. Did Mr. Kirkpatrick smell alcohol on my breath? Did he see any liquor bottles around me? Did I stutter my words? The witness answered "No" to all these questions:

Amirante on re-cross asked Kirkpatrick if he had talked with investigators on November 7, 1979.

"Yes."

"Isn't it a fact you told those investigators upon arriving at the location of Gacy's car you recalled him as being groggy and probably under the influence of alcohol or drugs?"

"That's correct."

Amirante could have attacked the state's assertion about the spotlight's red lens—it was not up so in fact you could not see what color it was. He could have asked Kirkpatrick about the color of the lens. I had thought the defense was going to take apart the state's case in chief as part of our "three prong defense" but it was never to happen. It bothered



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me that my attorneys were allowing the state's feeble testimony (however minor it might have seemed then) to go uncontested when it could have been shredded so effortlessly.

Gerald Loconsole was called and introduced as the Des Plaines officer who worked from midnight to 8:00 a.m. on December 13. At 3:20 John Gacy walked into the station and asked to see Lieutenant Kozenszak. He was told that the Lieutenant had waited for him until 1:00 and left word that Gacy should call in the morning if he showed up. I asked Loconsole to tell Kozenszak that I would call him in the morning. He said he noticed that I had mud on my clothing and shoes, that I seemed nervous and my eyes were glassy and bloodshot. Sullivan asked nothing further of Loconsole.

I couldn't believe it—Motta didn't have a single question!

Before any more witnesses were called there was an "introduction of evidence," outside the presence of the jury. Garippo said he first had to rule on a couple of items that the state wanted to introduce as evidence; whether, with respect to the first search warrant, they could be fairly submitted as evidence. He asked the state to produce a copy of the inventory to show that, or if, those items were on that list.

The state brought in a plastic bag containing a pair of handcuffs with a key, supposedly confiscations from the first search warrant and marked as exhibit number 32. A piece of rope found in my trash basket was proffered as exhibit 6. Exhibit 35 was a two-by-four with two holes bored in each end.

The state declared that the handcuffs and the key were found in the Summerdale house in the southwest bedroom in a plastic bag. My attorneys failed to point out that the cuffs were with the rest of my clown paraphernalia, in their original unopened plastic bag just the way they came from the store, and that we had a witness to show where and when I had recently bought them. Garippo admitted them as acceptable evidence.

Judge Garippo refused to admit the length of rope as evidence.

Next the state presented the two-by-four. Kunkle alleged that it was obviously designed to be a restraint of some kind.

Motta objected. "Judge, with respect to the board, there is no indication that it was used, ever used for anything. And there isn't anything from any of the discovery the state has given us."

Garippo ruled against us. "With respect to the board, the board and the handcuffs, I will allow those in, in view of the complaint for a search warrant, in view of the fact that they could be used for restraint."

With the conclusion of the introduction of evidence, the jury was recalled to the courtroom.

The bailiff called up Lieutenant Kozenszak. Egan began the direct questioning, starting out by covering the same things that he had covered with Sergeant Pickell: how Kozenszak and Pickell came to the house, what was said inside, who was present at the time. Kozenszak said that he was on the case from the morning of December 13 up until my arrest. He said that on December 13 I came into the police station at 11:15 a.m. and gave a statement. He claimed that I waited willingly, was not coerced in any way and that about 4:00 he had a conversation with me. He said he told me that he had a valid search warrant to my house and asked for my keys, which I handed over to him willingly.

He then went, with four other officers, to the house where they were met by an officer from the Cook County sheriff's office, Karl Humbert, an evidence technician who took pic-



tures throughout the house and the garage. Egan showed Kozenszak pictures, exhibits 56 through 69, and asked him if they were of the inside of the house and the garage. Kozenszak went through them and identified each one. He then identified the handcuffs and the two-by-four, stating that they were found in the house. The search, he said, lasted some two and a half hours.

Egan asked if I was still at the police station when he returned. Yes, he said, but I left with my attorney shortly after they started a preliminary accounting of the items that were removed from the house. Egan asked him about recovering an automobile. Kozenszak stated that they had taken one black Oldsmobile and secured it in the police station garage. Egan then added more photos to his exhibits, pictures of the inside of the car trunk, averring that Kozenszak found human hair in that trunk. Egan presented that as evidence to the jury.

"After the inventory was appraised, where did you go with the case?"

"I ordered a surveillance to begin of John Gacy."

"Your witness."

Before starting his cross examination, Motta requested a side bar. He asked Judge Garippo about allowing exhibits 73 and 74, the pictures of the car, and exhibit 72, the envelope with human hair. The judge agreed that they were improperly obtained without a search warrant, and therefore must be disqualified as evidence. Motta failed to have Garippo instruct the jury about this ruling.

Motta went over the direct examination with Kozenszak, who listed the names of the officers who participated in the surveillance. Motta suggested that I had cooperated amicably with the police during questioning and cited my calmness. Kozenszak agreed. Ending it up, Motta said, "And after you told Mr. Gacy that you had a search warrant he voluntarily gave you the keys to his house, is that correct?"

"Yes, he wasn't under arrest at the time."

Motta didn't attack that statement even though he knew better. Why did Kozenszak slam me against a wall, have me searched and throw me in a cell for four hours if I wasn't under arrest—if I had voluntarily surrendered my keys? Why didn't they take me to the house when I asked to go? Why didn't they give me a copy of the search warrant if they had one, or leave one at the house?

There was nothing unassailable in the state's case, but my lawyers were assailing not an iota of the testimony of the state's witnesses. Slowly, subtly, the state was squeezing in testimony inconsistent with the truth: the tollworker claimed I was obviously drunk or drugged, contradicted by the tow driver who said I was alert; the tollway worker who couldn't remember his partner's name (obviously he was protecting his buddy from having to testify in court); Miss Mertes couldn't decide about the color of the truck or its lettering. Why did my attorneys find these contradictions so acceptable, so impregnable to questioning or direct assault?

Now, in my death row cell, as I scrutinize tens of thousands of pages of trial motions, transcripts, judgments, I see how well greased was the path that carried me here. The three prong defense was a myth. Wittingly or not, the assistance the defense rendered the state by omission of witness interrogation, by ignorance of the law or by ignominious collusion is what put me on death row—not a victorious trial by the state. From the opening words of the opening day of my trial, insanity is the only cause my attorneys espoused.



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The state called Robert Zimmerman to the stand. Sullivan established that Zimmerman was 18 and in 1978 worked part time at a Shell as station in Park Ride. After P.D.M. moved its account there in the early spring of 1978 John Gacy used to come in about four times a week, usually late in the evening during Zimmerman's shift. After getting gas he would sometimes hang around and talk; Zimmerman got to know him quite well. Zimmerman said most of the help were guys his age, teenagers. Sullivan asked about Gacy offering jobs.

"Gacy came in one time and he asked if I would like a better job, with him, making about \$300 a week, and I said yes, but it would have to be during the summer months because I wouldn't quit high school to work."

"Did Gacy ever give you drugs or marijuana?"

Gacy would come in with marijuana, you know, a joint, once in a while, and he'd be smoking them, and on occasion he'd offer a drag off it. When he'd go out on a trip, he would-with the foreman or whatever—he'd take speed."

"Did he ever offer any other teenage employees any marijuana?"

"Yes."

"Many occasions?"

"A lot of occasions."

"Did he offer any speed at the station?"

"Only me that I know of."

"Can you describe what that speed was?"

"They were black, called black beauties."

"By speed, you are referring to amphetamines or an upper?"

"Yeah, a stimulant."

"Mr. Zimmerman, had you ever been in Mr. Gacy's house at 8213 West Summerdale?"

"Yes, maybe five times. Mr. Gacy invited me."

"Was this a general invitation or a specific invitation which led you to his house?"

"Well, a specific invitation. Mr. Gacy was having a theme party, 'Italian Festival' I think."

"Did he invite any of the other teenagers to his house?"

"Yes, along with the other people at the gas station."

"Calling your attention specifically to the month of November of 1978, were you invited over to his house one evening?"

"Yes, after I closed up the station at ten o'clock."

"When you arrived at his house, were you invited in?"

"Yes, I guess you would call it a family room. It had a bar and a pool table."

"Who was there, and what were they doing?"

"John Gacy and Rich Henley, besides me, and they were playing bumper pool and drinking beer."

"Were you offered anything to drink?"

"Yes, by John Gacy."

"Were you offered anything else besides alcohol?"

"There may have been some—I think there was some pot."

Mr. Motta: "Objection to what he thinks. Either he knows it or he doesn't."

Sullivan: "Did you see any marijuana there?"

"Yes, there was marijuana."



"In the conversation you had was there anything specific about any sexual activities?"

"Yes, in a bet, playing bumper pool, he wanted to bet—bet that if he won I'd have to pay him \$200 or give him a blow job, or if he lost he would give me \$200 or give me a blow job."

"Did you tell him whether or not you were betting him?"

"I said no, I wouldn't bet."

"After playing bumper pool with him do you recall who won that game?"

"He did."

"Was there any conversation at that time?"

"Yeah, he said that we did bet and I said we didn't. It went back and forth with I did and you did and I didn't and I was kind of refraining and walking backwards, you know, around the table, and he was kind of walking towards me, and Henley was sitting in the leather recliner, and Mr. Gacy asked him if I did. Well, Henley was pretty drunk, and he said I did. And with that, I said I wanted to go home."

"Did you leave?"

"Yes, I went to my girlfriend's."

"Nothing further, your honor."

Cross examination was handled by Amirante.

"Mr. Zimmerman, now after that happened in Mr. Gacy's house, the bet and the pool game, you walked right out of there, isn't that right?"

"Yes, I went right over to my girlfriend's house."

"Did Mr. Henley or Mr. Gacy at any time stop or grab you or anything, did they?"

"No, but I asked Henley to come with me and he refrained, he said he wanted to stay."

"And after that date, had you had occasion to see Mr. Gacy at all at the gas station where you worked?"

"Yes, several times."

"Did Mr. Gacy, when you saw him, did he ever hit you or strike you or do anything to hurt you at all physically?"

"No."

"The day that you were in the house did you think Mr. Gacy was propositioning you—what did you think?"

"I don't know. I really just thought it was kind of weird and I left."

"When you saw Mr. Gacy later on or when he saw you, other than not striking you or hitting you, did he ever mention anything, did he threaten or menace you in any manner?"

"No, not in any way."

"Did he warn you that if you told anybody he would kill you?"

"No."

Amirante went on to the Italian Festival party which Zimmerman said he attended.

"That was a pretty big party, wasn't it?"

"Yes, close to three hundred people."

"Were they mostly older people or mostly younger people, or what kind of people were there?"

"There was a lot more older people than younger people, maybe about ten percent younger people."

"At that party, how would Mr. Gacy act or how did he act at that party, do you remem-



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ber?"

"It was kind of weird because he was with us a lot and it struck me kind of odd that he was smoking with us, and I asked him, you know, he didn't care about his older friends knowing it. He said no, if they don't like it, you know, they can lump it. It was just that kind of attitude."

I could not see what important substance Zimmerman had brought for the state nor what Amirante had done profitably for my defense. Zimmerman gave more opinion than anything.

He mentioned a job, but it was always he who inquired about a job. I always told him to stay and finish school. There was no offer from me of a job. He asked me if I would hire him after he was out of school. He also had it backwards about the pot—it was him or one of the other employees who offered *me* a joint. All the boys there smoked pot; it was the only place I knew where I could gas up and get high at the same time.

He mentioned a pool game and a lewd bet; it never happened. Henley and I were high and were joking with him. All they had to do was ask Rich Henley; he was there. We never made such a bet. Sullivan, after Zimmerman said I offered him a drink, came back with "were you offered anything besides alcohol?" The transcripts prove that Zimmerman didn't say it was alcohol that was offered—Sullivan did. When he came in, Zimmerman asked what I had to drink and I told him to help himself.

Zimmerman claimed he got a specific invitation to the theme party. The fact is that the invitation was addressed to the owner of the station and his employees, like with all the businesses doing business with P.D.M. He found it weird that I was sitting with the younger people when he got there. Amirante failed to bring out that the party started at 6:00 and young Zimmerman didn't arrive until close to midnight. By that time I had been at every table for a while and it was time I visited the young people. Amirante knew all this but never brought it up. I guess it didn't fit into his insanity defense.

Mr. Richard Raphael was called. He was a general contractor whose specialty was retail stores and had known John Gacy about nine years. In 1978, after not seeing each other for two and a half years, they met, talked business, and subsequently entered into a partnership. Gacy would bring his jobs into the corporation and act as overall superintendent.

Egan, for the direct examination: "Calling your attention to December of 1978, and specifically December 11, 1978, a Monday, did you talk to Mr. Gacy on the phone?"

"Yes. Well, there was various phone calls. One of the phone calls was about 5:00 p.m. or so."

"What was discussed between you and Mr. Gacy at the time of that phone conversation?"

"Well, he was supposed to be at a meeting at seven o'clock that evening to discuss a job and to meet another superintendent that I was hiring to run my stores."

"Did Mr. Gacy indicate to you at that time whether or not he would attend that meeting?"

"Yes, he said he would be there."

"Did Mr. Gacy attend that meeting on Monday night, December 11?"

"No, he did not."

"Now, calling your attention to later that evening, Monday, December 11th, did you finally have a conversation with John Gacy?"



"Yes, around 10:00 p.m."

"When you had that conversation with him, what did you ask him about his attendance at the meeting and what did he tell you?"

"Well, I asked him where he was and why he hadn't been at the meeting. I was perturbed because I had two other people sitting there, and he elaborated on a number of excuses. One, he had said he had a flat tire, then he said something about an uncle dying, and then he had said he was tired and he was sleeping. I just kind of wrote it off to the fact that he didn't want to be at the meeting, and forgot about it."

"When you spoke to John Gacy on the evening of December 11, 1978, at approximately ten o'clock, did you notice anything odd in the questions you asked John or the answers he gave or the things that he said to you during the phone conversation, in the way that he said them?"

"Well, I noticed that he was coming up with one excuse after another, and I really didn't want to be bothered talking about, and—"

"Did he speak coherently?"

"Yes."

"Was his language coherent?"

"Yes."

"Was it in a normal tone of voice?"

"Yes."

"And you met him the next morning?"

"Yes."

"Was there anything about his behavior, his speech or appearance the next morning which struck you as odd or unusual?"

"No."

"When you arrived at Mr. Gacy's house on the night of December 13th, what did he say in that conversation?"

"I had asked what was going on. He told me that the police had searched his house, and I asked him what they found, and he had told me that they found some marijuana, a needle, and then he mentioned something about a blood stain on the carpeting, and went on to tell me that it—somebody had cut themselves when they put, you know, when they were installing the carpeting, which I thought was strange, and then he had mentioned to me that they found some magazines—"

Amirante: "Judge, object to the long narrative at this point."

The Court: "All right. Objection sustained. Try to answer the question."

Amirante: "Could we have a side bar?"

The Court: "All right."

(Outside the hearing of the Jury.)

Amirante: "Judge, I have to ask for a mistrial at this point. The syringe is not in evidence. The state is attempting to elicit testimony regarding materials that have been suppressed from evidence. I didn't want to jump up and object right in the middle of things, but if that happens again, I am going to have to ask for a mistrial. I ask you to strike the answer given already."

Garippo: "All right. Your motion is denied, on the grounds that this is a conversation he had with another person, which has nothing to do with the police using it. It is conversa-



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tion he had relative to bringing a man over to his house so it would go in."

Amirante: "But it's certainly one way to get evidence in that has been suppressed. It's kind of coming in through the back door, and I don't think that proper."

Garippo: "Well, it's a conversation that he had, not with the police."

Amirante: "He said the police took it out of the house. The thing is suppressed regardless of whether he says it or the police who say it, it's suppressed."

Garippo: "Well, it would be admissible for a lot of reasons. He is the one telling him; he is the one bringing this man over to his house. It shows his state of mind. The answer may stand. Your objection is overruled."

Amirante: "I would ask your honor to at least admonish counsel to limit his testimony elicited from the witness to those matters which have not been suppressed. What is the purpose of a motion to suppress if you get it in through the back door without us opening it?"

Garippo: "Overruled."

(The side bar ended here.)

Robert Motta did the cross-examination.

Motta: "When was the first time you met Mr. Gacy and in what capacity?"

Raphael: "About nine years ago, I was the general contractor on a job building an addition. He was called in by the owner of the addition to do some painting or general maintenance."

"So, in the course of the coming years between 1970 and '78, you had a continuing business relationship, if you characterize it like that?"

"Yes, it was. I would call it continuous. It was—he wasn't always doing work for me, but I had hired him to do specific jobs and at various times."

"Did he in fact operate as a superintendent for you?"

"Yes, he operated in a dual role. He was a subcontractor who, for a set amount of money, did a specific function. And he also was considered a superintendent for drugstore-related work."

"So that evening, December 11th, that he did not appear at the meeting, would you characterize that as being unusual for Mr. Gacy not appearing at a meeting?"

"Yes."

"In fact, that was the only meeting that he had ever missed with you, is that correct?"

"That I can recall."

"Now, how many hours a day would you say that Mr. Gacy worked on an average?"

"John would work a 15 to 16 hour day."

"In fact, that was normal for him, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Would you characterize him as a workaholic?"

"Yes, I would."

"Before you talked to the police, John Gacy was aware, did he tell you to say anything or coach you in any way to tell them anything in particular?"

"No, John Gacy told me to tell them whatever I knew."

"Isn't it a fact you told the police officer after December 13th that when you had spoken to John Gacy, that he had been irrational or scared since that Wednesday?"

"Yes, I don't know if irrational is a word, not irrational, no."



"Did he seem concerned about what he was supposed to do with respect to funeral arrangements for his uncle?"

"Yes, he had mentioned something about his mother and he was the only one here to handle it or something. He seemed to be involved in it. I didn't pay too much attention to it, he was somewhat preoccupied."

"Did you see any marijuana or any drugs around his house?"

"No."

"On the three or four occasions you have been at his house, did Mr. Gacy ever offer you a drink?"

"No, it was always help yourself."

The state felt that Raphael had been an important witness. From what? The only things he answered in court were trivial facts with which I concur, except his implying that I was a mere employee. The reason for that was that he owed me some \$6,000 for work I had completed and his payments were in arrears. Dissociation with me as a partner would weaken any case I might bring in a civil suit. My weekly draw was \$675. I know of no employee with such an enviable draw. No, we were partners. But that disagreement had no bearing on the case. His testimony was not in any way pivotal or even substantial. He had said nothing that I wouldn't have said on the witness stand, with minor alteration.

The state called Tony Antonucci to the stand. He was 20 years old, an engineering student at the University of Illinois in Chicago. In the summer of 1975 when he was 15, he met John Gacy who offered and he accepted a summer job working general construction. He started early in June and received \$3.00 an hour.

Egan, for the state: "Calling your attention to June of 1975, shortly after you started work—starting working for John Gacy, did you assist him at a job at the Democratic headquarters on Montrose Avenue?"

Antonucci: "Yes, in the evening, probably 8:00 or 9:00."

"What was your purpose for going to the Democratic headquarters with John Gacy that night?"

"To clean up and to set up chairs for a meeting the next day or evening."

"During the course of your cleanup and assisting John Gacy in cleaning up and setting up chairs did anything unusual take place?"

"Yes. John became—began making like advances toward me, asking me to perform homosexual activities."

"What did you say in response to that?"

"No."

"All right, what else did Mr. Gacy do?"

"We went into another room in the same building and we sat down on the couch and I guess had a bottle of whiskey and asked me if I wanted a drink. I can't remember if we did or didn't, but if we did, we just had maybe one shot apiece."

"Did he say anything else to you at that time?"

"He started asking me about homosexual activity, you know. Offered money or asked if it could mean my job."

"What did you say to that?"

"No. I continued with 'no' replies."

"Did the conversation about homosexual acts at that time eventually cease?"



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

"Yes, we continued about our work, setting up the rest of the chairs and mopping up."

"Did you take him serious at this point?"

"Not really. I thought it was like a test, more like a joke, practical joke. You know, see how you would handle pressure."

"Now during the course of your continuing to set up the chairs, did anything unusual take place, or happen at that time?"

"Again making like advances to grab my buttocks and I moved away. I worked at a different, you know, different part of the, of the room for a while."

"What did you finally do at the end of this?"

"I had a chair and I sort of picked up a chair like I would swing it."

"And what was his response to that?"

"John sort of laughingly asked me why didn't I just say to stop, you know, before."

"Where were you going to stay that night?"

"Well, I wanted extra hours so we were going to work the next morning early. I planned to stay over by his house."

"After these incidents you have described in the Democratic headquarters and after he stopped making these advances on you, did he say anything to you about anything?"

"No I think we went to—out to eat, get something to eat. Hot dog or hamburger, something of that nature."

"Did you then go back to John Gacy's house with him?"

"Yes, I stayed up a while, you know. Talked, watched TV, then went to bed."

"Where? And where did he sleep?"

"I slept in one of his daughters' rooms and John either in his room or on the couch. I don't remember which."

"Would you describe your sleeping there as uneventful?"

"Yes. We were out a little, you know, late the night before. So we didn't get up as planned. Probably later."

"Did there come a time during the month of July when you injured your foot on a job site?"

"Yes. We were working at Raphael's house and I had been wearing gym shoes instead of construction shoes and I stepped on a two-by-four with a nail in it and the nail punctured my foot."

"Did you take the rest of the day off?"

"It was near the end of the working day, but yes, I did. And the next day I stayed home too."

"That's where you lived with your mother and father, right, and were they home?"

"Yes, but they were away on vacation."

"Calling your attention to approximately midnight that second night, what happened?"

"John came over, said he had been at a party in the neighborhood. He had a bottle of wine."

"What took place after he came in?"

"We sat down. Were talking for a while. He asked me if I wanted to drink some wine and we each had a glassful."

"And as you were sitting there talking, with him drinking wine, did he suggest anything to you?"



"Mentioned that he had stag films and projector out in his car that he had from the party, and if I wanted him to go out and get them."

"What did you say?"

"At first I said it didn't really matter. I didn't care, but after I said okay and he retrieved them from the car."

"Now after showing you these stag films, what is the next thing that took place between you and Gacy?"

"For a while, we just talked for a few minutes. Then, we began wrestling around. Arm locking and headlocks on each other. Sort of regular collegiate wrestling. Not really serious."

"During the course of this wrestling around, did anything unusual take place?"

"After a few minutes, I all of a sudden felt John putting a handcuff on my left wrist. Eventually he got my other arm too, and I was knocked to the floor."

"After you were on the floor in that position, what did Gacy do?"

"He started to unbutton my shirt and unbuckle my pants and pulled my pants down halfway to my knees."

"What did he do next? Did he say anything?"

"He left the room, went into the kitchen and said nothing."

"While he was in the kitchen, what were you doing?"

"I noticed the right cuff wasn't real secure and I worked my hand out of it. I could squeeze my hand out. But I kept it beneath me."

"When he returned to the room, had your hand been freed by you, then what did you do?"

"I stayed there, you know, looked like I was handcuffed until he came over there near me. Then I grabbed both of his legs and tackled him down."

"Were you engaged in any sort of athletics in high school?"

"Yes. Wrestling and track."

"After you tackled him and got him on the floor, what did you do?"

"I took the handcuffs that I removed from my right wrist, put it on his wrist, found the key in his hand, took off the left one and put it on him behind his back."

"After you got him handcuffed, did you get up off him?"

"Not right away. After a minute. I was holding him face down."

"As you were holding him there handcuffed, what did he say to you?"

"He said, 'You're the only one that not only got out of the handcuffs, but put them on me.'"

"What did you do after that?"

"I kind of—walked away, you know. He was still handcuffed laying there. Then, I—after a while, I guess we talked or something and I just unhandcuffed him and he went home."

"As a matter of fact, did you—after he left your apartment that night, did you continue to work for him?"

"Yes, until the spring of 1976, then part-time."

"After this second incident with the handcuffs and during the rest of your employment with John Gacy, was there ever another incident like you have described?"

"No."

Amirante, on cross-examination: "The story you have just related to the state's attorney



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

on direct examination, the first time you ever told anybody about that was after John Gacy got arrested, is that correct?"

Antonucci: "Yes."

"Now, during the first incident at the Democratic headquarters, you said Mr. Gacy just came over and asked you for a blow job?"

"He asked to but he didn't seem totally serious. But it was not laughingly. I didn't take him seriously."

"Then, the second time was in your own home. And immediately before this wrestling around and so forth, you were watching some kind of stag movies, you say, drinking wine, kind of like horseplay?"

"Yes. Not seriously, yeah, like kids would do."

"After he had the cuffs on you and you were laying there and he pulled your pants down. Did he put anything around your neck?"

"No."

"Did he strike you or beat you or hit you in any manner whatsoever at that time?"

"No."

"Kick or stomp you?"

"No."

"And so, when he came back, in order to get this cuff on him, the right one, he started wrestling with you again?"

"No. I stayed on the floor face up with my hands behind me. When he came near me, I had my hand so it could be parted and I grabbed him around the leg like a football tackle, sort of. Tackled him to the floor. Then I eventually got both cuffs on to Mr. Gacy."

"Now, you were—did you pull your pants up by this time by the way?"

"I don't recall—yes."

"So, your pants were up and they were buttoned? They weren't in your way? I mean, you weren't tripping over them?"

"They were pulled up at least. I'm not sure about buttoned. They were never below my knee."

"Now, when he was down and handcuffed, was he threatening you at all, cursing you out? How long was he handcuffed?"

"Between five and ten minutes. He wasn't cursing, nor did I feel threatened."

"And then what did you do? Just decide to take them off? Weren't you scared of him?"

"No. I got—we was—it was agreed he was going to leave and I just let him up, you know. He didn't do anything then. I never figured it was a threat to me, you know. I thought it was a joke most of the time."

"As a matter of fact, even as Mr. Egan asked you, you continued to work for him after that?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Antonucci, I believe you mentioned that the night after the Democratic headquarters incident you slept at Mr. Gacy's house that night?"

"Yes."

"Now, during the rest of that night and when you slept at his house, did he make any more advances towards you?"

"No."



"After this second incident at your house, were there ever, in the next coming months that you knew him, other incidents similar to that with you?"

"No."

"Did, in the coming months, did he ever hit you or threaten you or beat you in any manner?"

"No."

The state tried to make a sexual attack out of just plain horseplay. Had Antonucci been attacked or seriously threatened, I am sure he would not have waited five years to come out with it. Antonucci was always bragging how he was so great at wrestling, and that no one could pin him. I liked the kid but wanted to show him that just because I was older than him didn't mean I was old. There was some booze influencing my grappling on the rug with him and my ego persuaded me to show him I could pin him. I merely wanted the kid's respect.

The handcuffs were part of my clown trappings, and I can now see that the state used them against me successfully. They were a handy gimmick for the state. The handcuffs were often in my car's glove compartment and it was not unusual for me to show someone how I could escape them. They were no different from the myriad props a clown might use to portray humor.

Tuesday, February 12, 1980. Ms. Barbara Weiner, attorney for the Isaac Ray Center, came forward to be heard before Judge Garippo. She stated that she had gotten a subpoena at the Isaac Ray Center; more specifically it named, besides her, James Cavanaugh, Jan Fawcett, Richard Rogers and David Garron, all of whom were her associates. Motta asked that her testimony be continued until later. Judge Garippo moved it to the 15th of February.

The state then called David Cram to the stand. Amirante asked for a side bar.

(The following was held outside the hearing of the jury.)

Mr. Amirante: "Judge, David Cram, as we indicated some weeks and weeks ago, has not been available to us at all. He's not been at the address that the state told us he was at. We have not been able to contact him whatsoever. However, I believe one time one of our investigators saw him walking with a state's investigator in this building. At that time I believe one of our investigators even asked the state's attorney's investigator if we could talk with him and the state's attorney's investigator pretended that, or acted as if he didn't even know what was going on. We'd ask that he be made available now."

Mr. Sullivan: "Number one, as to the subpoenas that they supposedly served, this witness would testify he was living at the same address we gave the defense. Now, whether or not he wanted to talk to them is his own prerogative. If they haven't found him it's certainly not the state's fault."

Mr. Amirante: "Awfully strange that he is—"

Judge Garippo: "We'll take a short recess and give you an opportunity to talk to David Cram."

Mr. Amirante: "Thank you."

A little over an hour went by. After the recess the state called David Cram to the stand. He was 22, single, and he had known John Gacy since July 26th, 1976. He lived at Gacy's house at times over his two and a half years of working for P.D.M. Contractors. After these facts were established and some other preliminaries were covered, Sullivan continued his interrogation.



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

Sullivan: "Did he tell you anything about any degrees that he had?"

Cram: "Yes, he did. He told me about a degree in psychology and sociology, and he was—he just, you know, built himself up like that."

"While you were riding in the car, did he tell you anything about his psychology degree?"

"Yes. He said that it was good to have one, especially if you are in the trade that he's in, because you would be able to more or less manipulate people a lot easier."

"Did he have any type of set saying that he gave in relation to manipulating people?"

"Well, he more or less said, 'Plant the seed in your head and let it grow like a forest,' or something to that effect."

"During the time between, during the first month that you worked for him, Mr. Cram, where were you living?"

"The first month I was working for him I lived with my grandmother, I think it was."

"Did Mr. Gacy at or about August 20th or 21st make an invitation to you?"

"Yes, I think it was around the end of August that he told me that he had recently divorced and that he had plenty of space in his house. His house had three bedrooms; that for \$25 a week, you know, it would be a lot easier for me to live there, you know, than to get up for work and so on and so forth. Then, I'd have the whole house to myself, you know, my own bedroom and so on and so forth."

"Did you move into his house at about that time?"

"Yes, I did."

"Now, during the time that you lived there, during the time you worked for him, did you also, did you ever notice any drugs in his house?"

"Yes, he had them in the refrigerator, behind the bar, in a couple of places, behind the pictures."

"In your presence, did he ever offer these drugs to any other teenagers?"

"Yes, but employees were free to—he used to, if we were all dragged out in the morning, he used to give us a pep pill or speed, or whatever you want to call it, to get us going or something like that."

"Do you know where he got these drugs from?"

"Yes, from behind the picture in the dining room or from his desk drawer."

"But originally, do you know how they got to his house, where he got them from?"

"From the drug stores, or he was—someone had got them for him."

"Did you have occasion during that time to go to various local bars or taverns with him?"

"Yes, we went to a few."

"During the times you were at taverns, how would Mr. Gacy act in relation to females?"

"Same way any other guy would. We'd sit around there and you know, act like a bunch of howling dogs, I guess you would say. Just talk to them, stuff like that."

"What was your conversation that you would have with Mr. Gacy in relation to women?"

"The usual conversation, how they were built, how they were stacked, you know."

"Did you ever hear Mr. Gacy brag about the women he was dating?"

"Yes. Yes, he used to. He was hung up on a couple of them. He was even talking about marriage. Nothing ever became of it, but he liked girls, like with a strong backbone. He



didn't like the ones that you, like, that you could yell at and they'd go climb under a table. He liked the ones that stood up to him."

"In relation to Mr. Gacy telling you that he was bisexual, did he, during this period of time, tell you whether or not he was concerned whether he had sex with a man or woman and why or why not?"

"Not really, because he didn't much care, just so long as, excuse the phrase, he got his cookies off."

"Calling your attention to your birthday, 1976, were you at Mr. Gacy's house on the evening of your birthday?"

"Yes, I was."

"Did anything unusual occur that evening?"

"Yes. When I came in, it was my birthday, I believe, and I came into the house, and he had a clown suit on. He said that he was preparing for the next day. He had some kind of benefit, charity to do with some kids, with the clowning, and he thought it would be rather cute if, you know, seeing it was my birthday, that he leave the uniform on and he was showing me some of his puppets and so on and so forth. Then, he came up with a handcuff trick, and—"

"What do you mean by a handcuff trick?"

"Well, how you can escape from handcuffs."

"Did he in fact demonstrate how he—"

"He demonstrated them and he shook them off. I was so plowed, I didn't, you know, really pay attention to it."

"In September of 1976 while you were still living there, did an incident occur one evening when you were asleep in the bedroom that you described in Mr. Gacy's house?"

"Yes. Well, I had a rough day and I just like plopped down on the bed, and I had a pair of Levis on, and pants."

"While you were sleeping, describe what Mr. Gacy did when he came in the room."

"Just pounced on me, you know, the forearm and the throat and stuff like that, and wrestled around, and I finally knocked him off of me. When I knocked him off me he came back in and grabbed ahold of my pants, and I moved one way and he was moving the other way, and they just ripped."

"He ripped your pants?"

"Yes. They just ripped, and we fought a lot more, and finally he laid there, got up, walked out to the doorway, turned around, smiled a little bit and said, 'You ain't no fun,' and walked into his room and went to sleep, I guess."

"And you say you left, moved out in September, that same month, is that correct?"

"Exactly."

"During the time when you left, what, if anything, did you do for a living from October of 1976 through February of 1977?"

"Well, when I left I had already had a job set up under my uncle for a construction company, and I just—I worked there for a while and then I went, bounced around a little bit."

"In March of 1977, were you invited back to work for Mr. Gacy?"

"Yes, I think Mike Rossi had told me to give him a call."

"Now, when you went back to work for Mr. Gacy, what, if anything, did you observe about Mr. Gacy at the time that you went back?"



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

"Well, it seemed like his company had built up. He had more enthusiasm about it, and he was telling me he went commercial, and so on and so forth."

"Did he advise you that in March of 1977, that he was now getting into a complete drug-store line?"

"Yes, P. E. Systems. They remodel drug stores around the country. John worked for them. He still owned his own company. Then, he went off as a vice-president of operations, and he would subcontract on the work to his company, P.D.M. Contractors, and he'd get the salary from P. E. Systems, plus he'd make the money off the general contracting, and us."

"Calling your attention to the end of August of 1977 or a subsequent day during the same time, did you return to Mr. Gacy's house anticipating that you were going to be working on the garage, or tell you in fact he wanted you to do something else?"

"Yeah. He said that he—that he wanted myself to go down into the basement or crawl space and he was having the plumber do some work down there and before then I had to get down there, that plumber wanted him to dig out the area to where the clay pipes were going to be laid."

"Did he tell you there was broken pipe down there?"

"Yes, there was."

"How do you get down there? Where was the hatch in the floor in relation to this house? Can you step down from the stand for just a moment? Looking at exhibit number one, this plat, can you point it out?"

"Sure, right here [indicating]."

"For the record, indicating the enclosed area to the right of where number 17 occurs, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Was this a closet?"

"Yeah."

"Calling your attention now to the date that you went down in the crawl space, Mr. Gacy, likewise, went down there with you, is that correct?"

"Yes, he had a pair of, like, navy boondockers, ankle-high black boots on."

"When you got down into the crawl space, did Gacy tell you what he wanted done?"

"Yes. He told me that I was to trench—in fact, he showed me a couple—for a little bit what he wanted done. He showed me how deep to dig."

"Then did he describe where he wanted you to dig these trenches, and how many trenches did he want you to dig?"

"Yes, well, basically, two long ones."

"Did he also indicate any other trenches that he wanted you to dig that day?"

"Well, right where the tile piping—the clay pipe was broken. He wanted me to, more or less, make a drain so the water would flow from where the pipe—the water was coming up into the sewer itself, where the sump pump was."

"Did you in fact, dig down there that day? For how long?"

"Yes, I did. About four or five hours."

"Can you show us on the plat? Keeping your voice up, will you describe the first or longer trench that you dug? Speak so the jury can hear you."

"Approximately here was the sump pump and I dug about eight, ten feet up to right where it says 15, right up to the corner and then right on the side—right across here to



approximately here (indicating)."

"For the record, your honor, indicating directly to the north, I believe, you described, Mr. Cram, about to the point of where number 15 is, is that correct, the point of that red area (indicating)?"

(Note: Where Cram pointed not one body was ever found.)

Sullivan: "Now, while you were down digging this day, did you notice any dirt mounds that you later described? Did you notice any dirt of those down there in the area of where you were digging?"

"Yes, well, they were about a foot, two foot high about the size of—about four feet long, three feet long between there and about two foot wide."

(Note: On December 13th, 1978, when Des Plaines police went into the crawl space for the first time there were no such mounds found.)

Sullivan: "From October of 1977 through the middle of March, 1978, did you notice anything different about Mr. Gacy as a person?"

"More enthusiastic, more businesslike, more positive about what he was doing."

"At the time, did you notice anything unusual about Mr. Gacy?"

"Not really, no. Just the same—the same thing, just enthusiastic."

"From July through the end of November of 1978 was when you worked for Mr. Gacy again, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"During the month of December, 1978, did you, at any time, have a job that you did for a company by the name of Raphaco?"

"Yes, that was John's partner."

"Do you know who was the owner of Raphaco?"

"Richard Raphael, John's partner."

"You didn't work December 11th, but on December 12th, Tuesday, of 1978, did you, in fact, have a conversation with Mr. Gacy?"

"Yes, about where I would be working, painting Democratic headquarters."

"Calling your attention to Wednesday, December 13th, 1978, were you likewise still to be working at the headquarters, the precinct headquarters, on that day?"

"Yes, I was supposed to go to Democratic headquarters and finish up the job there. Then I drove over to John's house."

"Fine. Now, when you got to the house on Summerdale, was—did you see anyone there?"

"I thought he had a meeting going on. I walked into the back door. And I believe it was Lieutenant Kozenszak that confronted me with a badge and a search warrant. And he asked me if I lived there. And I told him no."

"Now, at approximately eleven o'clock that evening, did you make any telephone calls?"

"Yes, I did. I called Michael Rossi's house to tell him I couldn't find a battery. And his wife Kathy told me that he was out at John's house. So I thought he was just checking over and whatever. So I called out there and John answered the phone. I asked him when he got out of jail, and he said that he would rather not talk over the phone. Seeing that he was dropping Michael off, would it be okay if he came by and picked me up. And I said sure."

"When you went in the house on Summerdale, did Mr. Gacy show you anything or did you have any conversation?"



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

"Yes, we went in and walked into his office, I think right away, and got the flashlight out of the door—drawer. He said, 'Turn off the lights in case anybody is watching.' So, I—we turned off the lights, and we proceeded walking through his house after he looked through it real briefly. And then we turned off the light, and we started searching his drawers and stuff and seeing what was missing or whatever. They were upside down. And everything was still there, but they were upside down."

"What did he do when he went down in the crawl space with the flashlight?"

"He looked around in a complete circle like this, then he came back out and said, 'I wonder what they were looking for down there.'"

Sullivan went through the state's photo exhibits and had Cram identify the room pictured in each one. Then he went through each day, December 14 through 17, skipped the 18th and 19th, then to the 20th, going over how the police were tailing me each day.

Sullivan: "Now, calling your attention to Thursday, December 21st, 1978, did you receive a phone call from Mr. Gacy on that morning—in the morning hours?"

"Yes, I did. I believe he was at Ron Rhode's house. He was going to have me drive him around because he was in no condition to drive. That he wanted Michael Rossi to meet us at my house as he wanted to talk to the both of us."

"Did he subsequently drive to your house?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did Mr. Gacy say anything to you at that time?"

"Yes, he seemed kind of—very disturbed. He said that he had spent the entire evening in his lawyer's office and he confessed to thirty syndicate killings and he was up all night and then he passed out on the couch, and that he wanted to go around saying his last goodbyes. He said they were syndicate-related killings, but he swears—he swore up and down—that's in fact when he broke down in tears. He said, 'I never had anything to do with this boy being missing.' He was talking about the Piest boy, from the drugstore."

"Mr. Cram, I am going to show you certain cards, people's exhibits. Do you recognize these cards?"

"Number 78: earlier business cards. Across it, it says, 'Painting, Decorating and Maintenance.' Right side, 'Affiliated with American Homeowner Association. John Gacy.'"

"Exhibit number 79: 'John Gacy, Democratic Precinct Captain.'"

"Exhibit number 80: 'Norwood Park Township Street Lighting District, John W. Gacy.' Next line, 'Cook County. George Dunne, President.'"

"People's exhibit number 81 says: 'PE Systems, drug store designing, merchandising, security service. John Gacy, vice president and construction supervisor.'"

"Exhibit number 82 says: 'Raphaco, Incorporated. Construction and Developers.' Next line: 'John W. Gacy, Vice President of Operations.'"

Sullivan: "And during the time that you knew him, did he have a certain license plate for his automobile?"

"Right. He had a monogrammed 'PDM-42', 42 indicating his birthday."

"During the time that Mr. Gacy spoke to you in 1967 and thereafter about Iowa, did he ever tell you anything else about Iowa?"

"Yes, he said he was in prison there."

"Did he tell you why he was in prison?"

"Well, he told me that he organized something to do with pimping and prostitution. And



he was also arrested for sodomy."

Motta: "Objection. I ask for a side bar."

(Whereupon counsel adjourned to the side bar outside the hearing of the jury.)

Amirante: "I ask for a mistrial."

Garippo: "Why are you going into this on direct?"

Sullivan: "He is talking about—he is going to make a statement as to the fact that he said that he will never go back to prison."

Garippo: "All right. The objection is sustained. The jury will be instructed to disregard it at this time. I won't declare a mistrial because of the fact that undoubtedly it will come up in another—at a later time. You should not have opened that up."

Motta: "That changes the entire case."

Garippo (to Sullivan): "You should not have gone into that without covering that. All right."

Sullivan: "The use of it—"

Garippo (to Sullivan): "You said you weren't going to use it on direct on your *case in chief*. That was settled a week before the trial."

Sullivan: "Judge, he has already been brought on the record. I would like to—it has been brought on the record without an objection that in fact he has been in prison."

Garippo: "No!"

Motta: "Those questions were objected to right here."

Amirante: "For the record, we are going about this case with a certain theory. And, you know, we have certain matters in which we are cross-examining people and so forth. As far as I am concerned, that kind of question taints the entire presentation. It puts something in the people's mind that shouldn't be there in the first part of the case. It will not remedy it."

(Whereupon the following was in the presence of the jury.)

Garippo: "The objection is sustained. The jury is instructed to disregard the statement about Iowa at this time."

Sullivan: "I have no further questions at this time. Thank you."

Mr. Motta, on cross-examination: "You just looked at all those different business cards. Would you say that Mr. Gacy is a multifaceted individual?"

Cram: "Yes. A lot of different parts to him, he did a lot of different things."

"You indicated that you met Mr. Gacy initially in July of 1976. You were hitchhiking?"

"Yes, that's correct."

"When did you begin to live with John Gacy?"

"The latter part of August, I believe, in 1976."

"Prior to that did you have conversation regarding bisexuality?"

"Yes."

"So, from the very first day that you met John Gacy, you were aware that he had some sexual preference, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever ask you to participate in any sexual conduct with him?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And did you participate?"

Sullivan: "Objection!"

Cram: "Do I have to answer that?"



A QUESTION OF DOUBT

Garippo: "Let's have a side bar."

(Whereupon the following was outside the hearing of the jurors.)

Garippo: "What is the basis of your objection?"

Sullivan: "First of all as to relevancy. And second of all, I advise the court at this time that the witness has advised me that he would exercise his Fifth Amendment right if in fact the objection is overruled. I am now advising the court at this time."

Garippo (to Sullivan): "The objection will be overruled. You have gone into this situation of—we will say sexual attacks of other people and even sexual—you designated it on direct examination. I forgot what you called the encounter in the bedroom."

Sullivan: "What is that? Where Gacy ripped his pants off?"

Garippo: "Yes."

Sullivan: "But those were done by the defendant. Now, he is—what he is seeking to do is bring out anything that is consensual, that puts it in different light."

Garippo: "The objection will be overruled, Mr. Motta."

Sullivan: "After that, if in fact the witness asks, after you overruled it and tell him to answer, we would then ask for a side bar out of the presence of the jury so the argument as to the Fifth Amendment might be taken up. He has a right to rest on that. I don't want it done in the presence of the jury."

Motta: "If that is the answer to his question, then the jury is entitled to hear it."

Garippo: "You are right."

Sullivan: "We would then ask that the record be made so we may argue his Fifth Amendment right or let him argue it at this time. And that does not have to be done in the presence of the jury."

Garippo (to Sullivan): "He can take the Fifth Amendment right in front of the jury. You are not going to ask anything further, okay? All right."

(Whereupon the following was in the presence of the jury.)

Motta: "And did you participate in sexual conduct with Mr. Gacy?"

Cram: "I'd like to plead the Fifth Amendment."

"You indicated, Mr. Cram, you had a conversation with Gacy on the first day regarding psychology and sociology and that he had degrees. Would it surprise you if I told you Mr. Gacy only completed a college course in those subjects? Or could you have misunderstood him?"

"No, I thought he said degrees."

"Now, between the months of July of '76 and September of '76, how often would you have a drink or smoke marijuana or do some sort of drugs in Mr. Gacy's house?"

"Pretty often. We'd stop by for a beer or something to that effect. Marijuana was basically any time I wanted it, for the simple reason that we'd chip in for the marijuana."

"So, you procured the marijuana yourself on occasion, you got from somewhere from time to time."

"Yes, when I was asked so."

"Is there anybody else that ever participated in smoking marijuana and/or drinking alcohol on a regular basis between July of '76 and September of '76?"

"Basically all the employees there, Mike Rossi, Randy Stewart, a guy name of Jeff."

"So unless you were with Mr. Gacy, you wouldn't know how often he did take marijuana and drink alcohol, is that right?"



"Yes, exactly."

"Now, on direct examination, you testified that on December 12th of 1978, John worked a normal day, is that correct?"

"Yes, he went to various jobs, checked various jobs out."

"Now, on December 13th of 1978, you had a conversation with Mr. Gacy about a search warrant, and in the evening hours, you went over to his house, is that correct?"

"Yes. He turned the lights on to find his flashlight, then he turned them off. We walked around the house with the lights off again."

"As a matter of fact, we're talking about him looking around the house. You never mentioned that to the police, that he ever turned the lights off, is that correct?"

"It could have slipped my mind at the time."

Kunkle: "Objection, might we know what page of Cram's statement he is talking about?"

Motta: "It's page number 8 and 9 of his 19-page statement."

Motta: "I want you to tell the jury if you ever told the police he turned off the light and looked around in his house with a flashlight?"

Cram: "Yes, I did. (Reading:) 'went into the crawl space with a flashlight and the lights were also, on also'."

"So, the lights were on also, and nowhere in here does it say the lights were off in the house?"

"At the time it probably slipped my mind. I'm sorry. No, it's not in the statement, not that I can see."

"Did you tell the police officer that in this statement, that Mr. Gacy put those handcuffs on you at one time?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't read through it."

"And so, if the statement about Mr. Gacy putting the handcuffs on you is not in this report, then you didn't say it to them on that date or it didn't happen?"

"I suppose so."

"Who used to supply drugs to you or John Gacy? Did you used to buy them from somebody?"

"Marijuana, yes. I used to bring that over to Mr. Gacy's house from time to time if he would want an ounce or so."

Sullivan: "Objection, as to where and who, Judge."

Motta: "How well did you know Mike Rossi during the course of the period of time that you worked for John, between 1976 and 1978?"

Cram: "Fairly well. Every time that I worked with him, we socialize together on occasions."

"Did Mike Rossi ever have any sexual relations with John Gacy?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Cram: "That Mike Rossi. I wouldn't know."

Motta: "Did you ever have any sexual relation with Mike Rossi?"

Sullivan: "Objection."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Cram: "I'll go with the Fifth Amendment on that."



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Motta: "Well, did you ever—was Mike Rossi your lover? Did you make love to Mike Rossi?"

Sullivan: "Objection. Judge, it's the same basis."

Garippo: "Objection sustained."

Motta: "Would you characterize John Gacy as your lover? Did you ever sleep with him?"

Cram: "Isn't that within the same—"

Garippo: "Answer the question."

Cram: "No, I would not, and no, I never slept with John Gacy."

Motta: "Did you ever commit oral copulation on John Gacy?"

Sullivan: "Objection."

Cram: "What's this? It's the same thing, isn't it?"

Garippo: "You may answer."

Cram: "I'd have to plead the Fifth Amendment."

Motta: "Did John Gacy ever commit oral copulation on you?"

Sullivan: "Objection, Your Honor."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Cram: "No, I am pleading the Fifth Amendment, yes."

Motta: "Do you have a lawyer?"

Sullivan: "Objection."

Cram: "No."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "How many times—did you ever have a physical altercation with John Gacy—fist fight, wrestling, anything like that?"

Cram: "Sometimes we'd goof around and wrestle, and on those occasions that I started—"

"Do you know if Mike Rossi was ever in the crawl space, did he ever tell you?"

"I believe he was. I couldn't be an eyewitness to it, no, but he did tell me."

"How many times were you down in the crawl space?"

"One time, it was around the end of August of '77. For a broken sewer piping, clay tile piping."

"Now, how many trenches did you dig?"

"I dug one up to here, one over here, and one back here (indicating on the plat map exhibit number one)."

"Now, you also indicated that one night you came home and you were tired and you went to sleep, is that correct? And then Mr. Gacy came and he pounced on you?"

"Yes."

"And did he have the handcuffs with him?"

"No, he did not."

"And he tore your pants off, or just ripped them right off? And these were Levis, right?"

"Well, they were kind of old."

"I see. And after that, did he attempt to attack you sexually?"

"No, because after he did that, he just got up and said, 'You're no fun,' and walked away."

"Did you continue to live—did you have a conversation the next day?"

"Oh, yes, I did. I think that's when I told him that I'm quitting, I'm moving out."

"You didn't ask him why, or he didn't make any explanations to you, or anything like



that?"

"I didn't really care why."

"And you have known John Gacy for—since July of 1976 and up until December of '78. Have you ever known him to do anything else like that, except those things that you have talked about?"

"Do anything else to me again? No, he did not."

"Would you say that it was totally out of character for him to do something like that?"

"Totally out of character. Not like him."

"You started back working for him in a few months, and worked for him until December of '78?"

"Yes, overlooking the incident."

"Aside from the incident that you described, you consider Mr. Gacy to be a likeable individual?"

"He's trying on your nerves because he's a tough boss and he's nitpicking and he's a perfectionist. Yes, we can summarize it to that."

Sullivan, on re-direct: "Mr. Cram, at any time before the date that Gacy was arrested, did he ever tell you that he had killed anybody before that?"

Cram: "He used to always brag about his syndicate relations and about syndicate-related killing, but he never said that he directly killed anybody. He said that he set it up."

"Did you ever see any bodies in John Gacy's crawl space?"

"Yes—one, my girl friend. She hid down there at one time. Other than that, no."

"Did you ever procure any young boys for John Gacy to kill?"

Amirante: "Objection."

Cram: "No."

Motta: "Objection. What kind of question is that?"

Amirante: "That's ridiculous."

Garippo: "Objection is sustained."

Sullivan: "Thank you, sir. Nothing further, Your Honor."

I feel compelled to comment on the testimony of David Cram. He worked closely with me during the time the state's prosecutors felt many of those thirty-three young men were murdered and interred beneath my house. He stayed at the Summerdale house many times overnight. He lived there at times for lengthy periods. What had he seen? What had he, with that proximity, even suspected? Nothing. The state knew that, so why use him as a witness? Sullivan simply wanted to squeeze into the trial manuscript some language which would at least impute a lewd side to my character. It was all he could do. Cram's testimony had nothing to do with Robert Piest. Sullivan had nothing with which to build a case so, as a consolation, he spoon-fed this frightened David Cram into aiding their direction by having him sling some mud.

What is my rebuttal? The variations between Cram's version and mine are trivial. His testimony was not damaging and I do not need to refute it except for the purpose of removing a wad or two of that slung mud with the solvent of truth.

In 1975 (not 1976) David Cram was fired from his job and asked me for work. I gave him a job and let him stay in my house because his family had thrown him out and he was virtually living in the streets.

Cleverly the prosecution led him to say that I'd told him I had a degree in psychology



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and from that learning I found it easy to manipulate people—a ploy to imply that I was Svengali to thirty-three young men. I watched the jury; they listened raptly. Sullivan had no evidence so he used illusion.

Sure, I wrestled around the room with Cram on an occasion when we had both been drinking, and between our efforts, his pants were torn, but they were not the sturdy Levis Sullivan wanted you to believe. I wouldn't have dressed as a clown just for him even if it was his birthday—the guys at work would have found out and humiliated us with their jokes! I tried my trick handcuffs on him? He testifies for the state that I did, but he testifies for the defense that he wasn't sure. He said he did remember, and he said he didn't remember. He admitted that I didn't attack him sexually.

He pointed out in the state's display diagram where I had him dig, and it was where a body was found. Would I have had him down there digging around if I had hidden a bunch of bodies?

It was another clever tactic to have Cram take the Fifth Amendment instead of honestly answering the question. It suggests that we did have sexual relations and that he wanted to cover it up.

On December 13 when the police came to see me, Cram was kept outside in the cold. Afterward, when I inquired of him what was said out there, he told me that all they did was ask him a couple of questions. Then, in court, he swore that in the driveway they showed him a badge and a *search warrant*. Why didn't they show it to me? Why didn't he tell me that?

Michael Rossi was the next witness to take the stand. Rossi was 20 years old, married, with one child. He was a union carpenter. He worked with, lived with, and was befriended by John Gacy during May of 1976 and to the end of 1978.

Kunkle, for the state: "And how did you meet John Gacy through your contracting work?"

Rossi: "I was working for a plumbing contractor at the time. The man was over working on Gacy's plumbing and he brought me along."

"Did you have conversation with John Gacy about that time about what you might be able to make working for him?"

"Yes, I believe I did. I think he offered me \$3.00 an hour and guaranteed me 40 hours a week."

"I direct your attention to an object setting out here in the middle of the courtroom floor which has been labeled people's exhibit number 77. Do you recognize what that wooden object is?"

"It looks like the hatch to the crawl space in Gacy's house."

"During those first months that you worked for him, did you notice anything unusual about him? What was his basic personality like to you? Did he run his business like a business?"

"Nothing unusual. Oh, off the job he was friendly, an easy-going person. On the job he would like to crack the whip. He would like performance, he would like his money's worth."

"While you were working for the defendant did you meet another young man by the name of David Cram?"

"Yes, I did. Sometime in August."



"Now, do you know whether or not, for a period of a month or two, that David Cram in fact lived at John Gacy's house? And after Cram moved out what did you do?"

"David Cram lived there two months or so, and after he moved out, I moved in the house around late September of 1976."

"And do you recall about how long you stayed in the defendant's home?"

"I think it was until April of 1977. I moved into an apartment of my own."

"Now, during that entire period of time you worked for him, you had occasion to socialize with John Gacy. How do you describe John Gacy as a drinker?"

"Mostly at his house, on occasion out to a bar. I would say that he could handle his liquor."

"All right. And the night of August 11, 1978, did you see John Gacy on that night and in the early morning hours of August 12th, in Cicero, Illinois? What happened?"

"Well, that night we had been out to a couple of different taverns prior to that, and got into an argument over a pool game, and as a result it turned into a physical fight."

"Was that outside on the street? Who won?"

"Yes, it was. Well, I walked away. And I stopped working for Gacy for a period of time."

"Now during the time you knew John Gacy and were working for him, did you ever purchase a car from him?"

"Yes, it was a white '71 Satellite, and the name of the previous owner is John Szyc."

"And on the rear of the back of the assignment and title section, what are the names that are printed on the top line as being the parties to whom the vehicle has been transferred to?"

"Michael Rossi and John Gacy. And below the written signature of the seller John Szyc."

"I show you exhibit number 85 and ask you to give me the name on that, and what it is?"

"It's a second title showing the names of Michael Rossi and John Gacy, a '71 Plymouth Satellite, two-door, and the name being transferred to on the back is Michael Rossi."

"Could you explain why the first title was filled out with your name and the name of John Gacy and the second one was a transfer from the two of you to yourself?"

"Well, because I wanted the car at the time for my work, and I didn't have the money. So Mr. Gacy offered to sell me the car and put the money in advance if I paid him back on a weekly basis, but he also wanted to have his name on the title until I paid him off to get the clear title."

"Between 9:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. on the same night, Tuesday, December 12th, 1978, did you go over to Gacy's house?"

"Yes, I did. I was driving a '78 black Chevy van belonging to P.D.M. Contractors."

"Now, did you see anyone when you drove up to Gacy's house on that night?"

"Yes, three or four detectives from Des Plaines police department, interviewing Mr. Gacy."

"Did you go into the house after the police had left, or were you inside the house?"

"I was told to wait outside, but after a while I went in, and Mr. Gacy was on the phone."

"After that phone call, did you have a conversation with the defendant as to whether or not you were going to continue your plan and go out after the Christmas trees?"

"Yes, he told me to go over to Mr. Rhode's Christmas tree lot and that he would follow shortly thereafter."



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"How long did you wait at the Christmas tree lot waiting for Mr. Gacy?"

"Approximately an hour and I ended up buying a Christmas tree, left Rhode's tree lot and went back to the house."

"Directing your attention to the day, December 21st of 1978, did you receive a telephone call from the defendant, John Gacy, that morning? Business-related or what?"

"He wanted me to come out to his house and drop off some tools. I told him I couldn't and we compromised and met at Cram's house."

"About 11:15 a.m. on December 21st, 1978, did you in fact go to Cram's house to drop off the tools, and go into Cram's house for a conversation?"

"Yes, I did. He was very emotionally disturbed and said, well, at that time, he proceeded to tell myself and David about confessing to his lawyers the night before to over 30 killings. That was the high point of the conversation. And I left the residence right away."

"Now, during the summer of 1977, at that time, what job or what did you do relative to the defendant's crawl space under his home at 8213 Summerdale?"

"I was to go down into the crawl space and dig a trench line for some drainage tile."

"Do you recall what part of the crawl space or where if you can make reference to that drawing, exhibit number one plat. What area were [you] digging in?"

"Number 13 towards 16 in a horizontal line between them, approximately a foot wide and between my knee and my hip deep."

"Did the defendant ever ask you to go down in the crawl space and dig on another occasion? And were you willing to do it?"

"I believe he requested it but not a second time was I willing."

"Were you willing to stick around the premises and supervise newer employees who would get the job of going down and digging?"

"Yes."

"Now, on these occasions when either you, yourself, or other employees under your supervision were asked to dig trenches in the crawl space, did the defendant express any concern or care about where the particular digging would go on?"

"He would give—he would go down into the crawl space and give a specific area in which to dig. He would, actually, mark it out with sticks."

"And if someone deviated or started to go off line to the specific plan that the defendant laid out for the digging, what would he do?"

"He would get very upset."

"Although you never dug in the crawl space again, yourself, did you do any other job relative to the crawl space?"

I had the task of spreading eight or nine hundred pounds of lime throughout the crawl space, at least a half an inch thick, which removed the musky odor from there."

"Nothing further."

Amirante, on cross-examination, seemed to want to unnerve Rossi. "The first thing I want to do is ask you to calm down a little bit. I notice you have been real nervous on the stand. Just calm down. How are you doing?"

Rossi: "Pretty good, thanks."

"Secondly, I notice, Mr. Rossi, that you referred to Mr. Gacy—well, you referred to the man sitting over here in the light blue suit in such terms as 'Mr. Gacy' and 'the defendant.' All these years you have known him, is that how you have referred to him? 'Mr Gacy, the



defendant'—what did you call him?"

"John, the Duke, Mr. Gacy, Colonel."

"So, there were a number of terms of friendship and affection and so forth, isn't that correct?"

"Yes."

"How many times did you rehearse your testimony before you came up here? You talked to your lawyer about it?"

No response from Rossi.

"Come on, Mr. Rossi. You have a high-priced lawyer. Did you talk to your lawyer about it?"

Kunkle: "Objection. Ask that it be stricken."

Garippo: "Sustained to the remark."

Amirante: "Mr. Rossi, didn't you tell my investigators when they came to talk to you that you had a high-priced lawyer and he said not to talk to us? Did he tell you that?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Amirante: "As a matter of fact, for what reason did you have to hire an attorney, Mr. Rossi?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Rossi: "Because it's my right."

Amirante: "Good answer."

Egan: "Objection to counsel's commentary in the answers."

Amirante: "How old were you when you met John Gacy? And how old now?"

Rossi: "Sixteen and now I'm twenty."

"Would you say he is a man—kind of a multi-faceted man, as Mr. Motta would say? A complex kind of man, a man of many facets. He didn't seem like a phony; he was authentic. Would you classify him as a workaholic?"

"He was not a phony in that respect. Authentic, sure; in other words, a busy man. I would classify him as a workaholic."

"Well, how do you reach that—that opinion, that decision, of a workaholic?"

"Working beside him for 18, 19 hours straight, when the job had to be done. Very responsible."

"What did he do when he wasn't working those 18, 19 hours a day that you saw? You lived with him for a while?"

"Watched TV, book work for the company. Always the company, the company. He wanted to succeed."

"Now, after that initial conversation about—what did you think about your interview for the job? I mean, you're 16 years. The guy is hiring you to work as a construction worker, and he starts asking if you are liberal. What do you think about that?"

"It was a first. I don't recall."

Amirante: "Side bar." (Not quoted on the record.)

Amirante: "Mr. Rossi, it's—after that first time—I believe you just answered that after the first time during the interview, Mr. Gacy never approached the subject of being liberal or having sex again with you, is that correct? And if so how did he bring it up?"



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Rossi: "No, he brought it up again, but I don't recall."

"Did you ever see those handcuffs in his house? When was the first time you saw them?"

"Yes, when we were going into a clowning—we were going to go clowning somebody, he brought them along. Just for clowning, nothing else."

"You aren't going to get mad at me? I am not blocking the view of your lawyer back there watching you?"

Rossi: (Moving his head from side to side, where Amirante was blocking) "No, sir."

Kunkle: "I object to that. I ask that it be stricken and counsel be admonished."

Garippo: "The statement will be stricken and the—statement is stricken."

Amirante: "Okay. Now, you indicated that you went down into that crawl space when you worked for Max and later when you worked for John Gacy, is that correct? Anything unusual down there then?"

Rossi: "Well, a slight odor, a lot of bugs, a lot of mud. Damp, musty odor."

"When did Mr. Gacy give you the keys to his house?"

"I believe when I moved in."

"Okay. Now, in that time period, May 22nd, '76, to April, '77, during all that time, did this conversation about sex come up again, being liberal, when you were in the house alone together?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't recall."

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Rossi, you engaged in sexual activities with Mr. Gacy—or, Mr. Rossi, you engaged in sexual activities with Mr. Gacy, didn't you?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Overruled—sustained as to form."

Amirante: "Did you ever engage in sexual activities with Mr. Gacy?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Rossi: "I don't know."

Amirante: "Did you ever smoke marijuana and drink with him at the same time, smoke and drink? How many times?"

"Yes, we did. I don't know how many times. I don't recall."

"Okay, Mr. Rossi, you indicated you had been driving around in a white Plymouth Satellite, is that correct? Do you know whose car it was?"

"Yes, sir. That was John Szyk's, the night I decided to buy it."

"You don't remember when it was that you got the car or when it was that you went and applied for the title, is that correct?"

"I don't recall. It was wintertime."

"And as a matter of fact when you applied for that title, Mr Rossi, you forged John Szyk's name, didn't you?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did the police ever tell you when they questioned you that you signed John Szyk's name, or did they ask you if you signed John Szyk's name?"

"They asked me."

"You denied it, and still deny it?"

"Yes, sir."



"Did you ever partake or participate in any large parties at Mr. Gacy's house? And did he sit in the corner with the guys and smoke dope?"

"Yes, sir. He was like a good, happy host. I don't recall Mr. Gacy sitting in the corner and smoking dope at these parties."

"Did you ever use his house when he was out of town?"

"Yes, I did. When he was out of town, just to go over there, have a couple of drinks. Not often."

"How many times did you go over there when he was out of town?"

"I go there all the time, sometimes five minutes, sometimes five seconds, sometimes a few hours."

"Did you see him bring any pickups in his house or did you ever see him rape anybody?"

"Not really, no, sir."

"Did he ever rape you?"

"No, sir."

"You hesitated a little bit. What were you hesitating for?"

"It's my prerogative."

"So, it's fair to say the whole time you knew John Gacy from 1976 until right now, he has been nothing but a pretty good guy to you, is that right?"

"For the most part. We have had our scrapes, disagreements."

"Did he ever beat you up?"

"Well, yes, I think so, once. Couple years back at his girlfriend's apartment."

"Well, he didn't come up to you and start beating on you out of the clear blue sky. Something would have had to provoke him I would think. What was it?"

"Evelyn Prebee, I think they were engaged. If I recall it, we had started out wrestling and he accused me of getting a little too rough and got very upset, enough to give me a black eye for about three days."

"Who stopped the fight?"

"Evelyn."

"Okay. Now, you got into another fight with him, in front of your mother's tavern, didn't you? And it was not only you and Mr. Gacy, there were three of you fellows, is that correct?"

"Well, in the immediate fight it was me and Mr. Gacy."

"As a matter of fact, he didn't even strike a blow, did he? You did a pretty good number on him, didn't you?"

"It happened. It was more like a lunge to choke me again."

"But he never struck a blow, did he, and you two put him in the hospital?"

"Not after I started. I put him in the hospital."

"What did you do to him?"

"I punched him. Would you like a demonstration?"

"If that's the way you feel."

"It was a pretty hard punch."

"Now, after that fight with Mr. Gacy, you say you did not continue to work with him. As a matter of fact, he filed a criminal complaint against you, didn't he?"

"No, sir. I didn't go back to work, and, yes, there was a criminal complaint."

"Now, Mr. Rossi, I just wanted to talk about these last few days you saw Mr. Gacy when



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you were working with him. Now, on December 12th I believe you said you were—walked up to the driveway of Mr. Gacy's house at approximately nine o'clock or 9:30, walked up to the house and there were police officers there, is that correct?"

"Yes, sir. It was approximately 9:00, 9:30 from the time that I was there. It was approximately 15 to 20 minutes until anyone entered the house."

"How did Gacy appear to you? Did he appear to be normal at the time? Anything unusual?"

"Well, there had been a death in the family, but outside of that he was okay. An uncle or something."

"Now on December 20th you state that John Gacy was at your house at approximately 6:45 p.m."

"Yes, sir."

Kunkle: "Objection. That's not what he testified to. He testified he got home at nine o'clock and Gacy was there."

Amirante: "Okay. Where were you before that? And how long were you in the Des Plaines police station?"

Rossi: "Well, from early afternoon, I believe, I was at the Des Plaines police department. It was a little of both—I was taken there and I did go voluntarily."

"Mr. Gacy received a phone call. Now did he say where he was going when he left?"

"It's cloudy, but there is a possibility he said he was going to see you."

"And that was about nine, ten—ten minutes after you got home?"

"I am not sure. It was somewhere in there. I think so."

"Okay. Now, you didn't see him again now until the next morning, the 21st, you agreed to meet him at David Cram's house?"

"No, sir. I brought some tools over to Cram's house after he called that morning wanting me to come out to his house."

"At the time Gacy seemed to be, would you say, emotionally disturbed and he told you something?"

"Yes, I don't recall."

"Where is—think hard. What were his exact words?"

"I believe he said something of the nature that he had done a lot of bad things; he had been involved with over 30 syndicate-related killings."

"He told that to David Cram, too?"

"I believe so. I was leaving, immediately after that statement."

"I am sorry, Mr. Rossi. I want to go back a little bit. In regards to that automobile, do you recall the Plymouth, the 1971 Plymouth you were driving, John Szyc's car? Did you have your own license plates on that car?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you recall an instance the winter of 1977-78 in a gas station regarding a '71 Plymouth?"

"Yes, sir."

Kunkle: "Objection. I ask to be heard."

Garippo: "Okay. Side bar." (Whereupon the following was outside the hearing of the jury.)

Kunkle: "Judge, the plates that was on there from Szyc—I mean there was no conviction,



there has been no criminal conviction based on this. He was trying to bring up some apparent time on his behalf by not having a proper license plate on the car."

Motta: "He knew those were Szyk's plates."

Kunkle: "It's not a criminal conviction that can be brought out in this kind of a proceeding. What the hell—I mean, it's not even a misdemeanor. It's a traffic offense."

Amirante: "It's a fact."

Garippo: "Let's move along."

(Whereupon the following was before the jury.)

Amirante: "Okay isn't it a fact, Mr Rossi, that in the winter of '77-'78 or sometime thereafter you were charged with theft, stealing some gasoline?"

Rossi: "No, sir."

Kunkle: "Objection."

Amirante: "But there were somebody else's plates on that car, were there?"

Rossi: "Yes, the last owner's."

"Did you ever apply for the title transfer on that car, and whose name did you sign?"

"Yes, sir. I signed my own name, nobody else's, not to my knowledge."

"Okay. Just a couple more questions regarding this title, Mr Rossi. Did you ever at any time fill out a form called the VSD 9 for the title number S700068, being a state title and registration application and sign the name John Szyk? Did you ever do that?"

"Well, the—at the Elston Avenue station, the Illinois drivers' station, I had to fill out another application for title, and I signed John Szyk's name."

"Mr. Rossi, would you step up to the board a minute. Where did—will you please point to where you dug this first trench for the drain tile? For the record, pointing to state's exhibit number one for identification."

(Pointing) "From number 13 about ten feet."

"Did you ever—did you ever go down there with David Cram?"

"Yes, sir, seeing how he was doing, digging himself."

"Now, you knew John Gacy, or you at least thought he was bisexual. He did proposition you, you even beat him up once, he even beat you up once, right?"

Yes, propositioned me; yes, I beat him up once; yes, he beat me up once."

"And in all this time and all you knew about John Gacy and in digging in a crawl space, did John Gacy at any time ever really strike you and strangle you and hit you and beat you? Did he ever do that?"

"No, sir."

"Did he ever threaten to kill you? Did he ever follow up?"

"Many times, various occasions for different reasons. But no, he never followed up—apparently not."

"Did he ever put you in handcuffs? Ever tie you up, ever put you on a board?"

"No to all three. No handcuffs, no, he didn't tie me up, and no to that board thing."

"When he threatened you, these were threats in the course of your kind of fights and jousting with him, wouldn't it be?"

"Yes, sir."

"And these fights and jousts and so forth you got into were more like horseplay, and then and it was out of more or less anger on the spur of the moment, right?"

"Yes, I would imagine so."



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"And after that, he probably—or did he apologize, is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"No further questions."

It is my belief that when a man sits at the defendant's table in a court of law most people will consider him guilty, and they will expect the defense to fabricate in order to remove him from guilt. But lying is not limited to the defense in a trial. Since being on death row I have burned the midnight oil studying many hundreds of cases over many thousands of hours, and lying seems to have its own disreputable balance between the prosecution and the defense.

Michael Rossi was lying. David Cram lied. No whoppers, just enough to cast more muck on my image. The state had no case so they besmirched my character. They proved nothing but they won their case, and to this day they must wonder, "Who killed those thirty-three young men and boys?"

Rossi lied from the beginning by saying he started working for me in 1976; it was 1975 and the office records verify that. When we fought outside the tavern, it wasn't over some damn foolish pool game; it was because I refused to hire his drunken friend Robert Byrd. He claims he stopped working for me after that fight. The truth is he was fired for another reason. He didn't buy the Szyg car from me; he borrowed the money from me to buy it from Szyg; then later forged Szyg's name to the paperwork when Szyg was drunk. I'm sure his attorney (state-related) told him to say that I stated I was in trouble for thirty syndicate murders. That falsely-imputed statement attempts to indicate that I used terms such as murder, that I was somehow murder-minded. Yet, after working with me, staying with me, being in the Summerdale house almost daily for three and a half years, he could contribute nothing solid in the way of proof or even suspicion to the state's case.

He said that on December 20th I spent ten minutes at his house; I was there three and a half hours drinking and smoking grass, first with his wife as we waited for him, then with both of them. When he finally arrived he told us he had been at the Des Plaines police department and had been questioned. He took a lie detector test which he failed; he said most of the questions he failed pertained to his sexual behavior.

He lied about being arrested for stealing gas at the Montrose Kimball gas station; for taking gas, not paying and absconding. His license was taken down. The 15th district police station called me at P.D.M. and asked me to bring him in. I did, and I gave a cop there some money under the table and he was released clean.

I sit here and wonder . . . Cram and Rossi both had keys to the house. Both had questionable sexual preferences (although Garippo wouldn't allow my attorney to bring that out). Both drank too much and drugged. (Trial transcript page 103) Amirante: "How many times did you go over there when he was out of town? Rossi: "I go there all the time." How can I help wondering . . .

On Wednesday, February 13, 1980, the state called David Hachmeister to the stand, with Kunkle doing the direct questioning. Hachmeister had been with the Des Plaines police for eight years. On December 14, 1978, he was assigned to the surveillance team under Sergeant Lang to follow John Gacy in a 12-hour shift. December 15th was his first night on the team. At midnight he parked in an unmarked police vehicle on the 8300 block of Summerdale to observe the 8213 Summerdale house of John Gacy.

Kunkle skimmed through his night-by-night routine, highlighting different conversa-



tions that Hachmeister had with me. Kunkle introduced photos as evidence of the different places they had followed me on a daily basis. Hachmeister stated that on December 16th I had asked him why they were following me and, in a related conversation, that I was very concerned about the missing Des Plaines youth. I did a lot of bragging about who I was, I was a part-time clown and owned property in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nevada and Florida. At one point, upon leaving the Pot-N-Pan restaurant, I told him I was going to the Good Luck Tavern on Elston, and when I arrived there, instead of going in, I got into a brown van in front of the place and stayed for a half hour. He said that then I went to another lounge called P.J.'s on West Irving Park, went in, saw two young ladies and sat at their table. Hachmeister said he told me that he wouldn't interfere with my social life and would stay in the background.

Kunkle: "Did you hear any of the conversation between the defendant and those ladies?"

Hachmeister: "Yes. At that time he introduced my partner and myself as bodyguards."

"Now, after the defendant had had a few drinks at P.J.'s, did you notice any change in his action or physical appearance?"

No, sir. He would have two drinks at each stop, sometimes more. But there was no change in him."

"How many times did Gacy stop that night and early morning, and how much was he drinking?"

"We had made five stops that night and at each place he had two to three drinks, that we observed, and his speech and behavior never changed."

Hachmeister went on to tell that on Monday, December 18, 1978, around two a.m., after following me into the Golden Bear Restaurant at Harlem Avenue and Irving Park Road in Chicago, we talked outside.

Kunkle: "All right. Tell the ladies and gentlemen of the jury what he said in that conversation."

Hachmeister: "At that time he indicated that he in fact was a registered clown and that besides being a registered clown he is an amateur magician. There were a number of magic tricks that he knew, that he would entertain these young people with. He then spoke about being a clown, saying that people really don't look at a clown as being a person but just rather being a clown."

"Did he tell you any of the benefits of being a clown, say at a parade?"

"Yes, he did. He mentioned that on a number of occasions when he was marching in a parade as a clown, he would walk up to a good woman that might be on the sidelines, sit on her lap and he could grab their breasts without them saying anything; they'd laugh it off simply because he was clowning. He then stated, 'You know, David, clowns can get away with murder.'"

"After talking about his clowning, did you have any conversation with him regarding his life in between?"

"Yes. We started talking a little bit about his marital status and he had indicated to us that his first wife, when she divorced him, that she took him for every penny that he had. He said, however, on the second marriage he was smart enough to tie up his money so that when he got divorced that time she didn't get a penny. He then talked a little bit about saying that single life was, on occasion, somewhat lonely; however, on occasion, he does find time to have a pretty good time."



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"Well, did he give any specific instances where he would have a pretty good time?"

"Yes. He mentioned that he had a trip to New York with Michael Rossi and he said that it was just one continual party where they'd be picking up woman after woman. He also indicated that this particular trip was a business trip and from there we started talking again about his business."

"Directing your attention to Tuesday, December 1st, 1978. Before you were relieved at Lesson Drug store in Waukegan at about 11:25, did you have a conversation with the defendant?"

"Yes, we did. Myself, Detective Albrecht and the defendant."

"And what did the defendant say to you at that time?"

"He came out of the drug store, he approached us and indicated that he had received money from out of state for his bond, and should there be an arrest made on him he would be prepared for this. He then asked us if we would do him one favor, and that was if and when he was arrested, if we would contact his attorney."

Twice Kunkle tried to bring up incidents of my prior arrest in Waterloo, Iowa, but Garippo sustained the objections.

Amirante, on cross-examination: "Now, after the first day, you more or less got to know John Gacy, and he was rather congenial and friendly, is that right?"

Hachmeister: "Yes, sir, he was."

"He bragged about his position in society, in the community, and he even told you his cousin—what did you say—an alleged, or crime syndicate figure, Tony Accardo?"

"Yes, that's what he said."

"Did your investigation later reveal his cousin is in fact Tony Accardo?"

"I don't believe we ever even checked into it."

"You don't know if in fact he even went to sleep, do you, but you do know until how late he stayed up, at least how late he stayed out, right?"

"I have no idea if he slept, but I do know he got in at 4:00 or 4:30 the first night, 6:15 a.m. the next night, and there was a few when he got in at two or three a.m."

"And then immediately—the next morning did he meet with a business associate?"

"He met with some individual, yes, about sometime after eight a.m., some at seven a.m., something like that."

"You indicated that—I don't know if he told you or you observed that his driving habits were extremely fast, they were kind of reckless and erratic, isn't that right?"

"On occasion, yes, usually always fast, even with knowing that we were police officers."

"Okay. Now I believe you even indicated that because of Mr. Gacy's driving habits at one time it was difficult for you to follow him because you actually lost him, isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you didn't really lose him because Mr. Gacy told you where he was going to be. And this was even after you had indicated to him or advised him that you were investigating him for the disappearance of a missing boy and he told you where he was going, isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"So it would be fair to say that his erratic and reckless and fast driving habits really, in your opinion as a police officer, was not intended to lose you, isn't that right?"



Kunkle: "Objection as to this."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Hachmeister: "Yes, sir, but I felt that on certain times he may have been trying to lose us."

Amirante: "He made absolutely no, in your presence, at any time, what you would consider attempt to flee the jurisdiction, or escape, did he?"

"No, I don't believe so."

"Did he ever even say a harsh word to you, other than you were obnoxious for parking in front of his neighbor's house?"

"Not that I recall."

"For the most part it seemed like he was fairly sincere with his conversations when he called you David and talked to you as a matter-of-factly, didn't he?"

"Yes, he seemed very sincere, yes."

"And in that conversation he was talking sincere and speaking with you, he told you a few things—he told you that, I believe you said, you testified, 'David, clowns can get away with murder.' And he was talking clowns as kind of in the third person. He told you that they really weren't persons, right?"

"That is what he said, yes. He said—he feels that some people don't look at clowns as people, but just as being clowns."

"So you usually don't get to know the people you are tailing or conducting a surveillance on as well as you got to know Mr. Gacy. As a matter of fact, they usually don't get quite as friendly as Mr. Gacy, do they?"

"That's correct. Usually they don't know that you are following them."

Kunkle: "Can I be heard at the side bar, Your Honor?"

Garippo: "Sure."

(The following proceedings were had outside the hearing of the jury:)

Kunkle: "Based on the cross examination by Mr. Amirante, I would ask the court now whether or not the Court accepts my proposition that I stated before, in fact, the defense is trying to make a specific reference to Gacy's frame of mind on the 21st with reference to the arrest. They made more implications concerning the possibility of suicide or disappearance and, in fact, because he in the presence of the police officer has committed a crime, that being passing marijuana cigarettes. I think if it wasn't appropriate before, even in light of anticipating the defense of insanity, I certainly think it is now after this cross examination."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Kunkle: "What does that mean?"

Garippo: "Denied."

Hachmeister had a convenient memory: He mentioned that I talked to two young ladies at P. J.'s Lounge and that I had a couple of drinks, but he seemed to forget that every time I had a drink, he and his partner had a drink; they did not take any notes any of the time they were with me, so how their observations could be so clear is beyond me. He also failed to bring out that they didn't stay in the background at P. J.'s; they sat at my table, drank with the girls, and his partner even kissed one of them.

In recounting my statement that "clowns can get away with murder," he took the line out of context. I was talking about clown antics, playing around with people. He asked



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leading questions about what clowns did and I said in a general way that clowns could get away with murder, referring to some of the things that were done at parades—in a playful way of throwing water at people, taking drinks out of their hands, sitting on laps and grabbing breasts—the things clowns usually do. The line had a proper meaning, but out of context it meant only what they wanted it to mean.

Robert Schultz was the next witness called by the state. Robert Egan asked the questions under direct examination. Egan covered the activity of two men of the surveillance team, Officer Schultz and his partner Ronald Robinson. Starting when he was first assigned to the surveillance team, Schultz said that the team worked with two cars, one man in each car, so as to minimize the risk of losing me. On a Friday night, December 15th, after a high speed chase on the Kennedy Expressway, they arrested Donald Moral for speeds exceeding 80 miles an hour.

Egan: "Now, where was Gacy during all of this? Did you arrest him too?"

Schultz: "He was at the time of arrest standing outside of the vehicle with Ron Rhode. We didn't arrest Mr. Gacy."

"Now I want to call your attention to another day, Sunday, December 17th, and ask you if you relieved the other surveillance team on that day."

"Yes, we did."

"Did you have a conversation with Gacy in a bar by Lesson Drug known as Ferndale's? Who was there and what was said?"

"I was there with my partner Robinson, Gacy and Hefner. Gacy was buying the drinks. Mr. Gacy struck up a conversation with me in regards to his pickup truck, indicating he had a snow-plowing business, he would need the truck if it snowed again and he was inquiring if he could get it back. He talked about remodeling Bressler's ice cream stores."

"How long did you and your partner, Gacy and Hefner sit at the bar in that place that day? How much did you see Gacy drink?"

"Approximately an hour and 15 minutes. I don't recall how many Gacy drank. I had two beers and my partner two beers. Gacy received a phone call."

"Did you notice anything unusual about his appearance or his speech, and what happened next?"

"His appearance, he was dirty from working. After the phone call he returned to the pharmacy, we returned to our cars and didn't see Mr. Gacy till five-thirty."

"Did you have a conversation at that time and where was he going?"

"Mr. Gacy advised us to stay with him if we could. He had to be someplace in half an hour and we would first stop at his house and we would be going to Mages' bowling alley in Schiller Park. I told him as far as I was concerned, it wasn't possible to do it."

"Half an hour later, where were you?"

"We were on the lanes at Mages' bowling alley in Schiller Park. His driving was a very high rate of speed."

"Did you later on that night, did you and your partner, Officer Robinson and John Gacy go to the Prime House Restaurant on Kedzie and what conversation did you have with John Gacy?"

"Mr. Gacy engaged us in conversation. First he asked myself if I would answer him a question honestly if he asked it. I told him, it depends on the question. He asked us what our true nature of the surveillance was. I told him that as far as I knew it was with regard



to the missing boy, Robert Piest. He then told me that he didn't believe me. He felt it was much bigger than that. He suggested that Robinson, myself, were members of the F.B.I. narcotics squad. I asked him if he had known the boy. He told me that he believed he had seen him on a couple of occasions at the Nisson Pharmacy. He told me that the boy had asked him a couple of times for employment, that as far as he knew the boy was only 15 and too young to be hired."

"On December 19th, Tuesday, after returning from downtown with Mr. Gacy and attorney Stevens, did you go to Mr. Gacy's house for dinner and what happened?"

"Yes, he, immediately upon entering the rear door, he walked through the kitchen to a doorway and closed the door that led from the kitchen to the front hallway of the house. He then walked back towards us as we were just coming in the door and suggested that we go right to the family room."

"Now, at any point, as you were sitting in his family room, did you ask Gacy if you could use his bathroom, and what happened?"

"Yes, I did. It was in the front part of the home. In the hallway I noticed a putrefying rotting odor."

"While you were using the facilities in the washroom, did the heat come on, and what did you notice?"

"Yes, it did. The heat vent would be directly to the front part of the toilet there. The odor that I detected in the hallway seems to be coming from the register, only a lot stronger."

"What did you associate that odor with?"

"I associated the odor at that time with smells that I had encountered down at the Cook County morgue."

"Calling your attention to about 45 minutes later, 8:45, did Gacy receive a phone call at that point and what did he do?"

"Yes, he advised the party that he was talking to that he would call him back in about five minutes, and as soon as he hung up, he grabbed his coat and told us we were leaving. He drove west on Summerdale to Cumberland, we went south on Cumberland to just prior to the intersection of Lawrence Avenue, then he made a left turn and drove behind the building, then made a right turn, traveling at a higher speed than normal."

"Now, how big was the area between the building and the dumpster that he drove through and what happened?"

"Just wide enough for his car at a high rate of speed. We went through with bumpers scraping and lost him at this point."

"After you managed to get through that, did you see John Gacy any more at that point, and what did you do?"

"No. We checked the residence of Ron Rhode's house, we checked the tree lot on Cumberland Avenue. We were unable to locate him at this point. My partner and I decided to go to O'Hare Field to check the airport. While enroute to the airport I had our station check airlines to determine if any flights were leaving for Little Rock, Arkansas. We were advised that Delta had a flight out at approximately 9:10 at gate H-8-B."

"Why Little Rock, Arkansas?"

"This is the place that he had talked about several times while we were on the train back from downtown."



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"Did you eventually find him that evening, and what did you say?"

"Yes, it was approximately ten o'clock. He was—his vehicle was found parked near the Rhode's tree lot on Cumberland. I asked him where he went and told him he was making us look bad, that I had never lost anyone before."

"Now, calling your attention to eight-thirty the morning of Thursday, December 21st, 1978, did you go to the Des Plaines police department rather than going directly to relieve your team, and what was said?"

"Yes, I had a conversation with Lieutenant Kozenszak in which I told him various things about our surveillance. About the odor I detected on Tuesday night."

Motta: "Objection to this, Judge."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Egan: "Do you know whether or not a search warrant was begun that morning?"

Schultz: "Yes. One was begun."

In cross examination Mr. Motta asked one question.

Motta: "Officer Schultz, how are you today? How are you?"

Schultz: "Fine."

Motta: "I have nothing further. Thank you."

The state's witness talked about odors in the house, how I lost them at one point, how I made a statement about seeing Robert Piast on several occasions, and that I drove at a high rate of speed going to a bowling alley. Mr. Motta, on the other hand, could have asked Schultz about the telltale smell and, if he was so sure of himself, why he waited some forty hours before bringing it to the attention of Lieutenant Kozenszak. The dog had done his business on the rug and that foul odor was made stronger by the heat.

The trip to the bowling alley was made within the speed limits. The night they lost me I was just on the other side of the street in a shopping center. They never checked across the street before going to the tree lot. But most importantly, how could I have talked to or seen Robert Piast on several occasions when in fact I had been in Nissan's only one night? I did not talk to him because I spent all my time with the owners, so why would I have said that? The conversation never happened but the defense never objected to it. The state again brought nothing incriminating. I can only offer here my minor rebuttal to the state's minor suggestions.

On Tuesday, February 14th, 1980, Greg Bedoe was the first witness called by the state. Sullivan asked the direct questions, bringing out that Bedoe worked as an investigator for the Cook County Sheriff and was assigned to the State attorney's office in Des Plaines. He became involved in the missing Piast boy case on December 13th, 1978. Bedoe said that, along with Lieutenant Kozenszak, he talked to me at 8:15 or 8:30 on the night of December 13th at the Des Plaines police department where I was being held. He then stated that he read me my Miranda rights but that I refused to sign them until I was allowed to speak to my attorney (who had been at the station since 5:00 but had been refused permission to see me). Bedoe was used solely to establish that they had given me my Miranda rights.

Amirante asked Judge Garippo for a side bar before embarking on cross examination.

Amirante: "Judge, this is, number one, it's all hearsay, and I think we have been extremely tolerant in letting him go on and on, and two, I don't see what the materiality is."

Garippo: "I don't see it either. It's just this idea of tying in pieces—it means nothing. Let's get down to the evidence."



Sullivan: "That's what we're doing."

Garippo: "The fact what all these people did, who cares?"

Sullivan: "The point is we are attempting to tie up other people; that's exactly what he's going to do. This is what leads them to the second search warrant and to the defendant."

Garippo: "But all this stuff about searching with helicopters and making all these searches and all this stuff—I'm going to ride a very hard line."

Sullivan: "Well, Judge, I think we are entitled to let the jury know as to how they were able to come up with certain other names of people which led to the second search warrant. That's all I'm doing."

Garippo: "Second search warrant is inadmissible in evidence."

Amirante: "We would ask the court to reserve our cross examination of this witness at a later time."

The state called Ronald Rhode; Mr. Kunkle did the direct examination. Rhode was 47, a cement contractor for 23 years, married with four children. He said he met me in 1973 through business.

Kunkle: "Did you notice anything unusual about the people that John would hire to be his crew?"

Rhode: "Most of his men were on the young side, and when I asked him why he told me, 'Well, somebody has got to give the younger ones a break.' I just let it go by."

"During the time Rossi was with you on the Christmas tree lot on December 12th, did the defendant ever arrive at that lot? And what did Rossi do?"

"No, John never came by. In fact I stayed open until approximately a quarter to eleven waiting for John and told Mike I was tired of waiting around, so I went home at that time."

"Now on Friday, December 15th, did you go with the defendant and another man anywhere and what happened on the way back?"

"Yes, Don Moral, I and John went to check out a job that night. Don is a plumbing contractor and he wanted me to check out the basement floor. Don knew John had a police tail on him."

"In the process of being on the way back to your house, did you get on the Kennedy Expressway with Don Moral driving and what happened?"

"Well, Don was, like I said, he's an excitable gentleman and he got a little perturbed because the squads were tagging him so closely. So, I remember we pulled up on Lawrence, right by the Kennedy Expressway and there was a bus there and we were supposed to turn down the expressway. Don says, 'I'll fix them.' As soon as the light jumped, he jumped on his, cut in front of the bus and went down the expressway. I told Don, 'You'd better cool it, those are police officers back there.' He said, 'Well, I don't give a damn. They can't do nothing to me.' I said, 'Well, pal, you're driving. Nothing off of me.' So we proceed down the Kennedy and I could see that he was really giving them a hassle. And all of a sudden I seen three red lights come on and I told Mr. Moral, I said, 'Don, you'd better cool it.' Well, they really were upset and Don, I would say, was speeding. I don't know exactly how fast he was going; I was sitting on the opposite side, Don was driving and Mr. Gacy was in the back. All of a sudden, we got—they just surrounded us and stopped us. And Don was pinched for speeding and reckless driving. They took him to Des Plaines."

"Where did you and the defendant go?"

"Well, I had a few short words to say to one of the officers. He said I was going to walk



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home and I didn't appreciate the walk. I decided I didn't want to walk. He said, 'Well, you're going to get locked up, too.' And I said, 'No, I can't.' I said, 'Because who's going to take the Suburban home?' So, we talked to the Sergeant and the Sergeant finally okayed me to take it back to my home under the orders that I would park the man's vehicle which I did.

"Thursday, December 21st, 1978, did you and your wife receive a phone call, and then a visit from John Gacy and did you notice anything unusual about him?"

"Yes. He was kind of ragged. Like he was up all evening. He walked in the house and the first thing he asked me for is a drink, scotch and water on the rocks at 9:50 in the morning. He was a little upset. And well, I knew he had police on him for the last nine days. I knew how I felt and I was really uptight over it. At that time, I could understand how he felt and I said, 'Well, John, why don't you sit here and we'll talk a little bit.'"

"So, did he sit down and talk to you?"

"He sat down for a few minutes in the kitchen. Then he says, 'Well, I've got to go, Ron.' He says, 'I have got to go to the cemetery,' I believe he told me. And then he dropped the conversation. He says, 'I really came to say goodbye to my best friend for the last time.' He told me, he says, 'Well, them son-of-bitches out there are going to get me.' He meant the police officers outside my home. I says, 'John, there is no way the police officer can pull a gun and shoot you.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Well, that's when he walked up and put his hands on my shoulders and he starts crying and he says, 'Ron, I have been a bad boy,' and I looked at him and I didn't know really what to say. And I says, 'Oh, come on, John. You haven't been that bad.' He says, 'I killed thirty people, give or take a few.' I didn't know what the hell to say. I looked at him and I says, 'John, the only bad people that I know is Jesse James and Billy the Kid and they are all dead.' He said, 'I have been a bad boy,' he says—and he was crying."

"Do you know whether or not either Dave Cram or Mike Rossi or any other employees of the defendant ever lived in the defendant's home with him? Did you have any conversation with the defendant concerning that?"

"Yes, I knew Mike Rossi lived there and so did Cram. But no, I had no conversation as John more or less kept me away from that. He kind of protected Mike Rossi from me. Honestly I didn't care for the lad."

"Did Cram or Rossi ever do any work for you or around any of your jobs?"

"Cram never worked for me. Rossi, yeah. One day I used—I needed an extra laborer and I hired Rossi for a couple of days. But Mike was young at the time and he was kind of wild."

"Thank you, Mr. Rhode."

Amirante took the cross-examination after a short recess.

Amirante: "This kind, good person that you talked about that you found until that first body came out and when those events started coming was extremely hard for you to believe that John Gacy could do what he told you he did? Isn't that true?"

Rhode: "That's true. I believed in John until the first body came up."

Rhode was never a close friend as he claimed; we were business associates. He was a small cement contractor—illiterate, poor in figuring his cost bids. On all the large jobs that he did for P.D.M. we did the bidding for him and he resented us taking a profit off the work he did. He said he thought it was unusual that I had young men working for me. Hell, other



than one employee, Rhode had all young men working for him. Rhode was a nice guy, naive and gullible like me, but also a bully to anyone who didn't let him get his point across. I think my trial is the most attention anyone ever paid him, so he made the most of it even if it meant lying. His testimony certainly didn't prove I murdered anyone. Again, the state used him as a tool of implication.

The state called Daniel Genty to the stand. Mr. Genty was an evidence technician for the State of Illinois. He said that on December 16th he was at the Des Plaines police station to examine my car after human hair was found in the trunk. Amirante objected and in a side bar Garippo ruled that all this information about the car was inadmissible. Then Genty said that he was called on December 21st, in regard to the second warrant, to go to the house at 8213 Summerdale, and that he went into the crawl space and found what he believed to be human remains. Upon coming up, he called Dr. Stein. Motta objected only once to Genty's lengthy answers, and the Judge overruled it, stating that the answers were limited to the questions which had been asked.

Motta handled the cross examination and each time he tried to challenge Genty's testimony, Egan objected and Garippo sustained. Motta attacked explanations about where bones were found and how they were tagged. Egan again objected and Motta called for a side bar.

Amirante: "Judge, we are going to object to—we are not going to go along with the state recalling the witness. They have opened the door. They have begun the investigation. The excavation, which obviously this witness hasn't been prepped as to the other bodies and, since they have opened the door, in finding different bodies in different areas of the crawl space—depressions, diggings, Dr. Stein and so forth, we think that we are entitled, at this time, under cross examination to go into the entire amount of time that this officer was present."

Garippo: "It's limited to the scope and I don't want to interfere with their presentation of the case. They are entitled to present their case the way they want, not the way that you want it, not the way that I want it. Okay."

Motta: "Does that mean that their objection is sustained?"

After the side bar, Motta continued.

Motta: "And the body under the bathtub that you discovered first, to what you are referring, I notice to the large plat with the number on it—the body that you discovered first under the bathtub, that was marked what?"

Genty: "Sixteen."

Kunkle: "Judge, he didn't say it was under the bathtub."

Motta: "Near the toilet and near the bathtub, and it's number sixteen, right?"

Genty: "That's correct."

"Is it your testimony that no tags were put on any of the bodies, at any time?"

Egan: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "Judge, I would like to find out."

Garippo: "You will have an opportunity."

Motta: "He is on the witness stand right now."

Garippo: "Objection sustained."

Motta: "Nothing further."



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Motta wanted to know two things: one, if investigators were down in the crawl space on December 13th, why didn't they see any depression in the ground, or pools of standing water or mounds of dirt? Second, if Genty was present, why didn't he know if the bodies were numbered and if the bodies in bags were tagged as they were found? Motta questioned whether those bodies actually came from the Summerdale house at all. Gariippo thwarted Motta's pursuit of that, justifying the postponement on the assumption that the state was going to recall the witness.

The state recalled David Hachmeister to the stand. Kunkle handled the direct examination, beginning with December 21st after they returned to the police station from Holy Cross Hospital.

Kunkle: "Mr. Hachmeister, as best as you can recall, what were the exact words that you said to the defendant, John Gacy, upon returning to the police station, in the presence of your partner?"

Hachmeister: "I said, 'John, you're under arrest for murder.' At which time we placed the defendant in one of the security rooms; we followed him into that room. My partner read the defendant his constitutional rights under Miranda. He was asked if he would read the Miranda waiver and, if he in fact wanted to waive his rights, he would initial it and sign it."

"I show you exhibit 140; do you recognize it and who signed it with the December 21st date on it?"

"That's the waiver that the defendant signed. There is also a time on the document and it says 1:04 p.m."

"So would the 1:04 correspond to 10:40 with the zero left off?"

"That's correct."

Motta did the cross examination.

Motta: "Officer, I ask you to look at what has been marked people's exhibit number 140 and the signature on the bottom. Whose is that?"

Hachmeister: "That's the signature of John Gacy."

"Have you ever seen John Gacy's signature before? You wouldn't know whether that was his normal signature or not, then; is that correct?"

"No, sir. That is correct."

"I would ask you to look at what has been called and marked exhibit number 123 and ask you to look at the signature affixed to that. Whose signature is that?"

"Appears to be the signature of the defendant John Gacy."

"I ask you to look at both of these two exhibits, number 123 and 140 and compare those signatures; you notice any difference?"

"One is a little bit smaller than the other. I don't note any great difference, no."

"Isn't 140, as far as the name John W. Gacy, almost illegible?"

"Not much more than the other signature."

"In fact, if you didn't know that the signature was supposed to be John Gacy's, could you read it?"

"Probably not."

"You and Officer Pickell transported Mr. Gacy back to the police station. Did you have a conversation with Mr. Gacy in the vehicle on the way back from the hospital?"

"No, sir."

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"The three of you sat in the back seat. You had no conversation whatsoever?"

"No, sir. I sat in the back, Pickell did the driving. No conversation, none that I can recall."

"So you all three sat in dumb silence, is that correct?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Kunkle: "Dumb question."

Motta: "It's not very dumb, because we have—well, my client likes to talk to you, doesn't he?"

Hachmeister: "He has talked to me in the past, yes, sir."

What was his condition as far as alertness?"

"He seemed very depressed, he seemed much slower than I had seen him before."

"He was groggy, wasn't he? He was slower than you had seen him before?"

"I can't say that he was groggy, he was much slower than I had seen him before."

"Yet when he got into the police station, then he was back to his old normal self, is that your testimony?"

"No, sir, he was still acting somewhat depressed, acting much more slower."

"Did he appear to be under the influence of some sort of drugs?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you recall he moved much slower. Something must have made you come to that conclusion, what was it?"

"Just my visual perspective of him."

"I have nothing further. Thank you."

Motta tried to bring out that exhibit number 123 was the statement that I signed on December 13 and that I never signed any other statement. The state's exhibit number 140 was forged by one of the two officers. The second point Motta brought out was that, before I went to that hospital, I had taken 70 milligrams of Valium on top of the 60 milligrams that I had taken earlier. For that reason I had been groggy, as well as because I had been awake for some 39 hours, except for a short nap taken in my attorney's office the previous night.

The state called Michael Albrecht, attorney Kunkle led the direct examination. Albrecht was 31, married, a Des Plaines police officer for 11 years. He claimed that he was the one who on December 21st read those rights to me that Hachmeister testified to.

Kunkle: "After giving him his rights, did you ask the defendant any questions or did he ask you?"

Albrecht: "The defendant indicated to me that he knew it was going to end ever since he spoke with his attorneys the night before."

"Did he then say anything after you told him the officers had in fact been in the crawl space?"

"Yes, he said that was what the lime was for. I then asked him, 'What was the lime for?' The defendant replied the lime was for the sewage dampness and he then hesitated and said what we found there. Then the defendant says he had four Johns but doesn't know all the personalities."

"Did you ask the defendant anything about that statement that he had just made at that time?"



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"No, I had not."

Garippo: "I couldn't hear that statement."

Kunkle: "He said he has four Johns and he doesn't know all the personalities."

Kunkle: "Now, this was after he had been to his lawyer's the night before, is that right?"

Albrecht: "That is correct."

Amirante: "Judge, I'm going to object to that and I want a side bar."

(The following proceeding was outside the hearing of the jury.)

Amirante: "How dare the state—"

Kunkle: "Easily."

Amirante: "—How dare the state even infer, even infer that because he was at his lawyer's the night before he would suggest something like this? That's a direct attack on defense counsel's integrity. It calls for a mistrial. I'm making a motion for a mistrial. That's ludicrous."

Garippo: "Of course I didn't—I myself didn't interpret it that way. Number one, he goes to his lawyer and he's coming up with this. It doesn't necessarily follow that the lawyer suggests—"

Amirante: "I think it does. The next question after he said, 'and was this after he was at his lawyer's the night before?' That's obvious."

Garippo: "I don't necessarily interpret it that way. It better not be argued that way. You know, in argument, it better—you better tell whoever is going to argue not to argue that."

(The side bar ended here.)

Kunkle: "After making statements to you, did the defendant then voluntarily say anything else?"

Albrecht: "Yes, the defendant then said he's a bisexual, not a homosexual. He further stated then that he never, in sex acts, never used force. It was always by consent. He couldn't force anybody because he wasn't that strong, especially since his heart condition."

"Did he then ask you anything about other persons?"

"He then asked if we had any other -people in the station. There are others involved. I asked him how were they involved, directly or indirectly."

"What did he say?"

"He said directly; they participated."

"Did you then ask him to specifically name who these persons were that had participated in it?"

"He indicated his associates, several of them. He then mentioned the names of Rossi and Cram."

"At that time, did Officer Schultz ask the defendant any questions about Piest, and how did he react?"

"Yes, he asked the defendant if the Piest boy was in the crawl space, and Gacy appeared puzzled, and I indicated to him then, 'The boy from Nisson's'."

"Did the defendant then reply?"

"Yes, he did. He said, 'Oh, I didn't know his name. No, he's not there. I don't know. I didn't transport him.'"

Motta, on cross examination: "Did you have occasion to fill out a two-page police report regarding the statement you just testified to?"

Albrecht: "Yes, I did."



"So really the only question becomes then the accuracy of what John Gacy told you, is that correct?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "I don't understand the question."

Motta: "Let me rephrase it. If what you put in your report is accurate, the only thing we are concerned about is whether or not Mr. Gacy knew what he was talking about, is that right?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "I still don't understand the question"

Motta: "If Mr. Gacy told you something that was inaccurate and you put it in the report then it wouldn't be worth much, would it?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "Mr. Gacy in his statement indicated that he strangled all the individuals, is that correct?"

Albrecht: "That is correct."

"And they were all strangled with a rope?"

"That's what he said at this time, yes."

"Now, if Dr. Stein were to come into court and testify that one of the deceased individuals that the state seeks to identify as a Mr. Landingin died by suffocation by something being put in his mouth, would that affect the truthfulness of what Mr. Gacy told you?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "What's the basis of the objection?"

Garippo: "Witnesses don't weigh credibility, the jury does."

Motta: "But by putting what Mr. Gacy said in your statement, you are in fact saying that it's true, is that correct?"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "Did he indicate that he had a strong fear of being a homosexual? Was he adamant about not being homosexual?"

Albrecht: "Yes, he did. He said he was a bisexual, not a homosexual."

"Did he say that Cram and Rossi had both engaged in sex acts with him?"

"Yes, he did."

"If Dr. Stein came into court as a medical examiner and testified that quite a few of these individuals—"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Motta: "The deceased—"

Kunkle: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "Nothing further, Judge."

Amirante: "I want it clear I asked for a mistrial at that point, that there was an inference. Your Honor said that you didn't interpret it that way but it was obvious. The question right after that, totally immaterial, out of the clear blue sky—what was the question—you had four Johns and this was after he was with his lawyer all night he said this. I mean, it was



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perfectly obvious, that the jurors looked, it was a ridiculous thing. It's a direct attack on my integrity. Whether you know—I don't know what he tried to prove by it, and you know Terry Sullivan knows that after the thing there with kidding, with your party, the shirt and everything, but you know it's untrue. The inference is a lie; I don't like that it was said. It puts my credibility in issue in front of the jury. It's a direct attack on my credibility and I don't like it. I think it's prosecutorial misconduct. It's not true; it's an absolute lie."

"I want to tell you something else. My client, I have stifled him for thirteen and a half months. He's wanted to jump up in the courtroom; he's wanted to say things—he's wanted to say things about the prosecutors, and I like to think I have a little integrity and we all do and I don't let him say it. I don't let him say it because I figure what he says is a lie to me and I'm not going to let him impugn the integrity of another lawyer in the courtroom by saying a lie, embarrassing another lawyer."

Garippo: "Like I say, I didn't interpret it necessarily that way. I will straighten it out in the morning. I will take a shower on it."

Friday, February 15, 1980. Before the first witness took the stand, the attorney from the Isaac Ray center, Barbara Weiner, came forward in regard to a hearing on the subpoena served on the following doctors: James Cavanaugh, Jan Fawcett, Richard Rogers and David Fuaron. Amirante asked that the doctors turn over all the notes and tests that were given to his client. Kunkle, for the state, at first stayed out of the argument between Amirante and Weiner, then objected, stating that all that the defense doctors turned over was a written report; why should the state doctors have to turn over in their entirety the complex studies of me? Garippo ruled that the notes and records would have to be brought in for him to see; at that time he would rule on them.

Another subpoena was to show other records of criminals where the Isaac Ray Center's Dr. Cavanaugh had testified in the trial. The purpose was to show the inconsistencies in certain diagnoses and how Cavanaugh had been a state witness in other cases—his background, his biases and his vested interests. Judge Garippo cited some of the cases where Dr. Cavanaugh testified in his court: George DelVecchio, Robert Hanson, Edward Bennett and Roberto Ramirez. The Judge quashed that subpoena.

Amirante wanted to show how Dr. Cavanaugh had been a state witness many times and how, when the defense approached the Isaac Ray Center before the state did, to ask them to see John Gacy, they declined because they said it would not be in the best interest of the Isaac Ray Center; they received much of their money through donation and it would hurt their image. But they were glad to come forward for the state. Their leanings were irrefutably pro-state, anti-Gacy.

The state called Greg Bedoe back to the stand; Mr. Sullivan did the direct examination, starting from December 21st where Bedoe asked to talk to me and I asked for my attorney to be present. Sullivan then moved to December 22nd at 3:30 a.m.

Sullivan: "Was anyone else present in that interview room at 3:30 in the morning—that would be the 22nd of December—besides yourself and the defendant?"

Bedoe: "Yes, Mr. Stevens was present, Mr. Amirante, Investigator Hachmeister, Albrecht, Robinson and Schultz from the Des Plaines police department, and Investigator Lundquist from the sheriff's police department.

"Prior to any conversation, was anything spoken about any possible Miranda rights at that time?"



"Mr. Amirante, before anything was said, Mr. Amirante indicated to us that he had previously warned the defendant of his constitutional rights, that the defendant understood those rights but that he wanted to go ahead and make a statement."

Bedoe then went into long narrative answers to well-coached questions concerning what was to be called statement number three."

Sullivan: "Did he indicate whether or not he would frequent any homosexual places?"

Bedoe: "He stated that he did not like to go into gay bars. He went on to say that he did not like homosexuals, that he in fact was a bisexual, again repeating that he didn't like homosexuals."

"Did Gacy indicate to you at any time whether or not he was ever propositioned?"

"Yes, he stated that he was once propositioned by an individual for \$10, which he felt was an insult, and that he threw that individual out of his car."

Amirante: "Judge, may I have a side bar?"

(The following was outside the hearing and presence of the jury during recess).

Amirante: "Judge, the report that we have regarding the statement at 3:30 a.m. ends with the statement Mr. Bedoe made about Mr. Stevens. We do not have any report as to the statement given subsequent to that 3:30 a.m. statement. It is discoverable and we should have it. We have been informed of a report."

Sullivan: "Judge, this is considered part of the same interview that the investigator had. He had not left, nor had his attorney. It is simply used to show that the defendant did not change his story. It is the same story as contained—"

Motta: "Then it is cumulative."

Sullivan: "It is showing that the defendant made the same statement again. It is indicative of the defendant's state of mind at the time."

Garippo: "He may continue to testify."

Sullivan, after two more questions, said nothing further.

Amirante for the defense took the cross examination.

Amirante: Now, the morning, the early morning hours of December 22, 1978, at 3:30 a.m., you partook in this interview, or this statement that you just testified to, is that correct?"

Bedoe: "Yes, I sat in on that interview."

"Now, you personally did not write up a police report but you participated in the police report that officer Albrecht wrote up, is that correct?"

"I discussed the interview with him before he wrote the report, that's right."

"Well, in line with his feelings or statements he gave you on homosexuality, it is a fact that he even told you that a man is a man and should stay that way all the time and that was his philosophy, is that correct?"

"That is correct, he stated a man should be a man."

"He even told you that he went as far as telling you that he was a non violent person?"

"That is what the defendant said, yes."

"I believe you testified that there was one question, at least later toward the end of the conversation, where you asked him, or somebody in the room asked him the question, did he stalk the people at Bughouse Square, is that right?"

"Yes, I asked him that question."

"So that was a question that you asked as opposed to him coming out and saying that he



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in fact stalked the people at Bughouse Square, is that correct?"

"I asked him a question, that is correct. He just nodded his head; he never gave a verbal answer."

"Just one other thing. When Mr. Sullivan asked you if John Gacy had told you whether Robert Piest was in fact dead in his attic, in Mr. Gacy's attic on December 12, 1978, was not the answer that he gave, and I quote, 'He might have been'?"

"That is correct."

"Thank you, Investigator."

The state called Phillip C. Bettiker. State's attorney Egan conducted the direct examination. Egan brought out that Bettiker was a Cook County sheriff's investigator, working homicides. Egan had him rehash what Bedoe had just said, filling in some of the blanks. Bettiker testified that on December 22nd in the morning, about 5:00 or 6:00 a.m., we got into three cars and drove out to the I-55 bridge that crosses the Des Plaines River; that in the three cars were John Gacy along with his attorneys and sister, several officers from the Des Plaines police, Bedoe and himself. He then said that from the bridge we went to the house on Summerdale where we drove to the back by the garage, and, after some time, that I marked a spot on the floor, claiming they would find a body there. My defense registered no objection. The defense acted like all that was not shocking, but reasonable and true. Even on the morning of December 22nd, my own attorneys did nothing to stop me from what I was doing; it was like they were conjoining with the state. I was being taken around, I had fallen asleep in the car, I had trouble staying awake. Nowhere in the transcripts does Amirante or Motta object to any of this going into the record, or mentioning my fatigue and incoherence. I felt that I was beleaguered by the four state prosecutors and the two lawyers sitting with me.

Motta did the cross examination. All he brought out was that Bettiker could not recall what I was wearing or how I looked physically; why could he remember everything else? He never even emphasized that. He never dug. He only accented the state's testimony through his acquiescence.

The state called Lawrence Finder and Mr. Kunkle did the direct examination. Finder, 28, was an assistant state's attorney assigned to felony trial court in Des Plaines. He stated that he helped prepare the second search warrant on December 21st, and that on the morning of the 22nd he was at the Summerdale house when I arrived with all the police from the I-55 bridge. He restated more of the testimony the other witnesses had given, but made it sound as if it was he who did all the discovering.

Kunkle: "In the afternoon of December 22nd, back at the Des Plaines police station, had you seen anyone other than police officers by the defendant, and what did you ask him at that time?"

Finder: "I asked the defendant if his lawyers had left him with any instructions on not to talk to anybody. He told me that his lawyers were working for him and therefore it was up to him if he would talk and what he would say."

"At that time, as you had been speaking with the defendant, what were your observations of him? How did he appear to you?"

"The defendant was wearing a sport shirt, a white or light-colored shirt which was unbuttoned at the collar. He was wearing a pair of slacks. His eyes were clear, his pupils were normal size."



Finder said that I gave him a statement about Robert Piest.

Kunkle: "Did you ask him specifically what this rope trick was?"

Finder: "Yes. He told us that he wanted a rope and he would show us how the trick worked. Officer Albrecht interjected that that was an impossible request—that he could not have a rope. He told me to put my arm through the cell bars and make a fist. He then took out of his right pocket a rosary. He told me to pretend the rosary was a rope and my wrist was a neck. He commenced to wrap the rosary around my wrist, making a series of knots. He made one knot, then made a second knot. He then asked Officer Albrecht for a pen or pencil. He took the pen or pencil and he put it into a space between the second knot and the third knot that he made. He then stated that, when he was doing the real rope trick, he would put a stick or a piece of wood in between the second and third knots, give it three or four quick turns, and the victim was strangled."

Kunkle had Finder take the mike from the stand and demonstrate this act to the jury, using Kunkle's wrist.

Kunkle: "Did the defendant then request anything from Officer Albrecht? And what was that?"

Finder: "Well, I told the defendant I had trouble understanding where the bodies were buried from his description. He then asked Officer Albrecht if he could have a pencil and paper to sketch it out for me. Albrecht gave him a pen and a pink piece of paper. With the pen and paper, he put the paper on his cot, the metal part of his cot, for a writing tablet. He drew a rectangular—rectangle on the piece of paper."

"During the time he was working on that diagram, the sketch, did he explain anything about the way the bodies were buried?"

"Yes. He told us that the bodies were buried in graves or trenches, and he did tell us that some of these trenches had more than one body in them, but he wasn't exactly sure how many bodies were in any given trench."

"Now, at the time you came back to visit the defendant in cell c-1 and you observed him to be asleep, did you notice anything unusual about him when he was awakened?"

"No. His voice was the same as it had been before, his facial expression the same."

"I show this object that's been marked exhibit number 151. What do you recognize it to be?"

"That's the slip of paper, the diagram the defendant drew for Albrecht and I. The lower right hand corner has Michael Albrecht's initials. The rectangle that he denoted was his crawl space."

Amirante: "Judge, may we see that first? Side bar."

(The following proceedings were outside the hearing of the jury.)

Amirante: "This is only an exhibit at this time and obviously it's evidentiary. If they are showing it to the jury, I think it should be subject to cross-examination first. We don't know if Mr. Gacy drew it, if somebody else helped him or whatever. I would object to the blow-up being shown."

Garippo: "You may cross-examine on the exhibit alone right now."

Kunkle: "Out of the presence of the jury, I presume?"

Garippo: "No, in front of the jury."

Kunkle: "No. *Voir dire* on an exhibit should be out of the presence of the jury."

Garippo: "Not necessarily."



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Kunkle: "Absolutely."

Garippo: "Not his cross-examination. It's just another exhibit."

Kunkle: "I'll continue my direct with paper and we'll do it twice then."

Garippo: "Rather than do it twice, why don't Amirante do the cross-examination now?"

Kunkle: "The point is they are not going to be able to see it."

Garippo: "Amirante, you understand it's only as to foundation for exhibit number 151."

(The side bar ended here.)

Amirante: "Mr. Finder, calling your attention to exhibit number 151, this is a diagram on a pink piece of paper, right?"

Finder: "Yes it is. He drew it on the metal cot or bed, if you want to call it that. He used the pen supplied by Albrecht."

"He wasn't the only person who drew anything on that diagram, was he?"

"As I recall, he wasn't the only one; there's the officer's initials. Mr. Gacy drew the whole diagram."

"I ask you, did you personally observe him make every mark on that piece of pink paper?"

"Perhaps he made a mark that I didn't see, but I saw him draw that diagram."

"So, it's your testimony that you did not personally see him make every mark on that piece of paper?"

"That's right; that's on that right now."

"Nothing further."

Kunkle: "We'd offer into evidence exhibits 151 and 152. May the record reflect exhibit number 152 is a 48-inch by 60-inch photographic blowup of the pink paper. Now, in that same area there are several numbers—two 2s, two 3s and a 4. (to Finder:) Do you recall how those numbers were placed on the diagram by the defendant?"

Finder: "He placed those numbers on there when he was finishing the drawing. He was calculating the number of bodies he had down there. That represents part of his arithmetic."

The defendant: "Your Honor, I didn't draw that drawing."

Kunkle: "On the top line here, there are two lines across the top edge or boundaries. What did that signify?"

Finder: "He said that's the front door of his house."

Kunkle: "No further questions—with leave to call you back."

Amirante: "For the record, we're objecting to exhibits number 151 and 152."

Garippo: "At this time, ladies and gentlemen, we'll take a brief recess."

(The following proceedings were held outside the presence and hearing of the jury.)

Garippo: "Mr. Gacy, step up, please. Step up here, Mr. Gacy. (The defendant was brought before the bar). Mr. Gacy, during the course of this trial, it is not proper for anyone to just get up and begin to speak. If you wish an opportunity to testify, you may testify if you wish, and/or, if you wish, to present any other evidence you may wish to, but we cannot have you getting up, especially in front of the jury and making statements like that. You understand?"

Defendant Gacy: "Yes, I do."

(After the recess, the jury returned to the courtroom.)

The state called Rafael Tovar, a Des Plaines police officer.



Kunkle: "Calling your attention to Saturday, December 23rd of 1978, on that day did you have the duty to transport the defendant anywhere?"

Tovar: "I was to transport him to the Cook County jail compound area, 26th and California."

"Upon leaving in the car, what, if anything, did he say?"

"Well, at that point John Gacy said, 'Look at them, they are like a pack of dogs after a bone.'"

"I show you at this time what has been marked as exhibit number 71 previously, and ask you to examine that board and tell the jury whether or not you recognize that board."

"Yes, sir, that is the board that we took from Mr. Gacy's house."

"Did you ask him during the ride anything about that board?"

"Well, yes, sir. I asked him to elaborate on his statement about the ultimate number, and he said that, you know, for masochists, the ultimate number is death."

Motta took the cross-examination.

Motta: "Mr. Tovar, during that conversation on the ride to Cook County jail with Mr. Gacy, were they taking notes?"

Tovar: "I don't recall if they were at that time. I was driving."

"Now, what time was it that you prepared your report?"

"It was after I returned. I can't recall the exact time. I prepared the report at Des Plaines police station."

"Did you type it yourself? Did you dictate it?"

"No, I didn't type the report, it was dictated on a dicta-belt, yes."

"You testified that Mr. Gacy had indicated that there was a three-foot long two-by-four that was found in his house and that he did the ultimate number on somebody with that board?"

"Yes."

"I ask you to look at your report here and find where it says that he did the ultimate number on somebody."

"It is not indicated in the report."

"Did he actually call the people of the press a pack of dogs after a bone?"

"He said they were like a pack of dogs after a bone."

"Is that what is in your report?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"But this report is a transcript of a tape recording you gave on that evening, is it not?"

"Of what I took—of what I transcribed, yes."

"I have no further questions."

Sullivan, on redirect examination: "And in relation to the question as to whether or not you had placed any statement about the press in there, does your report read that, while enroute to the location of the Cook County jail, John Gacy was quite talkative and made numerous remarks about the tenacity of the news media who were around when we placed him in the vehicle? Does your report contain that sentence?"

"Yes, sir, it does."

"Further, as to the board, does your report contain this sentence: 'He told us that Joe liked pain inflicted upon him, and he had really done a number on him using the board'?"

"Yes, sir."



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Motta, on re-cross-examination: "But your report does not state the press is a pack of dogs, does it?"

Tovar: "No, sir; it doesn't."

"In fact, you are embellishing, isn't that correct?"

Sullivan: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Motta: "In fact, the words 'the ultimate death' are not used in this report either, are they?"

Tovar: "No."

"Again, you are exaggerating, aren't you?"

"No, sir."

"So, your memory now is much better than it was when you tape-recorded the statement, is that right?"

"I testified to the best of my knowledge."

"I have nothing further."

The state recalled Daniel Genty, the Cook County Sheriff's technician. Egan led Genty to tell how the digging was done at the Summerdale house; how the bodies were recovered and marked and stakes placed to mark the area of findings in the crawl space; and that they were removed from the site and taken to the morgue pending identification. Genty told how the house was dismantled and what he had to accomplish down in the crawl space; the discovery, and how the bodies were meticulously tagged, generally piecemeal; how the digging team had to dig with their hands; about the gases and odor that forced them out until gas masks were utilized.

Amirante objected to the state's exhibit 173, a bag containing a rope with knots, protesting that he could not see what probative value it would have.

Garippo: "Overruled; said it was the pattern of the knots."

Amirante: "I think it's prejudicial value outweighs its probative value."

Garippo: "Overruled. The ligature or rope was found with the bones of body marked number 12, and they showed the pattern of the knots."

Genty claimed that after December 29th, 1978, no bodies were found until March, 1979. Egan had Genty go into a long narrative as to how the entire lot was dug up; then through the complete excavation, step by step, until they found two bodies, one in the backyard under the driveway by the barbecue pit and the second one under the back part of the house below the dining room. Egan tried to sneak something in about the hair found in the trunk of the car; once again Amirante objected and Garippo sustained it saying, "I have warned the state three times in regards to the car trunk. I will not do it again, do you understand, Mr. Egan? The car is inadmissible as it wasn't seized in the search warrant. The defendant drove it in."

Motta, on cross-examination: "Regarding the remains found at 8213 Summerdale: Is there any way that you can determine how long those particular remains were there?"

Genty: "I don't think that one could describe within a day or even a month. I would say somewhere from six months to a number of years; some of these bodies five to ten years."

"You indicated that the remains of body number 21 and also number 22—some of the bones were blackened, is that correct? What period of time would it take for that to occur? And the cause?"



"Two, four, five, six years. It could be any time. Blackened bones at least five years. The decomposition of the surrounding flesh causes it."

"If my count is accurate, then you said we have nine bodies where cloths were in the mouths, and out of those nine, you have described two as being—well, the description is on the record. As far as the other seven, do you recall whether those particular items are preserved as evidence?"

"I am sure that they are all in the custody of Dr. Stein."

Re-direct by Egan: "Would it also be correct to say that it is virtually impossible down to the day, minute or hour to determine when a body died?"

Genty: "Absolutely. That's one fiction that we see on the TV all the time, where they determine that the person died between 3:00 and 3:15. It just can't be done. There is no clock in a person. At best it would be a matter of hours that you can estimate time of death. And in this case, who knows?"

Re-cross by Motta: "A ten-year period of time, fifteen-year period of time; is that correct? What I am getting at, Officer Genty, is that it is relatively impossible to pinpoint even within a 10-year, 15-year period of time how long a particular body, if it had been decomposed, is that correct?"

Genty: "If it's completely decomposed, if there is no flesh left, even then—and I don't know, not being an anthropologist—but eventually bones will decompose themselves to the point where there is nothing."

"Could an anthropologist tell us that within a reasonable degree of medical certainty?"

"Within a reasonable degree he should be able to."

"I have nothing further."

Mr. Motta wanted to establish that, since many of the bodies were completely decomposed, the state should have brought in an anthropologist to determine the time of death in years or months; and second, if the length of time was longer than six years, many of the bodies were there before I owned the house.

Furthermore, the state had not yet, nor did it ever, link me with even one of the bodies or names they used for those bodies. Two-thirds of the bodies were never identified at all. The state manufactured names for them from missing person files, manufactured lives for them, manufactured my murdering them.

The state called Ernest Marinelli, a Cook County Sheriff's police officer who was in overall charge of the Summerdale house. He stated that he was stationed at 8213 Summerdale from December of 1978 to March of 1979.

Kunkle, on direct: "Specifically directing your attention to January 4, 1979, were you present at 8213 Summerdale on that particular date?"

Marinelli: "Yes. It was at that time I recovered a jacket."

"I show you a photo, exhibit 202. Do you recognize the scene in that photograph and what is that?"

"Yes, I do. This is a shot of the laundry room area with an investigator pulling that same blue jacket that we just saw in the picture below photo exhibit 201. This one shows the hole in the floor where there was a heat duct."

"Who is the investigator shown in that photograph, if you know?"

"That is investigator Tovar from Des Plaines police department. He was present when the blue jacket was taken out of that hole."



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"I now show you what has been previously marked exhibit 38. What do you recognize it to be?"

"This is the same jacket that was under the floor that day. The brand was Pacific Trail, a blue quilted jacket which Investigator Tovar initialed and dated that day, January 4, 1979."

Marinelli went on to say that, besides the Cook County Sheriff's police and the Des Plaines police, the county highway department worked there also, excavating it with special equipment. He said he was at the site until it was dug down six feet deep.

Amirante had no questions.

That jacket which Marinelli and Tovar claimed to have recovered on January 4 was the same jacket that the state claimed to have found on December 13 during the first search; it is listed in the inventory of the December 13 warrant. Where did this blue jacket come from? More evidence planted by the Des Plaines police department! But not one question was posed by my attorneys about the state's entering evidence in conflict. Who were they working for? They were an anathema to me.

On Monday, the 18th of February, Judge Garippo addressed the jurors: "At this time we are beginning the morning with what is called the stipulation. The stipulation is an agreement that both sides agree that certain, certain facts can be proved in court and they agree, they agree that the witnesses need not be called to establish those facts. So, when we say stipulation, it's just a fancy way of saying it's an agreement between both sides that certain facts can be proved in court. Do you wish to proceed, Mr. Varga?"

Varga: "It will be stipulated between the parties that the skeletal remains referred to as Cook County Sheriff's police numbers 1 through and including 29 were removed from the excavation at 8213 West Summerdale, referred to by the same numbers, and were transported to the Cook County Medical Examiner who examined the remains, referring to the same numbers."

"Further, that the jaws and teeth of these remains, and X rays of the remains, and X rays of charts of the teeth made by the medical examiner's staff are likewise correctly numbered and related to the numbered remains and excavations. Also, that each of the antemortem or living dental and medical X rays and dental charts relied upon by Dr. Pavlik and his associates and by Dr. Fitzpatrick are in fact the X rays and records of the persons named or identified on those materials. Also, the jaws and teeth and the postmortem X rays of the jaws and teeth of remains referred to as Cook County Medical Examiner's number 231 of April, 1979, are the remains and X rays of remains recovered from the Des Plaines River near the Dresden Lock and Dam on April 9, 1979."

Kunkle: "So stipulated?"

Amirante: "So stipulated."

Motta: "So stipulated."

The state called Dr. Robert Stein, Cook County pathologist (medical examiner). Kunkle, on direct examination, defined what pathology is and told of Dr. Stein's educational background.

Kunkle: "Directing your attention specifically to the evening of December 21st, 1978, did you do anything with regard to your duties as a medical examiner?"

Stein: "Yes. Thursday, the 21st of December, 1978, at approximately 9:30, I was called at home by my chief investigator, telling me, 'Doc, I think we have a big one. I want you.' I went to the institute, which is commonly called the morgue. Then I was driven to 8213



West Summerdale Avenue. Upon entering the house through the front door I noticed an odor. I recognized it to be decomposed bodies that we have at the morgue."

"Did you personally enter the crawl space under the floor portion of the building? And what did you find?"

"Yes. I was met by Investigator Genty in the crawl space and went to the northwest corner of that crawl space. I was shown strands of filamentous material and asked what does it look like and in my opinion it was human hair."

"And did you go to the southwest corner? And in that general area, with Investigator Genty, what were you shown?"

"Yes, I did. In that area I saw what was a human bone—the human humerus of a right arm. This is the upper arm. My opinion was that it was from a human remains."

The answers from Dr. Stein were lengthy, a brew of knowledge, hearsay, speculation, opinion. My attorneys objected but were overruled.

Stein told that the remains found were males and that they were all teenagers or in their mid-twenties. He could not determine how long the bodies had been in the ground. Kunkle tried to get the doctor to estimate how long; Motta objected to his leading the witness. Garippo overruled Motta again. Stein said that six died by strangulation with the use of ligatures, some by asphyxia, some buried alive but unconscious. Thirteen bodies had cloth-like material discovered with the bodies. He believed that this was forced into the mouth, causing suffocation. He said that body number nine was stabbed to death. Of ten, the cause of death could not be determined. He told who was identified through dental X rays, including number 231, Robert Piest. Kunkle pointed out that a postmortem of Robert Piest showed a broken hyoid bone in his neck. Dr. Stein claimed that that was done by manual strangulation but could be ligature. Kunkle had no further questions.

Amirante, on cross-examination: "Dr. Stein, you believe that all were due to homicide. You indicated in the direct examination that there is a difference between cause and manner of death. The cause of death is the initiating act; is that correct?"

Stein: "Yes, sir. It is what had produced the demise of the individual."

"Now, you also indicated that you issued death certificates on a number of individuals—19 of the individuals. And you indicated that there was nothing inconsistent with the cause of death as to mechanical or rope strangulation; is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct. The cause of death or initiating act was in fact suffocation, yes."

"Is it not a fact, Dr. Stein, that on 13 of the death certificates, or 13 of your findings, you indicate the cause or initiating act you determined, as the medical examiner of Cook County, that the cause of death was not, was not strangulation; is that not true?"

"Yes, sir, that is correct."

"So, in each of those death certificates where you indicated the cause of death to be suffocation as opposed to strangulation, that was determined, in your opinion as a forensic pathologist, within reasonable medical certainty?"

"Yes, sir, based upon the evidence that I have, yes."

"I'm talking about probabilities, Doctor Stein, you mention the hyoid bone—isn't that right?—that it's a tiny bone not connected to any other bone?"

"Yes. In a younger person it is extremely elastic and it gets harder as the person gets older. It is not connected, only by muscle tissue by the cornu."

"Your experience as a medical examiner, Dr. Stein, when the hyoid bone is broken, what



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is the first thought that comes to your mind when you find a hyoid broken?"

"Strangulation."

"And you say there were only six of the bodies recovered with ligature or rope around the neck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing further."

Amirante proved two things that were inconsistent in the state's case. The state's theory was that all the victims died of strangulation with a rope, that the same rope trick method was used. Dr. Stein testified that only six deaths were by ligature-strangulation, based on evidence and a degree of medical certainty. Amirante pointed out that the broken hyoid of Robert Piest, because of the elasticity of that bone, was almost certainly caused by manual strangulation and not ligature strangulation. That was significant in light of the state's assertion that a rope trick was engaged with all the victims. Secondly, the dates of death are inconsistent with the state's claim, using the dates they disappeared as the dates of death. I was out of Illinois when sixteen of the individuals disappeared. The state called Dr. Edward Pavlik who told how he along with three other doctors, with the help of dental charts, identified seventeen of the victims.

Motta, in cross-examination, went right to the point: "When you say 'identification is tentative,' you mean that you cannot make an identification based on a reasonable degree of dental certainty?"

Pavlik: "The reason it's tentative is only—maybe the best way to answer that question would be—"

"Well, Is that yes or no?"

Egan: "He's trying to answer the questions."

Garippo: "Can you answer the question that way?"

Pavlik: "I would—"

Egan: "I have an objection to the question, Judge."

Pavlik: "I would prefer not to."

Motta: "But you indicated that the identification is based on a reasonable degree of dental certainty, is that correct?"

Pavlik: "Yes."

Motta: "Thank you, Doctor. I have nothing further."

Of the twenty-two victims the state identified with names at the trial, only six were positively identified as being who the state claimed they were. The other sixteen were only "tentatively identified", according to Dr. Pavlik and his team of doctors. Yet twenty-two families were given bodies to bury as their sons or loved ones.

The state called Dr. John Fitzpatrick, a Cook County radiological expert, who had made four of the tentative identifications of victims. Essentially, his testimony was that his job entailed comparing postmortem with antemortem bone X rays.

Amirante, on the cross-examination, raised doubt that the four identifications made by Dr. Fitzpatrick were accurate, given the passing of time and the growth factor of the individual between the two X rays. Fitzpatrick did not confer with any other doctors; he only gave his own opinion. Amirante suggested that other doctors might not agree with him because of irregularities between similarities and dissimilarities during the comparison of the X rays. Fitzpatrick's entire testimony was based on imperfectly-matched X rays.



Next the state called Dan Callahan, a lockmaster at Dresden Locks on the Illinois River, about eight miles from Morris, Illinois. Callahan said that at about 3:30 on June 30th, 1978, while he was working at the locks, a tow boat entered the locks and a worker on the boat told him he had seen a body floating in the river. Callahan called the Grundy County Sheriff and a Lieutenant Fox came out and recovered the body, later learned to be that of Timothy O'Rourke, one of the victims. Egan asked if that was the only body he ever found. Callahan said no, that on April 9th, 1979, he spotted a nude body floating face down. He again called the sheriff and Lieutenant Fox came out and removed the body, later determined to be that of Robert Piest.

Egan pointed out that, in order for the bodies to end up near the Dresden lock, they would have to have entered the river below the Brandon Dam Locks. When he mentioned that the I-55 bridge is located between the two locks, Amirante objected but was overruled by Garippo. The Dresden lock is six and a half miles from the I-55 bridge.

Motta, on cross-examination: "Do you have any idea how long, for example, an object would take to get from the I-55 bridge to the location where the boy was found on April 9th, taking into consideration the current of the river, the speed of it?"

Callahan: "If it stayed right in the center of the channel and flowed with the current at the current's speed, it could get down in relatively four miles an hour; that is what the current runs. Six and a half miles? It could get there in an hour and 20 minutes."

Motta: "Nothing further."

According to the state, Piest was thrown into the river on December 12th or 13th, yet his body wasn't found until April 9th. What took so long? When did it really go into the river?

On the 19th of February the state called Lieutenant Ronald A. Fox, who stated that he was with the Grundy County Sheriff's department. On June 30th, 1978, he was called to Dresden Locks Dam to investigate a "floater" in the river. He said that the Cole City Fire Department removed the body to the Reeves Funeral Home where an autopsy was performed. Photos were taken of the upper left arm with the tattoo "Tim Lee". Egan showed him photo exhibits number 34 of the tattoo, and 230, 231 and 232 of the body in the river. Egan asked if he had been called another time. Lieutenant Fox stated he had been called by Dan Callahan on April 9th, 1979, in regard to another body floating in the river, that time on the opposite side. Fox said the body was in a state of decomposition; the fingers of both hands were so bloated that it was impossible to take fingerprints.

The defense had no questions.

The state called Patrick Barry, who had been an investigator for the Will County Sheriff's office for eight and a half years. On November 12th, 1978, he was called to the Des Plaines River, then to Kirks Funeral Home in New Lennox, Illinois, concerning a partially decomposed body found in the river. Barry stated that he was present when Dr. Shalgos performed an autopsy and, upon completion, saw the doctor sever both hands. He was again called to the Des Plaines River where a highly decomposed body was found floating. After an autopsy he had Dr. Shalgos remove both hands for possible fingerprint identification.

Amirante, on cross-examination, asked one question: "In the course of your investigation regarding these two individuals, your partner and you—did you learn anything of an unusual nature about their backgrounds?"

Barry: "Well—"



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Egan: "Objection."

Garippo: "Sustained."

Amirante: "No further questions."

Doctor Shalgos took the stand next, with Egan conducting the direct examination. Dr. Edward Shalgos was a forensic pathologist. On December 12th, 1978, he was called by the Will County Sheriff to perform an autopsy on a presumed drowning victim. The victim had something packed in the mouth, later found to be blue bikini pants. There were no external marks on the body and the victim was dead before he was put into the river. The victim died from asphyxia related to regurgitative occlusive aspiration of gastric content, all related to the mouth gag, there being no strangulation effect whatsoever noted.

Egan turned to December 29, 1978. Dr. Shalgos said he was called to Kurtz Funeral Home to perform an autopsy on a white male. He was dead before he entered the water. The doctor described the individual as meticulous in body appearance—his fingernails and even his toenails were well manicured, his hair was neat, he was slim with a narrow torso and hips, but muscular.

Shalgos: "There were neither any natural abnormalities nor were there any unnatural abnormalities, meaning no evidences of trauma or foul play, no traumatic changes or anything of that type."

Egan: "Among those possible causes of death, is strangulation one possible cause of death of the individual?"

Amirante: "Objection, Judge."

Garippo: "Overruled."

Shalgos: "It's a theoretical possibility, but other mechanisms of asphyxiation are much greater possibilities, and various other changes such as inhalant elements which no longer can be shown up in toxological examination."

Egan: "No further questions."

Amirante: "Doctor, I believe on both of these cases you also indicated that the neck in both of them, what you called atraumatic, is that correct?"

Shalgos: "Yes, the entire body was atraumatic, which means there is no evidence of an injury having been caused."

Amirante: "Thank you, Doctor. No further questions."

Dr. Munesh Ahluwalia took the stand for the state with Mr. Egan doing the direct examination.

Egan: "Dr. Ahluwalia, where were you called to on June 30th 1978, and what did you do?"

Ahluwalia: "I went to the Blackburn Funeral Home at ten o'clock in the evening to perform an autopsy."

Dr. Ahluwalia described the body as a young white male, weighing about 152, five feet nine. The external examination showed that the body had a tattoo on his upper left arm with the name "Tim Lee". The body was in the water a long time and was badly decomposed. The internal examination showed no evidence of violent trauma or injury and the doctor could not pinpoint the cause of death. Egan tried to get the doctor to say that the victim was strangled but Dr. Ahluwalia said it was not possible to determine this. Egan had no further questions.

Motta, on cross-examination: "Now, did you not prepare a certificate for the Grundy



County with regard to this individual? And you listed as the cause of death apparent drowning; is that correct?"

Ahluwalia: "I did; yes, that is correct. This is based upon a combination of evidences that was seen on the physical examination and the information at that time."

"If the body was dead when somebody threw it in the water, then the cause of death couldn't have been drowning, at least from being thrown in that water; is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct."

The state called Michael J. Murphy; Kunkle took the direct examination. Murphy was employed by the state as a forensic scientist. He processed items of evidence submitted by law enforcement agencies for latent prints. Kunkle had Murphy explain the art of fingerprint identifications. On November 13th, 1978, Murphy received two tin cans containing a right and left hand from which he made inked fingerprint impressions. Kunkle showed him exhibit number 240, prints of Frank Landingin, and 241, the prints he made of the unknown hands. After talking about the points of comparison, Murphy stated it was his expert opinion that both sets of ink prints were of the same person, Landingin.

Next Murphy was shown photo exhibit 243, and Murphy said those were fingerprints he made from hands he received on December 19th, 1978, victim unknown. Kunkle then showed him exhibit 244, fingerprints of James Mazzara. Murphy stated it was his expert opinion that the two sets were the same, both belonging to one James Mazzara. Kunkle next showed him exhibit number 245, a set of inked fingerprints from a deceased unknown, found on June 30th 1978, and exhibit number 246, fingerprints of Timothy O'Rourke. Murphy stated that 245 and 246 were the same, those of Timothy O'Rourke.

Motta, on cross-examination: "What type of—how would you classify what you have identified as Frank Landingin?"

Murphy: "I would believe—I'm not really trained in classification, but I believe that is a loop."

"Would you like to look at it? Would that help you?"

"I'm familiar with it. I'm just not trained in pattern classification."

"Well, what is a loop as compared to a whirl?"

"You would have to ask someone who is more familiar with classification systems."

"Other than one finger, you don't recall how many points of comparison you had on the other nine fingers, is that right?"

"No, sir."

"With respect to Mr. Mazzara, how many points did you do regarding his right thumb?"

"I don't recall the exact number."

"Do you recall whether it was a loop or a whirl?"

"No, I don't."

"With respect to Mr. O'Rourke, or the individual you have identified as Mr. O'Rourke, do you recall how many comparisons you made in respect to his right thumb?"

"No, sir."

"What about his forefinger?"

"No, sir."

"What about any of the fingers?"

"No, sir."

Kunkle, on re-direct: "Mr. Murphy, in each of these cases, you had all ten fingers—all



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five fingers of both cases, both the unknown print and the known print to compare. Is there any doubt in your mind who those people were?"

Murphy: "None whatsoever. I compared all five fingers."

Motta, on re-cross: "But I don't care if you had 20 points of comparison, if one was a loop and one was a whirl, it wouldn't be the same—the print would not come from the same person, is that not correct?"

Murphy: "That's correct."

"Mr. Landingin, is he a whirl or a loop? Mr. O'Rourke, is he a whirl or a loop?"

Kunkle: "Objection, Your Honor. One individual could have a loop and the other whirls on the same hand."

Motta: "Well, Judge, we have got an expert in identification here who doesn't—who can't tell me how he made an identification."

Garippo: "All right."

On the 20th of February the first order of business was a conference on 246 exhibits. The state withdrew four exhibits. Judge Garippo removed four more because he felt that they had no probative value. He allowed thirteen into evidence but they were not allowed to go back to the jurors because the photos were "too inflammatory." Amirante and Motta objected to seventeen others but Garippo allowed them in anyway. From the outset I could see from Garippo's rulings that he was leaning toward the state's argument.

Exhibit number 25, a fringed jacket, was identified by a state's witness, according to Mr. Varga.

Motta: "Objection, Judge. The witness could not positively identify that jacket as belonging to her son John Mowbry; she indicated that it was similar to, or like it, but couldn't really identify it. And on those grounds I would ask the court to have it excluded."

Garippo: "All right, that will be received in evidence."

Next Garippo ruled on photo exhibit number 200, a wide-angle shot of an empty grave in the crawl space. He received it in evidence, saying it went to the weight of the case.

Motta: "I don't think it accurately represents the scene. It seems to be distorted and gives a rather unusual appearance—eerie, if you might use that word."

Garippo: "All right. It will be received."

The state recalled Larry Finder to the stand. Mr. Sullivan conducted the direct examination.

Sullivan: "Mr. Finder, after December 22nd, 1978, did you again have a chance to speak to the defendant? On what date and purpose?"

Finder: "On January 3rd, 1979, I was told to go to the Cook County jail in order to talk to the defendant regarding identification of victims." (This was the four and a half hour statement, taken by eight people in the room, all talking at the same time, not taking notes. It was admitted as *my statement* number five.)

Amirante did the cross-examination and would have done better with no questions. All he did was clarify different points Sullivan made on direct, lending credibility to what had been said. Judas!

Kunkle: "Your Honor, at this time the people of the State of Illinois rest the *case-in-chief*."

Amirante: "Your Honor, may I approach the bench?"

Garippo: "Yes."



Amirante: "Would it be possible to be heard on our motion for a directed verdict tomorrow morning? It will be emotional. There are thirty-three indictments; each should take a short time to run down for our purposes and I am not prepared at this time. I am going to argue it."

Kunkle: "Judge, the defense has not indicated they are going to rest and we have to put in as to what they think—"

Garippo: "I will hear your motion at 9:30 sharp—not at ten o'clock, but at 9:30 sharp. Keeping in mind I want to direct both sides to the particular problems that I see with the issue of the court of deviant assault and indecent liberties in the indictment wherein the victim is named Robert Piest. I see a problem as to whether or not there was any sexual act with Robert Piest, any evidence independent certainly of contradictory statements, and the sufficiency of that evidence to sustain the burden at this stage. That is the issue. Are you aware of the issues I am pointing out?"

Amirante: "Yes, we are, Judge."

Thursday, February 21st.

Motta: "Good Morning, Your Honor. For the record, Robert Motta. I have a motion for directed verdict which I will present to the court orally. Judge, initially, I'd like to address myself to the indictment charging murder of Robert Piest; and also indecent liberties with a child, deviant sexual assault and aggravated kidnapping. There is not one scintilla of evidence that has been presented by the state to support or establish the corpus delicti of indecent liberties with a child or deviant sexual assault. The court is well aware that the defendant's statement alone is not sufficient to establish those charges, but it must be supported by some direct evidence, circumstantial or physical evidence, none of which exists here.

"In addition to that, if the court looks at the statements alone, it will recall that there are inconsistencies in the statements with respect to whether in fact the sex act was ever committed at all. With respect to the aggravated kidnapping charge, there is no direct testimony, no direct evidence, circumstantial evidence or physical evidence whatsoever to establish an aggravated kidnapping charge, and the statement itself, taken in its best light, does not establish the offense of—not even a prima facie offense of aggravated kidnapping."

"With respect to the indictment charging the murder of Landingin, Mazzara and O'Rourke, the Individuals identified by the state's witnesses as those people I have just mentioned: they were found in the river; there is no connection that has been established by the state's testimony or evidence regarding my client to those particular individuals. There have been references to photographs shown to my client in the statements, and those statements indicate that Mr. Gacy could not identify Mr. Landingin; did not identify Mazzara or once did and maybe didn't another time, and no identification of Mr. O'Rourke at all. I don't think there's been any other testimony."

"With regard to the bond slip allegedly found in my client's house, there's been no testimony that I can recall by any police officer or any other state witness to establish where that bond slip in fact was found. There's nothing to connect these individuals with my client."

"The most remarkable point that I can recall for the court is the fact that my client consistently, if the court is to look at his statements, stated that all individuals were killed by strangulation. The pathologist that testified for the state indicated that those bodies found in the river were atraumatic, meaning, of course, there was no trauma to the neck whatso-



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ever—no identification that any strangulation had ever occurred. Again, glaring inconsistencies with the statement. Judge, lastly, I believe the most compelling of evidence in the case, if the court is well aware, the presence of 29 bodies under my client's property, and the unexplained presence certainly is the most compelling of the circumstantial evidence, but there are some factors I think the court should consider in ruling with respect to those, and the inconsistencies with the cause of death is one.

"I have pointed that out. The state has established only six by strangulation, the rest by some suffocation, by impaction, the rest undetermined. But, more than that, Judge, I think that the presence of the bodies is not totally unexplained. There is some indication that the individuals, David Cram and Michael Rossi, had dug in that crawl space. That Mr. Rossi had in fact possession of one of the victims' automobiles. But I believe, in any other case, the circumstantial evidence pointing to these two individuals would make them culpable in some way. I know it's not of evidence, but I'd like to state it for the record, and that is that Mr. Rossi was given a lie detector test and failed to pass it."

Kunkle: "Objection. That's not true."

Garippo: "All right. Let's—"

Motta: "I have the report right in my briefcase."

Kunkle: "Let the Judge read the report."

Garippo: "Would it help us get through the day?"

Motta: "Okay, Judge. What I'm saying is basically, there is some evidence, some explanation as to the reason for the existence of those bodies other than that my client put them there. And basically, I would ask the court to consider all of these factors and my motion for a directed verdict, especially those factors directed to the Piest indictment. I have nothing further at this time, Judge."

Judge Garippo (quoted in part): "So that the record is clear, the count alleging murder while committing a forcible felony, to-wit, aggravated kidnapping; and the count of aggravated kidnapping—I can't say that there will be a finding of not guilty on those counts because of the fact that it alleges murder. It's only a subsection of the murder but the jury will not be instructed on those counts and they will not be—nothing will be offered on those counts."

"Now, with respect to the indecent liberties with a child, and deviant sexual assault, the problem arises because the cases are not clear the way they are written."

"I will deny the motion at this time. I will leave it open to the defense in between now and the time we instruct the jury; if you can find some authority—some authority to the opposite. I realize this is very close. I will leave it open for you. It makes little difference between now and—no harm is lost in case you find some authority opposite that."

The defense never followed up on Garippo's invitation to look up case law. Why?

The defense called its first witness, Jeffery D. Rignall. Amirante took the direct examination to develop his insanity defense. Rignall, 28, said he preferred men as his sexual partners. He testified that on the night of March 21, 1978, he was picked up by John Gacy, chloroformed, taken to the house, raped and attacked, then dumped the following morning at Lakeview and Diversey Parkway. He said he was hospitalized for several days and had been under psychiatric treatment since that time.

Amirante: "Based on your own personal observations, all the surrounding circumstances



involving those personal observations, do you have an opinion as to whether John Gacy at that time, during those attacks, could conform his conduct to the requirements of law?"

Rignall: "No. By the beastly and animalistic ways he attacked me."

"Do you have an opinion as to whether he appreciated, could appreciate the criminality of his act that time."

"No. By the way he attacked me, in the beastly manner that he did it, what he did to me."

Amirante showed him three photos of himself after the attack. Rignall wept, fell forward in his chair, striking the wooden railing of the witness box. He vomited and began moaning and sobbing loudly. Garippo immediately ordered the jury removed and called a recess.

Kunkle didn't spend much time on Rignall. He pointed out that Rignall had written a book on that experience and that he had been on the Phil Donahue show, implying that his encounter with Gacy was not opposed to publicity. Kunkle emphasized that Gacy murdered with premeditation and planning, reading portions of Rignall's book in which he described Gacy as being methodical, a man who seemed to plan his actions. Rignall agreed that he wrote it but that Kunkle was taking it out of context, saying that when he had written it he believed that Gacy was crazy "in so many words." After the brutal rape attack he was motivated by revenge.

The defense called Lillian Grexa, Amirante taking the direct examination. She said that she had known me since 1971. She had lived on Summerdale for 23 years and we were next-door neighbors.

Amirante: "You say you formally met your new neighbor on Christmas Eve of 1971. How is it that first meeting, that Christmas Eve, stands out in your mind? How do you remember?"

Grex: "He came to our back door and introduced himself as our new neighbor and he brought a basket of fruit saying he understood we had children and thought maybe they would like some. I remember because no new neighbor had ever done anything like that before, and hasn't since. And he proceeded to meet our family that was over for Christmas Eve and asked us to come over the next day for cocktails in the evening. I regarded him not only as a neighbor but as a good friend."

"You say you observed him with Carol and her two children. Did you ever make any observations as to the kind of husband and kind of father he was to Carol and the kids?"

"I think that her two children thought of him as Daddy, and that's the only daddy that they really knew for a long time. And he was a good daddy. I think he was strict with them to a point where he wanted discipline where discipline was necessary. I have never seen him strike either of the two children. It was a genuine father-daughter relationship."

"Do you think that the John Gacy you knew as a friend and neighbor was capable of doing what he's done?"

"What's he done? What's he supposed to have done?"

"What's your thoughts about him?"

"I don't believe it yet. I can't fathom that anybody could do anything like that really."

"How about John?"

"Least of all, John."

Sullivan, on the cross-examination: "During that time, Mrs. Grexa, did you know Mr. Gacy to have regular hours?"

